

THE
BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Published Fortnightly by the Students of

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

1893-94.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, APRIL 26, 1893.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

F. W. PICKARD, '94, Managing Editor.

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H. H. PIERCE, '96.

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We assume the duties and responsibilities of the management of the twenty-third volume of the ORIENT with a full realization of the difficulties of our task. It will not be our policy to make radical changes in either the form or contents of the paper, but we shall strive to strengthen the various existing departments, giving especial attention to the Local and Personal columns. Every endeavor will be made to eliminate from the ORIENT all class and fraternity feeling, and to make the paper a true representative of the sentiment of the student body. Whether we shall succeed in maintaining the present high standard of the ORIENT must be determined later from the results of our work. We make but one promise—to do our best.

IT IS with the greatest regret that we are forced to record the death of two of our number. J. Evarts Pearson, of the class of '96, died at his home in Brunswick, March 31st, of typhoid fever. Although he had been a member of the college but a few months, his scholarly ability, sterling character and kindly disposition had endeared him to all. By the death of George A. Evans of the Medical School, class of '94, the school loses one of its most esteemed members; a man whose influence was often

felt, and always for good. We feel that the resolutions adopted by the classes of these men are far more than mere outward expressions of sorrow.

THANKS to an energetic Board of Editors, '94's *Bugle* arrived on the campus before the close of the winter term. At this late day anything in the line of a review is needless. The volume is attractive in appearance and contents, and has been well received by the college. In this connection it may not be amiss to call attention to a brief article in another column, concerning the "slugs" so prominent in the last few *Bugles*. While our contributor puts the case rather strongly, we cannot help feeling that his objections are not wholly ill-founded.

THE letter of the committee selected by the ORIENT to award the prizes for the best contributions appears in another column. As was announced in the last number, the prize for the largest number of poems was divided between Russ, '95, and Minot, '96. The award for the best poem goes to Thayer, '95, a poem of Minot's, and another of Thayer's, having honorable mention. Dunning wins the prize for the best story, and T. C. Chapman, '94, takes second prize.

THE success which the prize contest of last year had in increasing the quantity and quality of the contributions to the ORIENT has led us to offer the following prizes:

For the best story published in this volume of the ORIENT, Five Dollars.

For the second best story, Three Dollars.

For the largest number of poems published, Five Dollars.

For the best poem published, Two Dollars.

The above prizes are open to all students

of the college except the present ORIENT editors.

All contributions are subject to revision by the editors, and will be submitted to the judges, whose names will be announced later, only as they appear in print.

Stories should not exceed 1,500 words in length, and poems of over forty lines cannot be used.

Every article must be accompanied by the name of its author, which, however, will not be published.

IN THIS number we present the entire '68 Prize Oration, and feel confident that it will be thought worthy of the prize it won. Its author, Mr. Peabody, has the enviable distinction of having won first prize in all of the three declamation contests in which he has participated.

THE well-known lecturer on literary topics, Rev. John A. Bellows, of Portland, is conducting the Junior course in Practical Rhetoric. The ORIENT extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Bellows, and congratulates the class on securing so interesting an instructor.

THE President of the College Y. M. C. A., Mr. G. C. DeMott, will conduct the column devoted to that Association during the present ORIENT year.

THE opening game of the base-ball season shows conclusively that our nine will be an important factor in the race for the pennant. At the same time we feel that great improvement must be made in some directions before it can win the coveted honor. To claim that we are sure winners is to do an injustice to the college and to the players themselves, as it puts both in a false position at the outset. We can say, however, with-

out exaggeration, that we believe that our chances of winning this year are good, and we confidently assert that we shall make any of the college league teams "hustle" to beat us. A great deal depends on the result of the first game with Bates next Saturday. We trust that every man who can do so will accompany the team, and do his best to cheer them on to victory.

Not half enough men are training for the team which will represent us in the Inter-collegiate meet at Worcester, May 24th. Those who are practicing daily show constant improvement, and several are doing really excellent work, but many of the men who should be foremost seem careless and indifferent. If we wish to make a success of our first year's work in this line of sport it is imperative that every man do his best, whether that best is little or much.

A Problem of Four Centuries.

'SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZE ORATION.

BY CLARENCE W. PEABODY.

FROM the East the nations of the world have always drawn their riches. Egypt, Assyria, and Israel were greatest when commerce laid the wealth of Asia at their feet. Rome was tempted from the rigor and simplicity of her noblest days by a magnificence that was Oriental.

When the scepter had fallen from Italy and Byzantium, and the followers of Mahomet had carried into the land of the Visigoths the entrancing legends of Bagdad, a spirit of unrest fell upon the Spanish nations; the old Phœnician blood and the Gothic, mingled in mediæval Spain, burned with a desire to seek the unknown regions of the world and verify the fabulous stories of antiquity.

The Peninsula echoed with the tales of travelers returning from the wondrous Eastern lands. Though the journey was long and perilous through desert and wilderness, yet further and further east the adventurers penetrated, and brought back strange stories of the Great Khan, whose opulent realm stretched to the uttermost limits of Asia and faced upon an ocean whose boundaries no man knew.

And then there arose in Europe a dreamer who

saw in his visions but one great ocean. Its eastern tides ebbcd and flowed upon the well-known coast of France and Portugal; its furthest waves dashed upon the golden strand of Tartary. Accredited with letters to the Oriental potentate, Columbus set forth to discover again that far-famed country. He bore the flag of Spain westward across the Atlantic, but failed to reach the territories of the Great Khan.

From the time when Columbus first conceived his purpose until to-day it has been the problem of commerce to seek and open some western highway to the exhaustless riches of the East.

We who know our country as a land of pleasant homes feel a pang of wounded pride in the thought that these noble headlands and wooded hill-sides were once looked upon as cruel barriers which stopped the progress of adventurous voyagers and kept them from the goal of their ambitions. The exploration of our coast was the fruitless search for some inlet whose distant shores, receding, should open into that fabulous ocean and point the way to the Antipodes.

Baffled by continents, the sailors followed the coast to south and to north. At length Magellan, defying the threatening cliffs of Terra del Fuego, entered the Pacific Ocean, and achieved in that far southern latitude the passage which had been denied to commerce north of the Equator. But this long and dreary voyage to southern zones but partially solved the problem.

A belief in the existence of a North-west Passage haunted the dreams of many an adventurer of Europe. Martin Frobisher, with the flag of England at his mast-head steered his frail barque far into the snowy regions beyond Labrador, but saw ahead no pathway through the inexorable ice. For more than two hundred years this sphinx's riddle remained unsolved. In the early days of the present century a spirit of enterprise was awakened which would not rest until it should be known whether the North-west Passage were a reality or a myth. Ship after ship dashed against the icebergs of the north, or was stranded in the sudden closing of narrow seas, whose frozen gates that had opened for a moment crashed together and sealed the traveler's doom.

Failure succeeded failure, till at length, when the search for the lamented Franklin had redoubled the efforts of the northern explorers, a ship sailed from one ocean into the other and the North-west Passage was known to exist. But even before its discovery, commerce had renounced so dangerous a

path. The riddle was solved, but the great Northern Sphinx was not content. She put her question anew to every voyager, and did he fail to answer, she crushed him in her icy grasp.

In the centuries which had passed since the first explorer looked with wonder upon the strange, wild continent of America, there had been taking place changes which revolutionized the world and added a new interest to this problem of commerce. Not only was our Atlantic coast touched by the magic wand of civilization, but the Pacific country,—that worthless wilderness, shut off by the insurmountable barrier of mountains, separated by a dreary stretch of desert from the busy centers of life and industry, that unknown and unprized region,—had burst into a paradise. The very mountains had revealed in their dark recesses all the wonders of Aladin's cave; the deserts, springing into luxuriance had reflected the setting sun from a golden harvest that might feed the world. The cry was Westward, ho! The problem of commerce had taken on a twofold aspect,—a twofold solution was being gradually revealed. To the East was added a West no less rich, no less desirable, yet hardly more accessible to the fleets of the Atlantic.

An overland route seemed at first to satisfy the longings of the commercial world. Great railways pushed across the plains and toiling up the mountain heights, bore the stream of population among the hills and valleys of the west. From the harbors of our Pacific coast, ships built in the forests of Oregon found a path across an unwearied ocean to the Eastern lands.

One half of the problem was solved; but experience has proved that the products of the Pacific coast must seek cheaper conveyances than those which traverse mountain passes two miles in air. Water highways must be the chief routes of commerce.

Far-seeing monarchs from the days of the Pharoahs have aided transportation by the construction of canals. In our own country the artificial waterways, which have opened communication with the Great Inland Lakes, were the prime cause of moving the center of our population to the Mississippi valley. Knowing what canals have done, the merchants of Europe and America have looked upon the map of the western hemisphere and discerned the possibility of cutting the slender thread of land which binds the two continents together. From time to time attempts have been made to execute this project. Two ways have seemed the most practicable, the one through the narrow Isthmus of

Panama; the other, longer but more favored, across the depression in the continental mountain chain, where the broad waters of Lake Nicaragua furnish an exhaustless reservoir and harborage sufficient for the fleets of the world.

In 1869, Ferdinand de Lesseps, by completing the Suez Canal between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, achieved for himself a world-wide renown. What he had accomplished for the India trade he now attempted for the greater commerce with China, Australia, and Japan, by severing the Isthmus of Panama. Arousing the enthusiasm of France with the hope of rivaling England by means of this new commercial highway, De Lesseps embarked in an enterprise which, after struggling for years against adverse climate and topography and the hidden disease of political corruption, has fallen with a crash that shakes the very foundations of the French Republic, and involves in its ruin and drags into disgrace its aged leader.

Let us pass from the pathetic downfall of this grand pioneer to the more pleasant consideration of that promised land to whose boundaries he led the forces of scientific progress.

The opportunity is afforded our own country to control the gateway of the Pacific. The government of Nicaragua, distrustful of France, denied to De Lesseps and his associates the privilege of the favored route, and preferring to place it in safer hands, has granted to an American company a charter with most favorable terms. American skill and American perseverance are pushing the Nicaragua Canal to its completion, and offer it as the final answer to this great question of four hundred years.

And what will commerce gain by this canal? Look for a moment upon the western hemisphere. Trace the long and sinuous route from ports of Europe and our eastern coast to the western shore of North America, to Japan, China, and the islands of the Pacific. Think of the calms beneath a torrid sun, and of all the dangers that beset the voyage around the "Horn." Then look again. Banish the calms; banish the perils of the southern seas. Halve the distance between the Pacific and the northern Atlantic; bring San Francisco 10,000 miles nearer to New York; and see what the Nicaragua Canal can do for commerce.

Suez now takes the toll of a great traffic between Europe and the peninsulas of the Indian Ocean, but not of all. Situated as it is between calm inland seas, the benefits of this short route are denied to sailing vessels. Not so with Nicaragua. Uncon-

finned by landlocked waters it can "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." Every craft of whatever description, propelled by engines or wafted by the winds of heaven, can find an easy access to this ocean gateway.

A greater stream of commerce is destined to flow through the Nicaragua Canal than through Snez. From vaster, wealthier regions it will come than even the vast and opulent Empire of India. It will come from the unlimited and undeveloped countries of the Pacific.

The dream of Columbus, of Franklin, of De Lesseps will be realized in the consummation of what they strove for and failed to accomplish. A wiser Providence than they could comprehend checked the ambition of Spain, of England, and of France. To America He has entrusted the key which is to unlock the infinite possibilities of the future.

The Bugle.

IT HAS been affirmed often, and with some truth, that the smaller colleges contain a rougher element than do the larger institutions; that there is less refinement and culture in the smaller colleges, and that the sport is of a rougher order.

Bowdoin is proud to say that she can no longer have hazing placed in the catalogue of her shortcomings, and that as she grows older the ruder element of fun grows less and less common. All of us desire to see our *Alma Mater* ranked among the first colleges of the land, and we rejoice when any good fortune falls to her lot. Although the abolition of hazing, and like barbarities of a past generation, may rob us of some Sophomoric amusement, yet a loyal son of the college cannot help feeling joyful over the fact that, by the elimination of these things, the college gains in prestige and power.

One relic of barbarism yet remains, and while it does remain the above accusations hold true to the letter. I have reference to no *Bugle* in particular, but to all in general, for in each and every one, of late years at least, there is a spirit of bitter unkindness

which works much to the book's disadvantage, when compared with similar publications from other colleges.

Without injuring the *Bugle* in the least, many of the really unkind "slugs" could be left out, and the omission would not only raise the standard of the volume, but also increase its popularity.

Unkind and brutal remarks about fellow-students do *not* enhance the value of the *Bugle*. They only serve to make the person meant miserable, if he is of a sensitive disposition, and moreover can be of no gratification to the student body in general. They cause only momentary amusement and much after criticism.

The writer has no fault to find with the way in which the *Bugle* has treated him, but merely offers this as a well-meant criticism on the false ideas which apparently have had such a strong hold on the *Bugle* editors of recent years.

Prize Awards.

BRUNSWICK, ME., April 19, 1893.

THE Committee requested by the ORIENT Board to award prizes for the best and second best story, and for the best poem, published in Volume XXII. of the BOWDOIN ORIENT, reports as follows: The best story, "The Landing of the 'Pilgrim'," page 271; the second-best story, "A Visitor from a Century Hence," page 108; the best poem, "To-Morrow," page 277, with honorable mention of "Beyond," page 250, and "Desolation," page 154.

The members of the Committee warmly commend the enterprise shown by your management in stimulating literary competition, and express their satisfaction at the number of poems and stories offered. They would especially approve much of the work done in the more difficult department of poetical composition. With cordial good wishes for

the long-continued prosperity and success of the ORIENT, we remain,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD B. MASON,
WM. A. HOUGHTON,
BARRETT POTTER.

The Pessimist.

IT IS painful to the orderly mind to note the manner in which certain students use the college campus as a waste-basket and general dumping ground. Bowdoin has a beautiful campus which, when neatly kept, is a credit to the college, the town, and the state. Mr. Booker uses more than ordinary care in his endeavor to keep the grass in good condition, and with a little help from the students he might succeed. But a walk by the dormitories will reveal strewn on the grass beneath the windows a most unsightly array of waste-paper, old shoes, bottles (empty), soup-cans, and all the debris usually found in a city "dump"; and this supply is renewed as fast as the stuff is removed. Have some pride in the physical beauty of your *Alma Mater*; in keeping her where she is, the best, the richest, and the most attractive institution of learning which our state contains. Such a pride is pardonable; yea, it is commendable. Let the friends and visitors to Bowdoin become impressed with the idea of a high spirit of co-operation between students and faculty, in keeping the college clean within and without, and you have formulated a very important principle of future prosperity.

* * * * *

In these days of liberal education and universal enlightenment one hears much about broad-mindedness as a prime factor in

a successful career. And if this be true of life in the business world it is also true in the college world of which we form a part. Don't be narrow; be broad, liberal-minded. This means, also, be unselfish. Learn to be blind to the minor fault, and observe only the good in a man. Like a man for what there is in him to attract you; eliminate from view, so far as possible, all that is otherwise. Don't be too ready to say, "I don't like him." There are exceptions to all rules, but few men lack an attractive side, however obscure that may be. Then look for that side; strive to bring it to light, and help him to develop it; sacrifice your feelings a little and control your temper a great deal, and in many cases you will discover a good friend and profitable acquaintance in him who was before only a disagreeable bore. Your college life will be pleasanter, your whole organization will be strengthened. Don't be "narrow."

* * * * *

The next one of Pessimist's "don'ts" is, Don't be a bore! Don't get in the habit of calling on your neighbors when you know they are engaged in study. Don't, in any event, prolong your calls to a tiresome length. Make them short. Say what you have to say in a social way pleasantly and cleanly, and say good-day even when you know you are wanted longer. Why? Because next week you will get a cordial reception, and they will listen for your knock with pleasure. The alarm clock will not "go off" every hour and the lamp will not grow suggestively dim.

* * * * *

The Senior division in Sociology has not yet ceased laughing at the witty remark of one of its members. When asked which was the lowest class of society this man arose steadily to his feet, and looking the Prof. straight in the eye, said, "The Freshman class, sir!"

Rhyme and Reason.

Strange.

A mystery lurks within my brain,
Puzzling—let no one doubt it.
'Tis how a bard can sing of love
And yet know naught about it.

A Memory.

It would not ever be the same

Could I forget,

A thrill to greet thy whispered name,
An afterglow of quenchless flame,
The faith that was ere unfaith came
Would linger yet.

Thy vision still would fill my thought,

And pain beget,

For gifts the fair hope-children brought,
The house of love with yearning sought,
The palace fairy hands had wrought
Have dream-life yet.

And mem'ries sweet of days long past

Like torches set

In night, would shine, and shadows east
Their long, dark fingers o'er the vast
Untrodden way 'mid icy blast
Of wild regret.

Perhaps, when weary years are sped

And eyes are wet

With all the tears the fountain-head
Could give—love's ashes cold and dead—
When all the bitterness has fled,
I shall forget.

Battle-Field Flowers.

(From the French.)

While we have carried on the war
The sun has hastened on the spring,
And flowers bloom where, time not far,
The foemen made their death's strokes ring.

Despite the dead that strew them o'er,
Despite the awful nourishment,
They bloom as pure as e'er before,
And give as fresh and sweet a scent.

How is the violet blue and sweet,
How is the lily's whiteness good,
How still and white the marguerite,
When all the earth is filled with blood?

O, when the sap that makes them grow
Is only blood that men have shed,
How can they but, when opening, show
A carmine stain or dash of red?

Osculatory.

Foolish misses give their kisses

Free and easy, day by day;

Often wondering, often pondering

As to why they single stay.

Crafty misses keep their kisses

Till they have upon their band

Love's outspoken diamond token

In a solid golden band.



Ledyard, ex-'95 and ex-'96, now a special at the Maine State College, called on his former classmates here last week.

Downes, '92, was gladly welcomed on his visit to the college last week.

Cole, '88, was in town recently.

Emery, '92, visited friends in college recently.

Humphry, '90, was on the campus last week.

W. W. Hubbard, '90, was on the campus recently.

Anderson, '94, is back again after a brief illness.

Wilbur, '94, is winning laurels as a pedagogue in Dresden.

Moore, '95, who taught in Ellsworth during the winter, has returned.

Ordway, '96, returned the first of the term after several weeks' sickness.

Drew and Goding, both of '91, were here a few days during vacation.

A. Chapman, '94, returned to college last week after a month's illness at home.

Shaw, '95, has accepted a position for the spring, as teacher, in Conway, N. H.

W. W. Thomas, 2d, '94, who lost nearly all last term by sickness, has returned to college.

Quite a number of the Seniors are availing themselves of this term's course in teachers' Latin.

The smallest class in college at present is the one in Histology, which contains but three members.

We regret to learn that B. L. Bryant, '95, is dangerously ill with typhoid fever, at his home in Lowell, Mass.

A large number from the college attended the concert by Gilmore's Band, at the Town Hall, April 18th.

Clongh, '96, was called to his home in Kennebunkport last week by the sudden death of his grandfather.

Ackley, Fessenden, Libby, and Minot, all of '96, who were out during the winter term, are back again with their class.

Quite a number from the college witnessed the Fast-Day game in Portland, and all were delighted by the showing of our team.

J. H. Hastings, '91, visited old friends a day or two the first of the term while on his way to the Harvard Medical School.

Seven Juniors are doing the spring's work in practical Astronomy, while in the two years past only two have been in this class.

Simpson, '94, has accepted the position of principal of the Boothbay Harbor High School, and will not return to college until next fall.

Payson, '93, acted as usher at a recent Portland wedding in which his cousin, Herbert Payson, and Miss Sally Brown were the principals.

Professor Chapman has announced "Shakespeare, as a Man, Poet, and Dramatist," as the subject in the contest for the Pray Literature prize.

Several students have secured positions in various capacities at the Columbian Exposition which will keep them in Chicago several months.

The local photographers are busy now with various class, delegation, and group pictures. Reed has contracted for the class pictures of the Seniors.

A recent call for a meeting of the prohibitionists in college did not meet with a very enthusiastic response, from which several conclusions might be drawn.

Recently a precocious Sophomore, while eating soup composed of the harmless bivalves usually called clams, astonished his table companions by remarking that the clam was a "unipod."

Brennan's Star Theatre Co. held the boards at Town Hall each night of the opening week of the term, and there was quite a run by the students on the 10-cent seats.

With the generous help of local advertisers, Manager Clifford has prepared tasty score cards, which will be offered for sale at all games played by the nine this spring.

Quimby, '95, who has been doing scientific work for the Columbian Exposition during the winter in Indian Territory, Arizona, and California, returned to college last week.

H. DeF. Smith, '91, was in town last week on his way to Rockland to begin his new work as principal of the city grammar school. His old position as sub-principal in the high school will be filled by Munson, Colby, '92.

At a meeting of the Sophomore class, last week, W. S. A. Kimball was elected manager of the class rowing association, and G. L. Kimball and Jackson, directors. It is probable that the crew which will row against the Freshmen, later in the spring, will be made up of Denison, Stubbs, Mitchell, and Mead.

The Freshman ball team have elected Merrill captain in place of Soule, who is still quite dangerously ill. Quite a number of men are practicing and are showing up well. Manager Ordway has arranged games with the Colby Freshmen and several high school teams.

Quite an interest was manifested in the second election for mayor in Portland, as both candidates have sons here, and the students from that city, who are voters, remained at home to do their duty at the polls. When the result was known Baxter, '94, received many congratulations upon his new hereditary honor.

The Freshmen, after several conflicting decisions and extensive negotiations with the Juniors, have voted to buy the shell of the latter class and to put a crew into training. A. G. Hebb was elected manager, and J. H. Bates, captain. French, Baker, Merriman, and Coburn are among the most promising candidates now practicing on the river.

The list of preliminary Commencement appointments has been announced as follows, the list containing the first ten in rank for the course: Frank Russell Arnold, Weston Percival Chamber-

lain, George Scott Chapin, Milton Sherburne Clifford, Arthur Sewall Haggett, Charles Henry Howard, Albert Savage Hutchinson, John Shepard May, John Higgins Pierce, and Charles Hale Savage.

Professor Woodruff has made a new arrangement in Freshman Greek. Instead of keeping up the alphabetical division of the class this term, with the same work for both divisions as usual, the class is made up of two new divisions; one, containing those who will continue the study of Greek next year, is at work upon Enripides's satyrie drama, "The Cyclops," and Greek composition, and the other, consisting of those who drop the language at the end of this term, is taking New Testament Greek.

The '68 prize speaking occurred Thursday evening, March 30th. Following were the speakers and their subjects:

The Uses of the Newspaper,	M. S. Clifford.
Mirabeau and the Revolution,	A. A. Hussey.
The Uses of Astronomy,	G. S. Chapin.
Labor Organization,	H. C. Fabyan.
A Problem of Four Centuries,	C. W. Peabody.
Public and Parochial Schools,	C. H. Howard.

Chapin was absent through sickness. The judges were Dr. Gerrish, of Portland, Barrett Potter and Weston Thompson, of Brunswick. The prize was awarded to C. W. Peabody.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin opened the season at Portland, Fast Day, by a game with the Portland league nine. Owing to the illness of Allen, Flavin, a local player, caught for Bowdoin. The battery work of both teams was especially good. Farrington and Plaisted held the heavy-hitting Portlands down to four singles, a remarkable record. Savage and Hutchinson carried off the fielding honors for Bowdoin. Over two thousand people saw the game. The score:

PORTLAND.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Deady, i.f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	1
Madden, 2b.,	5	0	1	1	3	3	0
Mains, p., 1b.,	3	0	1	1	4	5	0
Hayes, c.f., c.,	3	1	0	0	5	2	0
Burns, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	3	2	0
Klobedanz, p., 2b.,	3	0	0	0	4	5	0
Platt, c., c.f.,	3	0	0	0	7	1	0
Webster, p., r.f.,	4	0	1	1	1	3	2
Parrott, p., r.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	2	2
Totals,	31	3	4	4	27	23	5

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b.,	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Savage, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	13	3	0
Flavin, c.,	4	0	2	2	9	0	0
Hutchinson, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0
Hinkley, i.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Sykes, 2b.,	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Chapman, c.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Williams, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Farrington, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	5	0
Plaisted, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	5	1
Totals,	30	2	7	7	24	17	2

Portland,	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	x-3
Bowdoin,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1-2

A return game at Brunswick was arranged for Saturday, but was prevented by bad weather.

The showing made by the team in the Portland game was extremely gratifying. If the present good work is maintained, with some improvement in batting, we may expect the pennant.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The management now intends to hold the Field-Day sports several weeks earlier than usual—say May 13 or 17—in order to pick the men who will represent Bowdoin at the intercollegiate meet at Worcester, May 24th. It is to be regretted that more men are not in training for the various events, but those who are working are rapidly improving, and will surely break several Bowdoin records in the Field-Day contests.

Y. M. C. A.

With this term the Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. begins a new year. It is worthy of notice also that with the close of last year the Association completed the first decade of its history. During these years it has been a recognized factor in the life of the college, and though the work accomplished in this period may not have been entirely satisfactory, it certainly has proved the right of the Association to occupy a large place in the sympathy of Bowdoin men.

The Y. M. C. A. here in college stands for a positive and important need, a need that ought to be plain to every man who desires to make the most of himself, the need of personal religious culture. No man who, along with his training in other branches, neglects to educate himself in this direc-

tion, has completed that larger education which represents the broadest and fullest manhood. This was Phillips Brooks's great message to the world: the message that religion is not so much an assent to creeds as the development of a life. It is something that may be *aided* to the life of all men, and its addition makes their lives grand and beautiful. A man without religion is not complete; he stands like the statue of Galatea, wanting only one thing—life, the divine life. In this strange problem of our life we are so apt to leave God out, and this no man can do without hurt to himself. Look at men as we find them here in college or elsewhere. From among them who do we choose as representing the highest type of manhood? Perhaps, at first, we take the brightest scholar, and he for the time represents the highest excellence attainable; we admire him and wish to become like him. Then there comes the thought that scholarship is not all of life; sometimes we see keenness of intellect and the most brilliant talents coupled with everything that is bad in human nature, and then we turn to look for some grander man than the mere scholar. Or again, in our desire for excellence, we may be led to the shrine where so many men of to-day are worshiping—Apollo's shrine—and we wonder if in finding the perfect human body we shall not have found our ideal man. But here also, though we may linger long in admiration, we are at last compelled to acknowledge that our great athlete, considered as merely beautiful in form and perfect in health, but barren of other and finer qualities, does not stand for the highest manhood; he approaches it but something is yet lacking.

And then some day there comes a man who stands before us rich in the full possession and development of mind, body, and *soul*, and here our search for excellence ends. We feel that here indeed is the true completeness of life, here the largeness of manhood that makes life radiant and hopeful and brave. Here, then, is the "vision beautiful," here is fixed the goal that should be the object of all our endeavor. To combine in perfect proportion these three elements, intellectual, physical, and spiritual, is to produce one "upon whom every god does set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." It is in this spirit that the Y. M. C. A. should be considered; it is not to be tolerated merely, but to be used as an institution for the purpose of educating and developing the largest and best men.

Cornell offers a course in Russian language and literature.



'25.—Mr. William Willard is painting the portrait of ex-United States Senator Hon. J. W. Bradbury for Memorial Hall. He has also painted the portraits of General O. O. Howard, '50, ex-President Chamberlain, '53, ex-President Harris, and others.

'36.—The *Portland Transcript* recently published in the "Pillars of Portland" series, which it is conducting, an interesting sketch of "Hon. George F. Emery, Lawyer and Editor." "Born on Paris Hill in 1817, he fitted for college under Rev. Thomas T. Stone, now the oldest living graduate of the college, and entered at the age of fifteen. After graduation he studied law and entered into partnership with his father, Hon. Stephen Emery. In 1846 he removed to Portland and opened a law office. The next year he was largely instrumental in the election of his brother-in-law, Hannibal Hamlin to the Senate. From 1848 to 1876 he served as clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court. After resigning this position he became editor of the *Boston Post*, adhering to the sound money doctrine through all the greenback fever which prevailed so extensively in the later seventies. In 1881, after his resignation of the *Post* editorship, he returned to Portland, where he now resides. Last year he received the degree of LL.D. from Colby University, conferred, as he is accustomed humorously to say, in recognition of his consistency as a life-long Democrat. He is particularly ready and happy as an after-dinner speaker, and also has written occasional graceful poems that betray a strong natural poetic tendency."

'37.—Hon. L. D. M. Swett and Mrs. Swett are on their way home from Egypt, via Ceylon, India, and Japan. On their return they will have completed the circuit of the world, as they sailed originally from New York to Italy.

'43.—The class of '43 will celebrate the 50th anniversary of their graduation at Brunswick during Commencement week in June next. Hon. William Dummer Northend of Salem, Mass., Hon. George C. Swallow of Helena, Montana, Hon. George P. Waldron of Pierre, South Dakota, William A. Goodwin of Portland, Hon. William R. Porter of Cambridge, Mass., and Charles M. Cumston of Mon-

mouth are among the surviving members of this class.

'44.—Charles W. Larrabee, Esq., of Bath, has been nominated by President Cleveland as Collector of the Port of Bath.

'50.—Prof. Charles C. Everett, of Harvard, has an article on Phillips Brooks in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for April.

'60.—The *Portland Transcript*, in a recent issue, thus characterizes Hon. Joseph W. Symonds: "In brief, Judge Symonds is not only a representative lawyer and typical judge, but presents the highest example among us of refined literary culture. His occasional addresses excel in aptness, amplitude of illustration, felicity of reference, and all the proprieties of the occasion. When the Judge rises to speak, all present are confident that he will say the right thing in the right way. He is unlike many fluent speakers in that he is never extravagant in language or confused in thought. He is always self-poised and self-contained, and never weakens his eulogy of a person or cause by over statement and exaggerated epithets. Judge Symonds has been an overseer of the college for many years. His oration before the alumni in 1878 will long be remembered as one of the most eloquent ever delivered at Commencement.

'60.—On the evening of Friday, April 14th, Col. A. W. Bradbury gave an informal talk before the Portland Fraternity upon "Columbus and the Columbian Year."

'60.—Judge Putnam made the merchants' club of Boston smile at their dinner on Thursday night, April 6th. Hon. T. N. Hart, the postmaster, was president of the evening. "Judge Putnam was announced as being present, but at his request President Hart said he would not be called upon to speak. He invited the company to drink to the health of the Judge. Judge Putnam could but rise and replied: 'I prepared a speech, but in company with the resignation of the postmaster of Boston it got lost.'"

'60.—The famous gun of the Boxer was delivered to Gen. C. P. Mattocks, in Portland, Monday. It will be on exhibition in the Maine building at the World's Fair.

'61.—Mr. Edward Stanwood, of the *Youth's Companion*, delivered the opening lecture in the course planned by the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship. His subject was, "The Newspaper and Our Young People."

'61.—Judge Emery, who presides in Penobscot County, this term, has inaugurated a reform in the

opening of court, which will save the county several hundred dollars. He ordered the jurors summoned for Thursday instead of the first day of the term, so as to get business started and have something for them to do when they arrive. Usually the court does not get at a case for the consideration of the jury during the first two days.

Medical, '61.—Dr. T. C. McLellan, of Bucksport, died recently.

Medical, '66.—The *Lewiston Journal*, of Saturday, April 22d, publishes an interesting sketch of Dr. Alonzo Boothby, of Boston.

'70.—Hon. John B. Redman has taken a second trip to Boston to plead for a pardon for Eugene B. Treworgy, who is serving a term of imprisonment in Massachusetts. Treworgy is a native of Surry, and many persons have signed petitions asking for his pardon.

'72.—Hon. Herbert M. Heath, of Augusta, will deliver the address at Calais, on Memorial Day, at the unveiling of the new soldiers' monument.

'73.—The vacancy which existed in the Supreme Court of Maine, caused by the death of the late Judge Virgin, has been filled, and well filled by the appointment of Hon. Andrew P. Wiswell to the place. In making the nomination Governor Cleaves fittingly recognized the dignity and great importance of the position and the worth of the man whom he designated to fill it. He paid a high compliment to the legal acquirements of Mr. Wiswell and the judicial qualities of his mind and heart. Judge Wiswell was born a lawyer. His father before him, Hon. Arno Wiswell, was one of the most prominent and well-read lawyers in the State, while his uncles, Hon. John A. Peters and the late Geo. S. Peters, were eminent for their legal lore and acumen. Andrew P. Wiswell was born in Ellsworth, in 1852, and has always resided there. He graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of '73, and soon after was admitted to the bar. He was judge of the Ellsworth Municipal Court from 1878 to 1881, and National Bank Examiner for Maine from 1883 till the time of his resignation in 1886. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1884, and presided over the exciting Maine Republican State Convention of 1888 at Portland, with great ability. He was elected to the Legislature in 1887 and re-elected in 1888 and 1890, serving as chairman of the judiciary committee on the part of the House, and during his last term as Speaker. He proved a vigorous debater and an ideal presiding officer. He was one of the

leading candidates for Congress in the contest in the Third Maine District last summer.

'72.—Lieutenant Peary was in New York about the middle of the month to make final arrangements about his next Greenland trip.

'83.—Rev. Edward F. Wheeler, formerly of North Wilbraham, Mass., has recently been settled over the Church of the Redeemer (Congregationalist) at St. Louis, Missouri.

'84.—The engagement of John A. Waterman to Miss Emma C. Shirley, of Portland, is announced. Mr. Waterman has recently moved from Brunswick to Gorham, where he has taken his father's law office. He has recently been elected cashier of the Gorham National Bank.

'86.—Levi Turner, Jr., Esq., has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial Day address before the Weld Sargent G. A. R. Post of Boothbay Harbor.

Medical, '90.—In the recent playing of Mikado in Portland, by an amateur company, Dr. Harry G. Nickerson took the part of Nanki-Poo. He was very successful, and won great applause from the audience.

'92.—Mr. William B. Kenniston, principal of the Cornish High School, is thus spoken of in the report of the Supervisor of Schools: "Mr. Kenniston has the many qualities necessary to make a successful teacher. He is always interested in his school, making efficacious plans for the improvement of the scholars."

'92.—Columbia College has awarded a University Fellowship in Social Science to Mr. Henry Crosby Emery of Ellsworth. The emoluments are free tuition and \$500 per year.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALPHA DELTA PHI HALL, March 31, 1893.

In the death of J. Evarts Pearson, class of '96, this society has sustained an irreparable loss. His marked ability, his genial disposition, and his conscientious devotion to right had secured for him the respect of all with whom he was associated, and had particularly endeared him to us with whom association had been so close and intimate. It is especially sad for one whose promise was so bright to be stricken down, but his example should be an inspiration to us who remain. Young as he was, in this he had served a very useful end. Therefore, be it

Resolved, In token of our respect and love, the

lodge room and badge of the society be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days;

Resolved, That our deepest sympathy be tendered the parents and friends of the bereaved, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them and to the ORIENT.

CHAS. H. SAVAGE,
JOSEPH H. ROBERTS,
EARLE H. LYFORD,

Committee for the Fraternity.

Whereas, We, the members of the class of '96 of Bowdoin College, have been caused in the providence of God, to mourn the death of our highly esteemed classmate, J. Evarts Pearson,

Resolved, That while reverently acknowledging the infinite wisdom of God, we deeply regret the removal of a classmate from our midst whose Christian virtues and manly qualities endeared him to all who knew him;

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of one whose career had opened so brightly;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the *Brunswick Telegraph* and BOWDOIN ORIENT for publication.

E. H. LYFORD,
J. B. THOMPSON,
C. A. KNIGHT,
F. B. SMITH,

Committee.

At a meeting of the class of '94, of the Medical School of Maine, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, We have been called upon to mourn the death of our esteemed classmate, George A. Evans, be it

Resolved, That in his death the class loses one of its brightest members;

Resolved, That his life was such that all might profitably pattern by it, and that his death will be sincerely mourned by all who knew him;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

ARTHUR S. GILSON,
WALTER J. WATSON,
JAMES M. BODWELL,

Committee for the Class.

Book Reviews.

(Sheldon's American History. Teacher's Manual.) By Mary Sheldon Barnes, Assistant Professor of Modern History in Leland Stanford; formerly Professor of History at Wellesley. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) The distinction of this book is that Columbus, Washington, Boone, and other makers of America have been its chief authors, the editors having thrown in only such connections and made such omissions as were necessary to make a short and continuous narrative. The book is extracted from the very sources of history, and forms in itself a small collection of these sources. It is divided into seven groups of lessons, each group dealing with one of the large aspects of our history. Intended, as it is, for a teacher's manual, it is an excellent book for those whose work is to instruct beginners in history. The good points of these studies are, that they deal with historic records and use these sources as the means of genuine study, beside demanding of the pupil independent thought and expression, instead of merely repeating the words of others. The book is neatly bound and of a handy size. Price 60 cents.

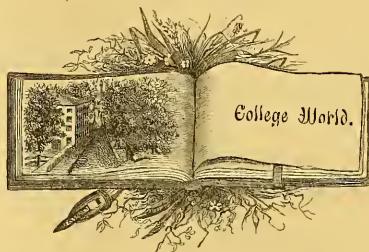
(The Down East Master's First School. By Edward A. Rand, author of "Bark Cabin on Kearsarge," "Tent in the Notch," "After the Freshet," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.)

This excellent and interesting story, written by a graduate of Bowdoin College, is the narrative of a Bowdoin student's experiences while teaching his first school "Down East," and of his life afterward, which was influenced and partly governed by the associations formed there. The book will be exceedingly interesting to all college students, and especially to Bowdoin men. The author's style, as all know who have read any of his works, is easy, flowing, and very interesting. The chapters which describe "The Last Day," "Leave-taking," "The Grand Confederate Charge," are very fine. The closing chapter, "In the Hospital," where the young girl who had loved the hero when he was her teacher, finds him and nurses him back to health, is the fitting close to a good book and one well worth the reading.

(*Le Barbier de Seville*, edited by Spiers. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

This handy little volume is a worthy number of Heath's Modern Language Series. The text is

prefaced by an admirable sketch of Beaumarchais as a man and as a writer, and the notes are all that could be desired.



FROM A JUNIOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

If a planet meet a planet
Coming thro' the sky,
Need a planet change a planet
In velocity?

If a planet meet a planet
In conical gyration,
Need a planet cause a planet
Any perturbation?

—Dartmouth.

The annual contest of the Colorado State Oratorical Association was held February 17th, at Trinity M. E. Church, Denver. Denver University, Colorado College (Colorado Springs), and the University of Colorado (Boulder) were represented. Mr. Frank W. Woods, of Colorado College, was awarded the first prize, and will represent the State at the Inter-State contest to be held at Columbus, Ohio. Colorado College furnished the state orator last year, also.

Some interesting facts of Harvard life sixty years ago appear in the "Harvard Reminiscences" of the late Dr. Peabody. Each student was called on in every recitation, popular prejudice forbade all conferring with professors either before or after recitation, and Saturday afternoons in Boston were cut short by required presence at evening prayers.

The Harvard-Yale debate will come off on May 2d. The question is: "Resolved, That the time has now come when the policy of protection should be abandoned by the United States."

Princeton has had nineteen new buildings added to her campus in the past twenty-five years.

This year's Hasty Pudding play is entitled "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, or the Sport, the

Spook, and the Spiuster." Words, music, and scenery are all the work of members of the club.

An oratorical contest is to be held in Chicago, on June 30th, at which seventy-five colleges will be represented.

A bicycle club is being organized at Wellesley.

The *Cornell Daily Sun* says: "If the winner of the Harvard-Yale boat race next summer refuses to row Cornell, Cornell will claim the championship of America, and endeavor to arrange an international match with the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race.

The Harvard and Columbia chess clubs are to play for the intercollegiate challenge chess cup.

WHY?

The list of inconsistencies,

It seems, is never done.

Now why should colors be called "fast"

Whene'er they never run?

—*Lehigh Burr.*

The vacation trip of the Harvard nine resulted in one victory, two defeats, and two ties.

The twenty-one universities of Germany number 27,602 students at the present moment, Berlin heading the list with 4,876. About a third of the total number are medical students.

There are two Christian Endeavor societies in the Rangoon College Baptist Church, in Rangoon, Burma, one organized in the Burmese language and the other in the Karan.

The following is a list of the ten largest universities in the United States, with the membership

of each: University of Michigan, 2,800; Harvard University, 2,500; Northwestern University, 2,000; Yale University, 1,969; Cornell University, 1,576; University of Wisconsin, 1,300; University of the City of New York, 1,200; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1,100; Princeton University, 1,061; DePauw University, 1,050.

HER NAME.

"Zat's not my name!" Each morn I meet
A little maiden trim and neat.

From dainty hood, brown curls that stray,
Large eyes, and cute nose *retroussé*,
A charming maid, demure, petite.

Her name I know not, and I greet
With ancient names quite obsolete,
That she with pretty poet may say,

"Zat's not my name!"

"Jemima, Arabella sweet,
Dear Sophronisba, I entreat
Your favor;—Jane Belinda, pray
Accept the greeting of the day."

Again her smiling lips repeat,

"Zat's not my name!"

—*Trinity Tablet.*

Subscriptions are being collected for the Phillips Brooks house at Harvard. The purpose of the building is, principally, to furnish a home for the religious societies of the college, a practice room for the college choir, besides two large halls for general meetings.

Laurie Bliss, of Yale, has been engaged by the Olympic Club of San Francisco to coach the football eleven this year.



H. E. MURDOCK,
Optician,

565 Congress St., - PORTLAND, ME.



BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 10, 1893.

No. 2.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Spring has come! The budding trees, the crowded tennis-courts, and the arrival at the ORIENT sanctum of the first installment of spring poetry, sufficiently announce its advent. Mr. Booker and his assistants have been busy assisting nature in the work of beautifying the campus, and the good results of this co-partnership are apparent in the improved condition of the paths and grass plots and the removal of the unsightly ash heaps near the various ends. Whether this improved condition of things is permanent or only temporary depends upon us. Last year a severe criticism of the appearance of the college grounds, which appeared in one of the daily papers, caused considerable comment and was instrumental in rousing both Faculty and students to the necessity of a decided reform. Nature (and Mr. Booker) is doing her best for us. Let us do our part as well as we can.

IT IS officially announced that Professor Wells will accept the chair of Sociology at Dartmouth, entering upon his duties there next September. During his three years' stay at Bowdoin, Professor Wells has gained the respect and esteem of the undergraduates, and his departure for his new field of work will be looked upon as a personal loss by students as well as Faculty. His interest

in his subjects and his readiness to aid any who show themselves desirous of doing private work in his branches of study have been of inestimable assistance to many men. Bowdoin's loss will be Dartmouth's gain.

Professor William MacDonald, who now occupies the chair of History and Political Economy in Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has been recommended to the Boards by the Committee on Vacancies. Professor MacDonald is 30 years of age, a graduate of Harvard, and before receiving his position at Worcester was dean of a department in a western university. He has recently visited the college and expresses himself as very much pleased with the outlook in his department and with the college as a whole. Both intellectually and socially Professor MacDonald would undoubtedly prove a valuable acquisition to Bowdoin's Faculty should he come here next fall.

OWING to the serious sickness of our business manager, Mr. Bryant, mistakes in mailing the ORIENT may be more frequent this term than usual. We trust that any one who does not receive his paper regularly will notify us without delay. All subscribers who are in arrears will confer a favor by remitting the amount due without further solicitation.

“WON three, lost none,” is our enviable record in the college league. One-third of the games have been played, and our nine has so far proved invincible. But we must not congratulate ourselves too soon. Our opponents are plucky, and no game is won until the last man is out. Before this number of the ORIENT appears the most important game of the season will have been played. If we are the winners, we ought surely to take the championship; if we lose, we are still on equal terms with our rivals, who are beginning to realize that, if they

are to defeat us, they must play good ball. The ORIENT unites with the graduates and undergraduates in wishing the team success.

LACK of available space prevents us from giving the entire constitution and rules of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association. In another column, however, will be found a few extracts which, we believe, will be of interest. Before the next number of the ORIENT appears the team which will represent the college at the games of this Association will have left for the meet. The contests at Worcester will be far different from those in which our men have been accustomed to participate. Their opponents will represent the cream of the New England colleges—men who have had more experience and better training than have ours. Hence it will be nothing to be wondered at if Bowdoin scores few or no points.

But the number of points to our credit is a secondary matter. To win we must have experience and confidence. Our representatives must become accustomed to the atmosphere of a meet, and must learn to accurately gauge their own strength. A defeat now may mean a victory next year. Above all, let every man realize that he is not working for an individual record, or posing for the benefit of the audience, but is sent by the college to represent the college, and that Bowdoin men all over the country look to him to sustain Bowdoin's reputation, not necessarily by winning, but by doing his best—by deserving to win.

THE outlook for the tennis season is very bright. The college tournament opens with a good number of entries, and more than the usual amount of interest is manifested in the matches. The intercollegiate tournament in Portland will open May 30th, on the new courts of the Portland Athletic

Club, which have been generously placed at our disposal, free of charge, by the executive committee of the club. Last year Bowdoin captured two of the three prize cups. This year it seems probable that all three will adorn the new Art Building. All of Bowdoin's last year representatives are still in college, and several other players are prepared to make them work hard to retain their places. The management has decided to purchase a college cup, to remain the property of the college, the champion in singles having his name engraved on it each year. Our collection of trophies and cups is none too large and the prospect of several additions this year will be greeted with pleasure.

Was He a Coward?

"DEAR JOHN," the letter said, "you and I must be very honest with each other to-night, for I have a thing of great importance to us both to say to you. You remember, John, that almost exactly a year ago you told me of your love for me, and asked me to be your wife. We had grown up from babyhood together, you and I, and I had had no thought for any one else, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should love you and be yours always. And John, on that night in the garden when I told you I loved you, I meant it; and I mean it now. But it has lately come to me to see that my past and present love was not what you asked for; not the affection which a woman ought to give her husband. And oh, John, I am so sorry, but in the past six months I have learned what it is to *love*, and that is why I write you to-day. You will understand, dear, that I am always your friend; that you will always be to me my best friend, my only brother. Don't blame Henry, it is not his fault, if fault there is. He did nothing till he saw that I was his instead of—any one else's.

"We are to be married in May, and shall live at home. Don't let this hurt you, John dear, it is all for the best, and I couldn't come to you with a false love in my heart. Forgive me and Henry. It had to be. Don't let it trouble you, but be happy for my sake, for your own sake. Please tell me you don't think hard of me. Good bye.

Ever your sincere friend,

HELEN M. AMORY."

He lay the letter down slowly. "That night in the garden," would he ever forget it? Ah, how beautiful she was that night. Her face would haunt him till his dying day.

"Don't let it hurt you . . . try and be happy." He laughed bitterly. As if he could ever be happy again. Happiness must be to him hereafter an unknown word.

"Ever your sincere friend." What a depth of mockery and utter hopelessness those words contained. He who was to have lived in wedded love by her side was now relegated to a place in that unmeaning list of "sincere friends." That was the worst stab of all.

How close and hot it was in his rooms! His head felt heavy, and his eyes smarted painfully. He arose and looked out of his daintily curtained window down on to the avenue where all was hurrying, metropolitan activity. What did that tiresome mob know of sorrow and trouble? They had never known and loved and lost his Nellie. And then, quick as light, the thought struck him that she was his no longer, and for a moment he thought he was going to lose his senses, so terrible was his mental suffering.

The busy street scene tired him and he turned wearily away from the window and sat again at his desk. For a long time he sat, rigid and immovable as marble, staring blankly into space. The big clock in the corner chimed the half-hour twice ere he raised his head. Then his appearance had changed. His face was pale and stern, and

showed unmistakable evidences of a battle fought and won within his heart of hearts. But his whole presence, his every movement, betokened a man with a purpose, and that set and unalterable as the mightiest mountain of the universe. He evidently had a task to perform, and that was to be done as quietly, and rapidly, and neatly, as possible.

First he unlocked and opened a drawer in his desk, and took therefrom a heavy "Colt's" revolver of the army pattern, into one chamber of which he coolly inserted the regulation 44-caliber cartridge. This done, he placed the weapon before him on the desk, and taking pen and paper, commenced to write. It was to her, and this was what he read when he lay down his pen:

"I love you. I always have, and so long as I am sensible of time, I always will love you. It is not for me to blame any one. From my heart I wish you perfect joy. Try and forget that I ever lived. Good-bye.

JOHN HARWOOD."

After re-reading hastily he folded this note, addressed it in his bold, steady hand, and placed it in a conspicuous position on his desk. But one more thing remained to be done. He took from his pocket a little leather case and lay it before him, but for a long time did not move to open it.

Finally, however, he took it up gently, and taking from it the photograph, gazed at it long and earnestly. The big clock in the corner ticked on solemnly minute after minute, and still he sat there, the picture held tight in both hands as if to hold that from being taken away too, and his eyes riveted on the sweet face so near his own.

At length he moved a little, sighed deeply, and then pressing the picture very gently to his lips, threw it suddenly into the open coal fire that glowed and winked in the gathering twilight, where it vanished in brilliant flame.

It was growing dark now. He looked

once more from the window. Lights were beginning to flash out up and down the avenue; night was coming on apace. But it was naught to him, and he turned again to the room. Just one glance about him at its comfortable, almost luxurious, bachelor air. Then he stepped quickly to his desk. The revolver lay as he had placed it. He took it up, cocked it with steady hand, careful to see that its one loaded chamber was in position for firing, raised it slowly—and as the deadened echo ceased ringing, the big clock ticked soberly on.

Are We Overworked?

HOW many men in Bowdoin College study six hours a day? The schedule of the average student shows sixteen hours of recitation a week. A fair estimate, omitting lecture courses, for which little or no preparation is necessary, would be twelve hours actual recitation each week. A man of ordinary ability is supposed to spend two hours in preparing for each recitation hour, or from four to six hours a day, which, added to class-room work, gives a total of six to eight hours. But this represents what a man should do, rather than what the great majority actually does. One Junior states that no term since he has entered college, with a single exception, has he averaged over two hours a day of real "plugging," and several terms a single hour has been sufficient. Moreover, his rank has never fallen below second class in any study. A Sophomore claims that so far his college course has at no time been as difficult as was his course in the fitting school.

On the other hand there are doubtless men in every class who constantly give from four to eight hours a day to their work, and who often spend an entire afternoon on a single lesson. But the number of the latter class is few. Yet it is acknowledged that "Eight hours for work, eight hours for play,

and eight hours for sleep," is a fair rule. The writer does not believe that of our students one-fourth give eight hours a day to his college work.

Whose is the fault and what is the remedy? Our curriculum demands as many hours a week as that of any similar institution; our professors are surely not lacking in either ability or desire to aid and push their classes as much as can profitably be done. The fault must be in the men themselves, and its correction must depend on them.

Nevertheless much can be done by the Faculty. Attractive voluntary causes, such organizations as this year's German Club, and possibly a class of scholarships to which only those above a certain rank are eligible, would all be influential in checking the tendency to idleness which is certainly far too prevalent at the present time.

Extracts from Constitution and Rules of the N. E. I. A. A.

MEMBERSHIP in this association shall be limited to New England colleges in good standing.

Any contestant who enters his name for an event or events and does not appear in such event, shall be fined one dollar, provided he does not send valid excuse to the chairman of the executive committee before the Field Meeting. Each college association shall be responsible for the fines incurred by its members.

An annual Field Meeting shall take place on the Wednesday before the last Saturday in May, at such place as the association shall decide at the previous convention. The order of events shall be as follows:

TRACK EVENTS.

100-yards dash, trial heats.
Half-mile run.
120-yards hurdle, trial heats.
440-yards dash, trial heats.
100-yards dash, final heat.
Mile run.
120-yards hurdle, final heat.
Two-mile bicycle race.
220-yards dash, trial heats.
Mile walk.
220-yards hurdle, final heat.

Two-mile run.
220-yards dash, final heat.

FIELD EVENTS.

Pole vault.
Putting 16-pound shot.
Running high jump.
Throwing 16-pound hammer.
Running broad jump.

The cup shall be awarded to that college of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association which shall be champion from one Field Meeting to the next.

That college shall be champion which shall win a plurality of points.

Points shall be counted as follows: For first place, five points; for second place, three points; and for third place, one point.

Fifty dollars (\$50) shall be appropriated annually for the purchase of a banner to be presented to the champion college.

Gold, silver, and bronze medals shall be awarded respectively to winners of first, second, and third places.

A special record medal of gold shall be presented to any contestant who shall lower any New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association record.

POLE VAULT AND RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

The height of the bar at starting and at each successive elevation shall be determined by the measurers. Three tries allowed at each height. Each competitor shall make one attempt in the order of his name on the programme. Displacing the bar counts as a try.

PUTTING THE SHOT.

The shot shall be a metal sphere weighing sixteen pounds. It shall be put from the shoulder with one hand, and during the attempt it shall not pass behind nor below the shoulder. It shall be put from a circle seven feet in diameter, two feet of whose circumference shall be a toe board four inches in height. Foul puts, which shall not be measured, are as follows:

1. Letting go of the shot in an attempt.
2. Touching the ground outside the circle with any portion of the body while the shot is in hand.
3. Touching the ground forward of the front half of the circle with any portion of the body before the put is measured. Each competitor shall be allowed three puts, and the best three men in the first trial shall be allowed three more puts. Each competitor shall be credited with the best of all his puts. The measurement of the put shall be from

the nearest edge of the first mark made by the shot to the point of the circumference of the circle nearest such mark.

THROWING THE HAMMER.

The hammer head shall be a metal sphere weighing sixteen pounds. The handle shall be of wood, and the combined length of the head and handle shall be four feet. The hammer shall be thrown from a circle seven feet in diameter. Foul throws, which shall not be measured but shall count as throws, are as follows:

1. Letting go of the hammer in an attempt.
2. Lifting from the ground the foot nearest the circumference of the circle, while the hammer is in hand.
3. Touching the ground outside the circle with any portion of the body, while the hammer is in hand.
4. Touching the ground forward of the front half of the circle with any portion of the body before the throw is measured. Each competitor shall be allowed three throws, and the best three men in the first trial shall be allowed three more throws. Each competitor shall be credited with the best of all his throws. The measurement of the throw shall be from the nearest edge of the first mark made by the head of the hammer to the point of the circumference of the circle nearest such mark.

President Hyde's Annual Report.

Through the kindness of President Hyde we are able to quote in advance some of his remarks and recommendations. After referring to the loss the college will sustain owing to the departure of Professor Wells, and mentioning the qualifications and experience of his successor, he says:

"The centenary of the college will be celebrated during Commencement week in 1894. The committee appointed to prepare the programme for this celebration have secured Hon. Melville W. Fuller, of the class of 1854, Chief Justice of the United States, as the orator."

All the will cases in which the college is interested are progressing favorably, and there seems to be little doubt but that the college will secure all it is entitled to. The amount given and bequeathed to the college last year aggregated three-fourths of a million.

The Fayerweather bequest has been appropriated entirely to strengthening the weak points

and inadequate equipment in work which was already established, and which without this aid we should have been compelled to carry on under cramped conditions and at a great disadvantage. One-half of the Garcelon bequest goes to the Medical School. Much will be devoted to scholarships. The income from that bequest available for general college purposes will not exceed \$8,000.

Special endowments are needed for the library, and for the establishment of professorships of history, of political and social science, and of geology and mineralogy.

The need of a college dining hall and reading room are commented on, the estimated cost of such a structure as would be needed being about \$10,000.

Mr. Files will resume charge of the German department next fall, and it is certain that additional advanced courses in French and German will then be offered.

"The outlook for the college was never brighter than it is to-day. With our new gymnasium and observatory, our new art building and our new science building; with the dormitories remodeled as Maine Hall has been and the others will be at the earliest opportunity; with the new dining hall we hope to have, and the new recitation rooms which we shall fit up in Adams and Massachusetts Halls, adapted to the special needs of the departments which are to occupy them; with Memorial Hall at last provided with worthy tablets in memory of the graduates and students who served their country faithfully in its time of peril, and with the old chapel forever the same in its beauty and sublimity; with a body of students gratefully appreciative of what the college is doing for them; with a young, vigorous, and harmonious Faculty permanently identified with the interests of the institution, and with a body of alumni loyally devoted to its welfare, Bowdoin College will enter upon the second century of its existence with a material equipment, an educational policy, and a moral support which will be a fitting crown to the achievements of the past, and an inspiring incentive to the labor of the future."

Princeton will send another scientific expedition West this summer to find fossil remains of prehistoric animals.

In the World's Fair exhibit of the University of the City of New York is the original telegraph battery and instrument used by Morse. There is also the first photograph ever taken of a human face.

The Pessimist.

THE opening of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, on the first day of this month, and the exercises connected therewith, have aroused a feeling of pride and enthusiasm, and eagerness to behold it, in the hearts of all patriotic Americans. College men in particular will find much in the great spectacle to interest and instruct. We have spent several years in the acquisition of knowledge; a knowledge that ought to place us on a fair footing in the world, and in close touch with its intelligent people. But we have as yet only got the theory of it all. We may have dealt most wisely with the great public questions of the day; we may have studied deep into the problems of political economy, ethics, or social science, but so far as an application of these principles to real human living goes, we have as yet done nothing. Therefore if we can by any possibility visit the great Fair, and see there the great mass of humanity from the planet's four corners, exhibiting the *genus homo* in all his multitudinous phases, we shall have in very truth the chance of a lifetime, to throw away which will be an irreparable loss.

* * * * *

The terrific noise made by the "wood-ing-up" of certain collections of individuals evidently new to civilization, is a most pleasant addition to the daily recitations. Their fellow-students can but be entertained by the graceful antics of these demonstrative persons, while the professors regard it as the highest possible compliment to be paid to them, and are transported with delight at each new thunderous outburst. Visitors to the college halls are also most favorably impressed, and Bowdoin students will no doubt gain a reputation unsurpassed by any other institution of the State. It is stated

on good authority that the custom is now beginning to die out of the kindergartens and reform schools where it originated.

* * * * *

There are certain students of Bowdoin College who evidently are possessed with a large and clearly-defined idea that the institution and its adjuncts were endowed, built, and are now conducted for their especial benefit. This class of persons numbers among its members those who daily fleh from the reading-room all the choice journalistic bits, for private perusal. These students are no doubt too delicately organized to mingle with the common herd, and must needs gather up all the most desirable newspapers and magazines and retire with them to a more refined and literary atmosphere than the reading-room affords; but if they do not speedily consider that all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, they will, in the words of Cicero, "Heah sumfin drap."

Rhyme and Reason.

The Pursuit of the Ideal.

Far, far, 'neath southern skies he roved,
Beside that classic tideless sea,
O'er mountain tops that gods once loved
And chose their cloud-wrapped home to be.
And Athens's far-famed height he sought,
Still crowned with monuments divine,
Where mem'ries of an art that taught
The men of old to quaff the wine
Of comeliness, in fadeless beauty shine.

He roamed beneath the silvery sheen
Of moonlight's robe, where echoes still
In sporting, to the seven-billed queen
Repeat the gladiator's shrill
Death-cry. And he was borne along
The paths that thread the fair sea's bride,
And listened to the mellow song
Of boatmen, by the river side,
Where summer's glow and cloudless skies abide.

From vine-clad hills he watched the soft,
Calm flow—the Fatherland's own stream.
'Mid crumbling walls he wandered oft,
Where castles fall in mould'ring dream.
He gazed upon cathedral spire,
Its grace, its form, and sought to hold
Within his grasp the stained fire
Which turned the pavement into gold,
And decked the vestments rare with gems untold.

The glittering domes allured his eye,
The minarets of Eastern lands,
And palms and columns lifted high,
Where waters run 'midst burning sands,
And erst the hand of man has raised
Stupendous piles, that Litany might
Be proud to claim. And oft he praised
The faultless traceries, the light
And graceful fashion of the prayer-tower's flight.

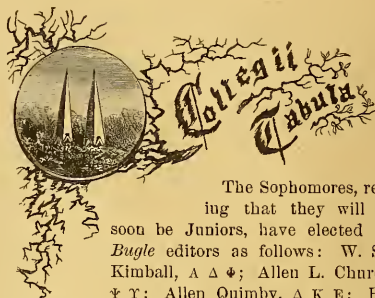
He saw the beauteous, the best
That man has wrought, the wide world round,
Seeking in vain a longed-for rest,
Till here at last his heart has found
A spot to end his weary ways
In this beauty contemplation,
For now he loves to sit and gaze
In unbounded admiration
At the matchless Brunswick railroad station.

The Broken Vase.

The vase, where died this sweet vervain,
Received to-day a little blow;
So slight the crack no trace is seen,
Yet dripping, dripping, down below
Flows soft but steady, hour by hour,
The water placed with kindly thought
To furnish life-sap to the flower.
The vase is broken; touch it not.

Thus, oftentimes, a loved one's hand
In touching breaks a human heart;
And all alone, unseen, unknown,
Down through a fissure fine will start
The drops of life-blood, day by day;
And human eyes see not a drop,
And know not why life does not stay.
The heart is broken; touch it not.

Cornell has received \$50,000 for the erection of a new building for the use of the Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering.



The Sophomores, realizing that they will very soon be Juniors, have elected their *Bugle* editors as follows: W. S. A. Kimball, A Δ Φ; Allen L. Churchill, Ψ Υ; Allen Quimby, Δ Κ Ε; H. E. Holmes, Ζ Ψ; Frank H. Mead, Θ Δ Χ; Harry B. Russ, Δ Υ; and N. G. Jackson.

MacDonald, '91, visited town last week.

Treasurer Young recently made a visit to Chicago.

Plumstead, '96, is teaching, and will not return this term.

Quite a number of sub-Freshmen have been on the campus recently.

Christie, '95, returned to college after taking a three weeks' vacation.

Wiley, '95, and Hebb, '96, are confined to their rooms by the measles.

Little, '89, now practicing law in Augusta, visited college recently.

Dr. C. E. Adams, '35, now located at Ann Arbor, Mich., was in town last week.

Pendleton, '90, was here Saturday, on a combined pleasure and business trip.

Professor Smith of Yale, formerly of Bowdoin, visited old friends here last week.

Dewey, '95, was called home for several days last week as witness in a law-suit.

The Δ Υ fraternity is negotiating for the purchase of a tennis court on the campus.

Bass, '96, will leave college about the first of June and go to Chicago for the summer.

Andrews, '96, has recovered from his serious illness and will be back at college this week.

Arbor Day has been appointed for Friday, May 12th, and will as usual be a holiday for the college.

"Esmeralda," presented by local talent and followed by a ball, attracted many students April 28th.

President Hyde delivered an interesting address on "The Old and New Christianity," in chapel, Sunday.

In a practice game on the Flats, last Friday afternoon, the Brunswick High School nine beat the '96 team 12 to 9.

Bryant, '95, has passed the crisis of his fever and is now considered out of danger, but will not return until next fall.

Kyes, '96, goes to Chicago in a few days, where he has a good position for four months in the electrical department.

Professor Lee went to New York last week to meet Mrs. Lee, who is just returning from a ten months' trip to Europe.

The Freshman Debating Society has held its last meeting of the year, and will not resume active work again until next fall.

The Freshman Greek class is required to hand in a theme on "The Ancient and Modern Theater Compared," before June 1st.

Many firms, by circular and postal, are now informing the students how they can easily make an honest dollar during the coming vacation.

Parker, '91, now athletic instructor at Brown, stopped off here an afternoon last week and coached the boys a little in their field-day training.

The Freshman crew is receiving a serious setback in its training, as Captain Bates has been compelled by illness to go home for a time.

The Portland *Advertiser* of May 6th contained another article in the interesting series by Baxter, '94, concerning his experiences among the Indians last summer.

H. E. Andrews having resigned the position of second manager of the Base-Ball Association, a special meeting was called and W. W. Thomas, 2d, '94, was elected.

O. W. Turner, '90, who graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia on May 2d, passed through town lately. Dr. Turner will settle in Augusta.

Allen, '94, was sick at home for a short time, and fears were entertained that he could not resume his position behind the bat this season. Bates will testify that he has recovered.

Bagley and Sheaff, '94, are the only students of the college who have explored the mysteries of Freemasonry. The order has quite a number of members in the Medical School.

Professor William McDonald, of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, who will succeed Professor Wells, on the latter's removal to Dartmouth next fall, spent several days here last week.

As the result of a recent Sophomore class meeting local showers have been quite prevalent of late, and some of the Freshmen are getting good training in quick starting and sprinting.

A pleasant change in the Senior Chemistry course is made by hour lectures delivered each Monday by Professor Robinson upon practical subjects suggested by members of the class.

The Sophomore banquet will be held in Lewiston or Auburn May 26th. Most of the members of the class will remain there to witness the game between Bowdoin and Colby the next day.

Julia Ward Howe of Boston and her daughter, Mrs. Laura Richards of Gardiner, who is also a well-known authoress, visited the college last week. They were the guests of Professor Robinson while in town.

It was recently announced in chapel by President Hyde that all the legal contests concerning bequests recently made to Bowdoin, over which there was any dispute, have been decided in favor of the college.

A walk to Harpswell to hear a sermon by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, one of Bowdoin's most famous alumni, is a delightful Sunday trip which several parties of students have taken and many more are planning to take.

The second Sophomore themes of the term will be due May 19th. The following subjects are given: "Proper Use of the College Library," "Socialism in the United States," and "Who will Succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate?"

The first Sophomore themes of the term were due May 5th. The following subjects were given: "Admission to College by Certificate"; "Use and Abuse of the Pension System"; and "The Moral Elements of George Eliot's Adam Bede."

"That's right; leave your horse behind; this is not a live-stock steamer!" remarked Dr. Whittier to a member of the Freshman crew as the latter, on entering the shell, handed a certain valuable portion of his library to a friend on the slip.

An able article from the pen of President Hyde on the observance of Fast-Day, appeared in a late number of the *Congregationalist*. The manner of observance this year at the Brunswick Congregational church was described and commended.

Professor Woodruff was in Boston last week as the Bowdoin delegate to the Commission of New England Colleges on Entrance Examinations. A prominent subject discussed was the substitution

in the entrance requirements of more Attic Greek in place of Homer.

Complete files of the *Boston Advertiser* for over thirty years have been presented to the library by W. W. Dodge, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass. The gift is a valuable one, as it makes accessible a complete record of current events in the past few decades not otherwise in the hands of those using the library. The donor is the son of John C. Dodge, '34, an active life-long friend of Bowdoin and ex-President of the Board of Overseers. Mr. Dodge has also recently presented the college with valuable fossils found by him near Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Since '94 "packed the jury" numerous jokes have been appearing on the campus and in the *Bugle* regarding that august body. We quote a few lines from the *Wesleyan Argus* in regard to the jury system: "Members of such an organization are bound to become exceedingly unpopular, as is the case at Bowdoin. They cannot fail to be accused of injustice and become objects of dislike, or on the contrary it may result that no one will take such an odious position, and the election may go for men notoriously inefficient." The above is respectfully submitted to '95's *Bugle* editors as a foundation for new slugs.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Tufts, 24; Bowdoin, 10.

Bowdoin was badly beaten by Tufts on the Delta, Wednesday, the 26th. The game was rather uninteresting and characterized by heavy batting and poor fielding. The score:

TUFTS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Foss, 2b.,	6	6	3	4	1	0	1
Corridan, s.s.,	6	4	4	6	2	2	0
Paynes, l.f.,	5	2	2	3	1	0	0
Martin, 1b.,	6	2	2	3	10	0	0
Clayton, c.f.,	5	2	1	1	2	0	0
Mallet, c.,	5	2	0	0	5	4	0
Johnston, 3b.,	5	2	1	2	2	2	3
Pierce, p.,	6	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stroud, c.f.,	5	4	2	2	4	1	1
Totals,	49	24	15	21	27	9	5

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	1	2	3
Savage, 1b.,	4	1	1	1	9	0	0
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	1	2	2	3	0	2

Hutchinson, s.s.,	3	1	0	0	1	3	2
Sykes, 2b.,	4	2	1	1	1	0	1
Williams, r.f.,	3	1	1	2	0	0	1
Chapman, c.f.,	5	2	2	2	1	0	1
Allen, c.,	5	0	2	3	10	2	0
Farrington, p.,	1	1	0	0	1	0	0
Plaisted, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals, 36 10 10 12 27 7 10

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Tufts,	10	0	2	0	4	1	5	2	0-24
Bowdoin,	8	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-10

Bowdoin, 24; Bates, 6.

Over a hundred men accompanied the team on their first trip, and saw Bates defeated in the first game of the college league. Bowdoin was first at the bat, and aided by Hoffman's error made two runs, Bates securing one in her half of the inning. The second inning added three to Bowdoin's score. Bates drew a blank. From this time until the end of the game Bates played listlessly and succeeded in piling up fifteen errors. After the fifth, Mildram concluded that he had had enough, and gave way to Berryman, whose delivery exactly suited our men, two home runs and several singles being made off him in the first inning he pitched. Plaisted's fine work was one of the most noticeable features of the game. He struck out eleven men, and only three hits were made by Bates in the nine innings. Fairbanks vindicated his right to the head of the batting list, and Savage, Williams, and Chapman hit the ball hard and often. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., r.f.,	6	5	3	7	2	2	0
Savage, 1b.,	5	4	3	5	8	0	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	6	2	1	1	1	0	0
Hutchinson, s.s.,	5	2	0	0	1	2	2
Allen, c.,	7	1	1	1	10	4	1
Sykes, 2b.,	6	2	1	1	5	3	1
Williams, r.f.,	6	3	2	5	0	0	0
Chapman, c.f.,	5	3	3	3	0	0	1
Plaisted, p.,	6	2	0	0	0	4	0
Totals,	52	24	14	23	27	15	6

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wakefield, 3b., r.f.,	2	3	1	1	1	5	4
Campbell, c. f.,	5	0	1	1	4	0	1
Hoffman, 2b.,	4	2	1	4	0	2	1
Pennell, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	10	0	1
Brackett, r.f.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Douglass, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	2
Pulsifer, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	2
Gerrish, c.,	1	0	0	0	7	0	0
Mildram, p.,	2	0	0	0	2	2	1
Berryman, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	3
Totals,	30	6	3	6	27	12	15

Bowdoin,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	2	3	5	0	4	8	0	1	1-24
Bates,	1	0	1	1	2	0	1	0	0-6

Base on balls—Plaisted, 11; Mildram, 8; Berryman, 2. Struck out—By Plaisted, 11; Mildram, 2; Berryman, 3. Stolen bases—Bowdoin, 13; Bates, 15. Two-base hits—Fairbanks, Savage. Home runs—Fairbanks, Williams, Hoffman. Umpire—Kelley.

Bowdoin, 10; Colby, 1.

May 4th, on the home grounds, Bowdoin strengthened her claim to the pennant by winning from Colby by the above score. For Bowdoin, Plaisted pitched a peculiar game, giving eleven bases on balls, but proving an enigma whenever a hit was needed to bring in a Colby run. His catch of a hot line ball, in the sixth, and the resulting double play was one of the features of the game. Allen caught and threw to bases finely, and Chapman covered his territory well. Williams, Sykes, and Hutchinson did the heaviest batting for Bowdoin. For Colby, Whitman showed excellent control, and fielded his position well. Purinton, in right field, made several good catches. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b.,	4	1	0	0	3	2	2
Savage, 1b.,	3	1	1	1	10	0	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Williams, r.f.,	4	2	1	2	0	1	0
Allen, c.,	4	2	0	0	5	3	1
Sykes, 2b.,	1	1	1	3	2	4	0
Chapman, c.f.,	3	0	1	1	3	0	0
Hutchinson, s.s.,	3	1	2	3	1	3	1
Plaisted, p.,	3	1	1	2	2	0	0
Totals,	30	10	8	12	27	15	5

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	12	0	2
Hoxie, 2b.,	3	0	2	2	0	2	1
Latlip, l.f.,	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Lombard, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Purinton, r.f.,	3	1	0	0	4	0	0
Coffin, c.,	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Nichols, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1
Jackson, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	1	4	1
Whitman, p.,	2	0	0	0	1	6	0
Totals,	29	1	4	4	24	13	5

Bowdoin,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	0	x-10
Colby,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-1

Two-base hits—Williams, Hutchinson. Three-base hit—Sykes. Stolen bases—Fairbanks, Hinkley, Allen, Hoxie, 2, Coffin. Double plays—Plaisted and Savage, Whitman and Hall. Sacrifice hits—Allen, Sykes, 2, Chapman, Plaisted, Hall, Purinton. Base on balls—by Plaisted—Hall, Hoxie, 2, Latlip, Lombard, Purinton, Coffin, 2, Nichols,

Whitman, 2; by Whitman—Savage, 2, Sykes, Hutchinson. Hit by pitched ball—Fairbanks, Williams, Nichols. Struck out—by Plaisted—Latlip, Lombard, Purinton, Coffin, Jackson; by Whitman—Chapman. Passed balls—Allen, 2, Coffin. Wild pitches—Plaisted, 2, Whitman. Time—2 h. Umpire—S. J. Kelley.

Bowdoin, 15; M. S. C., 2.

Disagreeable weather hindered the first game with M. S. C. and made good fielding difficult. Farrington pitched a strong game, had fair control and good speed, striking out seven men. Fairbanks, Williams, and Sykes led the batting, and Hinkley in left field covered his position finely. M. S. C.'s only runs were scored in the sixth on a wild throw. For M. S. C. Dehaseth did the best all-round work. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b.,	5	2	4	6	3	1	2
Savage, 1b.,	3	2	2	2	6	1	0
Hinkley, l.f.,	6	1	2	2	5	0	0
Williams, r.f.,	4	3	3	7	1	0	0
Allen, c.,	5	1	1	1	6	4	0
Sykes, 2b.,	5	2	3	4	3	0	0
Chapman, c.f.,	4	1	1	2	1	0	0
Hutchinson, s.s.,	4	2	1	1	2	0	1
Farrington, p.,	3	1	0	0	0	2	0
Totals,	39	15	17	25	27	8	3

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Durham, l.f., c.f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Palmer, 3b.,	5	0	2	2	2	1	1
Ricker, c.f., r.f.,	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Hayes, r.f., p.,	3	1	2	2	0	3	1
Smith, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	2	2	0
Frost, p., l.f.,	3	0	0	0	5	0	1
Dehaseth, c.,	3	0	1	2	3	2	0
Farrell, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	3	1	3
Gilbert, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	5	0	1
Totals,	33	2	6	7	24	9	7

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	1	0	0	9	1	1	2	1	-15
M. S. C.,	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0-2

Earned runs—Bowdoin, 6. Two-base hits—Williams, Sykes, Chapman, Dehaseth. Three-base hits—Fairbanks, Williams. Stolen bases—Fairbanks, Savage, 2, Hinkley, Farrington. Sacrifice hits—Savage, Williams, Allen, Chapman. First base on balls—by Farrington—Durham, Ricker, Hayes, 2, Dehaseth, Farrell; by Hayes—Savage, 2, Williams, Farrington 2. Struck out—Durham, 3, Palmer, Smith, Frost, Gilbert, Farrington. Double play—Hutchinson. Hit by pitched ball—Fairbanks. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Dunn, of Lewiston.

STANDING OF THE LEAGUE.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent. won.
Bowdoin,	3	3	0	1000
Bates,	3	2	1	666
Colby,	3	1	2	333
M. S. C.,	3	0	3	000

Y. M. C. A.

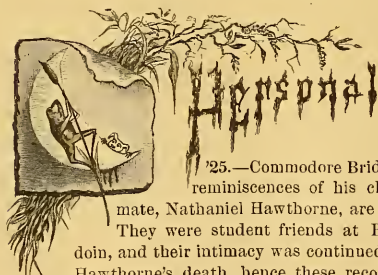
The annual President's Convention of the College Y. M. C. Associations of New England and Canada was held at Harvard, April 20-23. The convention met Thursday evening, at Holden Chapel, and was duly organized. About fifty delegates, representing thirty-five colleges, were present. There were three daily sessions, presided over by J. R. Mott, General Secretary of the International College Association. Prof. Drummond of Scotland, Dr. Horton of London, and Dr. Alexander McKensie of Cambridge, were among the distinguished speakers who addressed the convention.

The chief business of this convention was an examination of the work being accomplished in the various colleges, and discussion as to the best methods for making the association a more potent factor in college life.

The committee who has charge of issuing the Association Handbook, that proved so popular last fall, are already at work on the new handbook for next year.

Attention is called to the change in the time of the Sunday afternoon meeting at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. The meeting will be held this term at 4.15, before chapel instead of after.

Services will be held, during the term, at the Hillside School-house by members of the association who have volunteered to take charge of that place.



25.—Commodore Bridge's reminiscences of his classmate, Nathaniel Hawthorne, are out. They were student friends at Bowdoin, and their intimacy was continued till Hawthorne's death, hence these recollections are full of genuine personality. Much the larger portion of the book pertains to Hawthorne before he reached fame, and it begins with the first meeting between him and Bridge. It so happened

that in the summer of 1821 the coach in which Hawthorne made his first journey to Bowdoin contained also as passengers Franklin Pierce and Jonathan Cilley—as distinguished a company of sub-Freshmen as probably ever rode in a Maine stage.

33.—The *Portland Transcript* in a recent issue publishes an interesting sketch of Hon. George F. Talbot, president of the Fraternity Club of that city. From it we take the following: "Mr. Talbot, a lawyer by profession, has been retired from active practice for several years, but as the president of the leading literary society of the city, for the past sixteen years, his extensive and varied information has been constantly of influence in the weekly discussions of these distinguished Portlanders. He is singularly well equipped for the position and always has something pertinent to say that seems to throw a new light upon the question under discussion. Mr. Talbot's entire career has been characterized by the strictest integrity in public and private life. Striking incidents of his unswerving honesty have come to the writer's knowledge, but we forbear from details for obvious reasons. Though so many years prominent in the politics of the country as a Republican, it was the agitation preceding and during the war that drew him from the ranks of the Democratic party, to the foundation principles of which he has always adhered and does to-day. Mr. Talbot bears his age well. He looks in better health and no older than he did ten years ago. He is of a literary temperament, an able writer, courteous in his intercourse with others, and it is unnecessary to add that his manners are those of a gentleman and a scholar."

33.—The Maine Historical Society paid its respects to Dr. Fordyce Barker, the great New York surgeon, at its spring meeting in Portland, his former classmate, Hon. George F. Talbot, reading reminiscences. He said that probably the class in Bowdoin, second in importance to '25, was that which contained Gov. Andrew and Dr. Fordyce Barker—the class of '33. Barker as a student was a handsome, winning fellow, with a beautiful tenor voice. In 1836 he was appointed professor of obstetrics at Bowdoin, but retained the position but a short time. In 1850 the chair of obstetrics was offered to him in the New York Medical College, which he retained till 1857. That was the beginning of his distinguished career in the metropolis, which was a succession of triumphs that gave him a world-wide reputation.

'40.—Samuel Lane Young, M.D., died at South Portland, April 9th, aged 80 years 3 months.

'44.—The death of Joshua Sears Palmer occurred at his residence on Grove Street, Portland, on April 25th, after an illness of about three weeks. Mr. Palmer was born in Kennebunk in November, 1824, and fitted for college in his native town. After graduation he was engaged first in the dry goods business, then in insurance with Jeremiah Dow and Henry Ward, and afterward with Sterling Dow and Horace Anderson. For two years he was city treasurer of Portland, and acted in the same capacity during several years for the Portland Glass Company. Mr. Palmer was a life-long Democrat, serving in the Portland common council and board of aldermen. Under President Cleveland's first administration he served as postmaster of Portland. In all the varied relations of life he bore a manly part. Gifted by nature with ability of a high order, to which a liberal education added its broadening culture, he was ever an attractive and strong personality in all circles—social, mercantile, official, and political. Faithful, honest, and capable in his differing vocations, genial and prepossessing in his bearing and personal appearance, Mr. Palmer's death is a source of heartfelt sorrow to his relatives and friends, and a marked loss to the city of which he had been for so many years an honored resident.

'50.—Senator William P. Frye spoke before the Philadelphia Manufacturers' Club Monday evening, April 17th, on "Reconstruction of the American Merchant Marine." On May 2d he delivered a eulogy upon the late James G. Blaine before a large audience in Music Hall, Boston. The eulogy was a fine effort and the audience was kept in perfect sympathy with the speaker throughout.

'53.—At a recent meeting of the Penobscot County Bar, Hon. Henry Clay Goodenow presented a series of resolutions upon the late Nathan L. Perkins.

'57.—Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, has given twenty thousand dollars to Hallowell, his native place, to found a free public library.

'58.—General Nicholas Fessenden has returned from an extended trip in the South, in the course of which he took occasion to revisit several of the battle-fields on which he was engaged during the civil war.

'59.—Edward M. Rand, Esq., who has served as a commissioner of the United States Circuit Court in Portland since his appointment of the 22d March,

1866, has tendered his resignation and it has been accepted by Judge Webb.

'60.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed has returned to Portland from Washington to spend the summer.

'65.—The *Lewiston Journal* of May 6th publishes a good sketch of Stephen W. Harmon, Esq., of Boston, together with a portrait of him. The sketch tells in an entertaining way some incidents of Mr. Harmon's school life and struggle for college, his admission to the bar and opening an office in Boston, together with several of the more celebrated cases in which he has been engaged. It is the story of a very successful life.

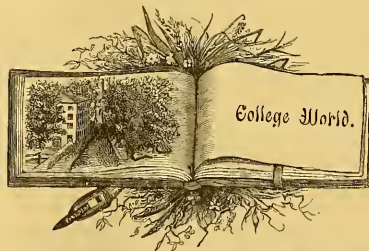
'68.—Hon. Nicholas Fessenden, Maine's Secretary of State, is soon to go to Chicago with the Governor to represent the State at the Columbian Exposition.

'80.—In the recent bowling tournament of the Portland Athletic Club Mr. G. S. Payson won the championship and was presented with a beautiful pin by the club.

'89, Medical.—Dr. Harry M. Nickerson has resigned the presidency of the Haydn Association of Portland.

'90.—P. C. Humphrey has recently entered the Medical School of Maine.

'91.—F. E. Dennett will graduate from the Washington (D. C.) Law School this summer.



A new boat-house, 90x35 feet, is being built at Lake Whitney, for the Yale navy.

The Rowing Committee of the University of Pennsylvania have started a movement to procure a launch for the Varsity crew.

The Faculty of Syracuse University has granted the petition of the Seniors to abolish the system of commencement orations, and to substitute an address by some eminent man. The Faculties of the University of Minnesota and of Oberlin have voted the same change.

TENNYSON.

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."
—*The Passing of Arthur.*

Rifting the moonlight mist,
White sail and spar
Signals the pilot ship
Nearing the bar.

Clear call and morning star,
Mystical guides,
Over the foamless flood,
Out with the tides.

Over the harbor bar,
Into the light,
Pilot and poet soul
Pass with the night.

—*Kent's Hill Breeze.*

William and Mary's College is to receive \$95,000 from Congress for damage done to its buildings by the Federal Army during the war.

The University of Paris, with 9,215 students, is the largest in the world.

President Low, of Columbia, has given \$5,000 to the Brooks Memorial fund at Harvard.

Professor John Fisk will deliver the opening address at the first University Extension Summer Meeting, to be opened in Philadelphia, July 5th, under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

It is said that ex-President Harrison will be asked to accept the presidency of the University of Indiana. The chair of constitutional law at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, has also been offered him.

CONSOLATION.

So to the theatre she won't go!
Hence, vain repining!
Two dollars in—there are clouds, you know,
With a silver lining.
—*Trinity Tablet.*

Another version:

"Mary had a little lamb
And the little lambkin died.
His wool was made into Plymouth
Rock Pants
And now walks by Mary's side."
—*Melrose High School Life.*

General Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been elected a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science in Paris.

An expert mathematician has calculated that the amount of energy spent in an average game of foot-ball is sufficient to break up twenty acres of the heaviest soil known in the country.

Kentucky University has forbidden all college sports on account of the alleged gambling connected with them.

The University of Pennsylvania is raising money to erect a Y. M. C. A. building, to cost \$150,000.

Chicago University has abolished the examination system.

The College of South Carolina is soon to be closed for lack of students.

Some time this month Cornell will test the first eight-oared shell constructed of aluminum.

Senior vacation has been abolished at the University of Wisconsin.



H. E. MURDOCK,
Optician,

565 Congress St., - PORTLAND, ME.



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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Half the pleasures and enjoyments of the college year are found in the last six weeks of the spring term. The hard grind of the long winter is over, out-of-door sports are constantly in progress, class-room exercises and the work preparatory to them are purposely lightened, and it often seems as if the summer recess had already commenced. In sharp contrast to the dullness of the winter is the quick succession of events of college interest. One day a ball game, the next a tennis match, training and practicing for athletic contests daily going on; something every day, until Ivy week with its peculiar attractions is close at hand. For two or three days an uninterrupted round of pleasure, when suddenly examination week looms up ahead, but speedily gives way to the whirl and gaiety of Commencement. The term after it is past seems like a dream rather than a reality.

But the mention of Ivy Day with its long-awaited Hop at once calls our attention to the decrease in social events during the last three years. It is certainly true, and it is equally to be regretted, that opportunities of enjoying social intercourse with Brunswick people are so limited. Indeed, during the winter just passed only two dances of any importance were given by the students, and one of these was open to only a small

proportion of the under-graduates. Whether the fault, if fault there be, lies with the students or whether this decadence is due to lack of interest among society people in the town, we do not presume to say. But certainly the social training which a man receives from his college course should be second only to intellectual culture. A man's position and success after graduation often depends upon his social attainments as much as upon his knowledge of books. One step in the right direction is certainly in our power to take—attending the Monday evening receptions of the Faculty. Those who are in the habit of spending a few hours each week at the homes of the Professors feel that they derive a great amount of good as well as much pleasure from these weekly calls.

THE date of the next issue of the ORIENT would naturally be June 7th, two days before Ivy Day, but as we intend to give a full report of the Ivy and Field-Day exercises, we shall postpone the date of publication one week. Those who desire extra copies of the Ivy number should make their wants known at once.

THE tendency to substitute for the Commencement parts an oration by some celebrated man has become very noticeable, and in a large number of the colleges Commencement Day is thus observed. The change is, to be sure, not without its advantages. Doubtless more valuable information is imparted than the graduates could give. Certainly it saves a great deal of work and worry at a time of year when work and worry are extremely distasteful, and possibly it tends to diminish the struggle for rank, by removing one of its chief rewards. But on the other hand, in the historic Commencement Day which our predecessors have handed down to us, there is a charm of association that appeals to us all. As we listen

to the speakers we think of the generations that have done as they are doing. The great names on our alumni roll come to our minds. The age and greatness of our college are realized more vividly than before.

Then, too, there is at present a unity about the whole Commencement week which a change could but destroy. One event follows after another with a certain appropriateness, nay, inevitableness, which carries us along with it. It has completeness; all departments of the college, all phases of college life, are represented in the varied exercises of that time.

But besides all this there is a personality,—a personal interest in the Commencement speaking. Parents are interested in it, as showing what their sons can do; alumni are interested, for they like to compare it with their own; others, whether connected with the college or not, are interested in it, for they consider it indicative of the work the college is doing, as well as of the mental calibre of the graduating class; and it has come to form, as it were, a rallying point, a time when all who care for old Bowdoin, renew their allegiance to her. Visitors to English universities say that an indescribable charm perpetually lingers there, coming from the halo of age surrounding everything connected with them. We Americans have few enough historic customs and relics, and we should not part with one of them without just cause.

THE committee which will judge the articles published in the ORIENT in competition for the prizes offered a few weeks ago will be composed of the following gentlemen: Rev. E. B. Mason, Rev. E. C. Guild, and Barrett Potter, Esq.

The Harvard Hasty Pudding Club realized over a thousand dollars at its performance of "Hamlet," in New York, April 27th.

The Scientific Building.

SINCE the last ORIENT appeared, active preparations have been made upon the campus for the erection of another magnificent structure which will be an ornament and honor to old Bowdoin in every sense of the words. The new scientific building, as is well known, is the gift of Edward F. Searles of New York, and is to be erected as a memorial building to his late wife. The contract for building has been awarded to Woodbury, Leighton & Co. of Boston, who are constructing the new Boston Public Library, and work will be pushed forward as fast as possible, that it may be dedicated at the centenary of the college in June, 1894. The generous donor has instructed the professors in charge to have it made perfect in every department for its work, and the cost will be about \$150,000 instead of \$60,000, as was originally planned.

The location on the campus could not be better, and the front will be in a line with that of the Walker Art Building. It will be built of Perth-Amboy bricks in architecture of the Elizabethan pattern, the structure forming three sides of a quadrangle. It will be three stories high with a spacious basement, and each wing will be about as large as one of the dormitories. Its extreme front length will be 172 feet and its depth of wing 107 feet. In the front of the center will be a tower which will contain a large college clock,—an improvement to the campus that all will appreciate.

The chemical and physical departments will each occupy half of the first and second floors and the biological department the whole of the third floor. Each department will be entirely separate, with separate entrances. For chemistry there will be three laboratories for students and one for the professor and his assistants, all fitted completely with the most modern apparatus, tables of white English tiles, and hoods for

the safe handling of poisonous chemicals. This department has also a lecture room with a seating capacity of 117. The physical department will occupy the first two floors of the south half of the building, and will be equipped throughout in the most modern manner. The biological department on the third floor will occupy a general laboratory 63 x 33 feet, a physiological laboratory 40 x 40 feet, and a lecture room which will seat 75. All departments have dark rooms for photographic work. The basement is perfect in its arrangement and will contain rooms for gas analysis and assaying, an alcohol vault, an aquarium, a magnetic room, free from all iron, and a constant-temperature room.

The heating, ventilating, and plumbing will be special features of the building and will cost fully \$20,000. The Smith Heating and Ventilating Company, of Boston, have charge of this part of the work. There will be a constant circulation of air through every room, caused by fans run by electricity. The building will be lighted by electricity and piped for gas. Henry Vaughn, of Boston, is the architect. Professor Robinson has visited the leading colleges of the country and examined their scientific buildings, and says that the Searles Scientific Building will be in every respect the ideal structure for its purpose.

Such, in brief, is a general idea of this new addition to Bowdoin's treasures of which every alumnus and student is so proud. With such a building so perfectly adapted to its purpose, and with the present efficient and popular men at the head of each scientific department, the increased facilities for scientific study cannot but add much to the growth and fame of the college.

Only a small fraction of one per cent. of the voters of the United States are college educated men, yet they hold fifty-eight per cent. of the highest offices.

Psi Upsilon Convention.

THE Sixtieth Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was held with the Zeta Chapter at Dartmouth College, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of May. The delegates and alumni were informally and cordially welcomed at the hall of the Zeta on Wednesday evening. The following day and the morning of Friday were devoted to business sessions. Among the most important questions were those relating to the establishment of chapters in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dickinson College, and the University of Chicago. It was resolved that no charter be granted to Phi Beta Epsilon in M. I. T., or to the local society at Dickinson, and that the same committee which had served before continue its duties in regard to the Chicago question. Under new business it was resolved to establish more alumni associations in various parts of the country, and, further, an application for a charter from the University of Wisconsin was considered.

The literary exercises were held in the Gymnasium on Thursday evening, and were memorably successful, in spite of the fact that the Hon. W. E. Barrett, Zeta, '80, who was to preside, was forced to be absent. His place was most acceptably filled by Professor R. B. Richardson. Prayer was offered by Rev. L. P. Leeds, D.D., Zeta, '43, and the oration was delivered by Hon. Halsey J. Boardman, Zeta, '58, who spoke of integrity and enthusiasm as the important factors in a life of usefulness and honor. The poem was delivered by Richard Hovy, Zeta, '85, whom Prof. Richardson introduced as that young American who has the brightest prospects and best promise. Blaisdell's Orchestra, of Concord, furnished very delightful music, and a fine solo was given by Mrs. Dr. Galvin of Boston. After the exercises a reception was held at the house of Prof. A. S. Hardy, of the Dartmouth Faculty.

On Friday afternoon the convention left in a body for Springfield, where the banquet was held at Hotel Glendower. About eighty Psi U's were present, but in spite of the small number the occasion was a great and satisfactory success. Judge A. W. Teney was president of the dinner, and among the speakers were ex-Gov. Alexander Rice of Boston, Rev. G. R. Van de Water of New York, Prof. Hardy, and Mr. H. P. Field. Much regret was felt that Hon. J. R. Hanley, Hon. W. H. Haile, and Charles Dudley Warner were unable to be present, but such regret was in great measure soothed by the repetition, by request, of Mr. Hovy's poem.

The Kappa was represented by G. S. Machan, G. W. McArthur, '93; H. E. Andrews, F. W. Glover, and W. M. Ingraham, '94. The next convention is to be held at Bowdoin.

His Waterloo.

YOUNG Sam Bleecker was mad. He was not angry; he was mad, with the good old Yankee accent and interpretation of that word. And he had good reason to be in such a state of mind, at least so he told himself as he paced down the avenue on that beautiful May morning. Any one would lose his temper on such a provocation, which in Sam's case was this:

He had become deeply smitten with the beautiful Miss Da Costa, the one, you know, who created such a furore at the last Patriarchs', and who is worth a cool ten million if a cent. Well, Sam lost his heart ("poor devil" they called him at the club), and was now endeavoring by hook or crook to win his lady's affection and present her in return with the noble Bleecker crest, a big name, and—a broken bank account.

He had apparently progressed finely in his suit, and had several times been on the point of facing his fate, but the object of his regard had deftly eluded him and had left

him in a state of tremulously delicious doubt, from which he bravely rallied for a new attack, and back into which she drove him again and again.

So poor Sammy was desperate. "She is sure of me," he thought, "and is playing with me awhile before she drops me. That's why she flirted so outrageously with Dick Webster last night. By Jove! The way she looked at him made me just about crazy. No, I'm not jealous either," savagely to himself, "but I can't be expected to stand this infernal torture, and what's more, I won't."

Sammie was warming up, and was getting madder every second. He looked almost handsome, his head and shoulders thrown back, his eyes glowing, cheeks flushed, and his stick grasped tightly in his neatly gloved hand. He was a swell, was Sammie, from the tips of his russet shoes to the crown of his well-set tile, and he had always deemed it bad form to exhibit emotion; but had he known what an effect his inward rage had on his outer appearance he would have been astonished, for young Sam Bleeker, in spite of drawl and chrysanthemum and dudish apparel, looked now as never before in his twenty-five years of life, viz., like a *man*.

And still he strode on down the avenue. Yes, she had treated him badly; had encouraged him and then held him off at arm's length to dangle like a maimed fly. He would cut her, yes, if he should meet her now he would cut her dead. Of course that would hurt her, and, happy thought, she would repent, and send for him and would offer him herself, ten millions and all, as a peace offering, and he,—well, he didn't know that he cared much about her any how. She had money and he needed it, but then there were other girls and more money, and so on the whole he would cut her and—. But what in the name of all the beautiful was that vision of loveliness tripping toward him with smiling eyes? Sammy looked.

"Great Scott," he said, under his breath, "It's she!" Yes, he would cut her dead now; he would look right over her head down the boulevard.

One step more: "Good afternoon, Mr. Bleeker."

"Ah,—er—. Good afternoon, Miss Emily. I've an errand up-street, and will accompany you as far as the corner."

The Pessimist.

THE beginning of work on the foundation for the new Bowdoin Scientific Building marks another long stride in the direction of pre-eminence over all our sister institutions, both in the State and in New England. It is with a feeling of intense satisfaction that we learn that in planning the new construction the question of utility has overruled that of expense, and that when completed the Bowdoin Scientific Building will be known as the most complete and best equipped in the country. Bowdoin men will be justly proud of the building—which, by the way, will be handsome and attractive both within and without—proud because it will not only represent a high degree of institutional prosperity and progression, but will stand a fitting monument to the wise, far-sighted generosity of Maine's noble sons and daughters.

* * * * *

A certain event in the late history of the Brunswick police court has caused many expressions of regret in regard to the somewhat strained relations between townspeople and students. The ORIENT does not propose to stand by a man who has committed a criminal act, simply because he is a student, and for exactly the same reason does not recognize the right of any one to punish a man simply because he is a student. If a man is

guilty on the evidence, he should be punished, but in the interest of common justice, no one can sanction the action of a magistrate who, setting aside both the clearest evidence and the opinion of able legal counsel, automatically assumes unwarranted powers, and sentences the prisoner on purely personal grounds, and with no bit of testimony whatsoever on which to base conviction.

* * * * *

It is with a feeling of shame that the Pessioptimist finds it necessary to censure the conduct of certain students in the Sunday morning church service. Such lounging, yawning, and stage-whispering might be expected in the gallery of a third-rate theater, but are sadly out of place in a house of divine worship. We may not be heartily in sympathy with the creed of the church in which we sit; we may not have the slightest interest in the words of the speaker on the platform, but we can very easily obey one of the fundamental laws of society, and respect the feelings and the rights of others. *Verbum sap.*

* * * * *

It seems to be a natural proclivity of college pedestrians to plant their boot-heels on the well-kept corners of the various grass-plots about the campus, and thus destroy a piece of landscape construction which, intact, serves to give the whole place an air of careful supervision and well-groomed neatness. This carelessness is particularly noticeable about the halls and Chapel, where the janitor's crew has just spent considerable labor in building up and rounding off the broken-down banking. Just think about this a bit, and see if it won't pay to step around, even if you do waste a few extra seconds in so doing.

Yale has a new boat-house on the shore of Lake Whitney. It is 90x40 feet and contains room for four eight-oared shells.

Rhyme and Reason.

A Spring Sunset.

I was watching, one night, the sparkling light
Of the sun's last gilded rays,
As they floated away, like fairies at play,
Through cloud and ethereal haze.

Flashing and glancing as ripples were dancing
On the ever-changing face of the tide,
While the blue waters, strolling, inward came rolling,
Till they flowed on the beach at my side,

And reflected afar, by a radiant bar
Of cloud, like a streamer of gold,
When his own bright face in its downward pace
I now could no longer behold.

And mellowed and tinged and folded and fringed
With rays of the limpid light,
Was the curtain soft that the vespers dropped
O'er the dusky realm of the night.

While the after-glow sank steady and slow,
Yet changing and wavering too,
Till naught but a speck in Helios' track,
It melted away into blue.

On Arbor Day.

Some years ago, one Arbor day,
I placed beside the garden wall
A fair young maple, straight and tall;
With boyish glee I placed it there
And firmly set its roots with care;
And in the youth-hope of that May,
I hoped that in the years to be
It would become as grand a tree
As could be found along the way,
Or in the forest's depths hard by
Where, to my dreaming boyish eye,
The cloud-tipped monarchs brushed the sky.

And half in hope, and half in fear—
So sweet the lovetime of that May,—
I named my tree the name most dear
To my young heart upon that day;
And vowed that while that tree should grow,
Through scores and scores of years to be,
That name should be, as it was now,
The dearest of all names to me.

The years have passed, another May
Gives us another Arbor Day.
Long are the leagues that sever me
From where I planted that young tree.
And yet I know the genial sun
Brings forth upon each spreading bough,
When stern, cold Winter's race is run,
The swelling buds of spring-time now.

The tree lives on, 'tis Nature's way,
And yet within my heart I fear
Its name is not more sweet to me
Than other names that oft I hear;
For often early loves grow cold,
And later loves supplant the old;
And yet I can but sigh to-day
That this, alas, is Nature's way.

Act I.

A Freshman walking down below.
Two floors above, some H₂O.
The Freshman and the water met.
Exit Freshie, somewhat wet.

Act II.

A jury meeting, quiet, calm,
The Sophomores feel some alarm,
And soon we note a vacant chair.
Its occupant has decided to leave college
on account of ill-health.



The crews have suffered several set-backs in their training for the race, but their courage is still good. The recent rains have made the river very high and swift, and driftwood has been plenty. Mitchell, of the Sophomore crew, has been incapacitated from rowing, and Dewey has been rowing in his place. Captain Bates, of the '96 crew, was sick at home for over a week, and Newbegin made up the four. French is also unable to row at present.

Captain Carleton visited Dartmouth last week.

Ridley, '90, was on the campus a short time ago. Reed has taken some good pictures of the ball team.

Meserve, '88, has been spending a few days in town.

Wiley, '95, is sick with the measles at his home in Bethel.

Leighton, '96, has been at home, in Augusta, for over a week.

Williamson, '88, called on his friends on the campus last week.

Woodbury, '95, is sick with the measles at his home in Castine.

Pendleton, '90, spent several days with friends in college last week.

French, '96, is a victim to the prevailing epidemic of measles.

The Juniors will go on an all-day trip after minerals this week.

Staples, '89, now practicing law in Bath, was at the college recently.

Blanchard, '90, came from Lewiston to witness the last Bates game.

H. F. Harding, '51, of East Machias, spent a day on the campus last week.

Bryant, '95, was gladly welcomed back last week after his severe illness.

The Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament will open next Tuesday in Portland.

May-flower parties of various sizes have been very common the past week or two.

Christie, '95, has been confined to his room for two weeks with the measles.

Plumstead, '96, returned last week after an absence of nearly two months.

Tuesday, May 30th, being Memorial Day, will be observed as a holiday in the college.

Farrington, '94, has been quite sick at his home in Augusta, with inflammation of the bowels.

Under Marshal Stevens the Juniors are daily practicing marching in preparation for Ivy Day.

The Portland High School team were defeated by the Brunswick High School nine, 11 to 3, on the Delta, Saturday.

The class in practical rhetoric report much enjoyment and progress in the work as conducted by Dr. Bellows.

Professor Wells went to Hanover, N. H., last week to look over his new field of labor at Dartmouth.

Mr. Tolman was on the campus recently. He is rapidly improving in health, and will resume his duties in the fall.

Professor Chapman was in Bangor last week to attend a meeting of the trustees of Bangor Theological Seminary.

Soule, '96, is reported to be so far recovered from his recent serious sickness as to be able to go out for a short time.

The Freshmen have finished Plane Trigonometry and will spend the remainder of the time upon Spherical Trigonometry.

Arbor Day was not observed on the campus except in the usual holiday manner. A large number of students went home.

Richard Golden, in Maine's favorite play, "Old Jed Protty," attracted a large number at Town Hall last Thursday evening.

Several parties of Knights of Pythias, attending the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge in town, visited the campus last week.

On May 12th, the ground plan of the Scientific Building was marked out by the surveyors, and on May 16th, ground was broken.

Before June 10th the Freshmen are required to hand in to Professor Houghton a theme on "The Last Twenty Years of Cicero's Life."

The Δ K E fraternity has had some fine group photographs taken, one on the steps of South Appleton and one on the North Chapel steps.

President Hyde delivered an interesting talk in chapel, May 14th, upon the natural punishment which comes of necessity from failure to do the right.

The Junior prize speakers have been announced as follows: Andrews, Baxter, T. C. Chapman, Dana, Libby, DeMott, Merrill, Moore, Plaisted, and Whitcomb.

Practicing rowing in the single shells has not been a success this term. One Junior and one Freshman who have tried it experienced cold baths in the Androscoggin.

Professor Houghton and family moved last week from Page Street to the new college residence on Main Street, next to the house occupied by Professor Woodruff. The Latin classes had adjourns Saturday.

The many rainy days of late have made chapel cuts unusually frequent, as the dark mornings render it almost impossible for many late-studying students to get up in time.

Plans for the coming summer vacation are now in order, and some have a great many. "Snaps" at summer resorts are being eagerly gathered in, and quite a number have an eye on the World's Fair.

The proposed game with Boston University, May 13th, was prevented by rain. The Boston boys came down, and after spending rather a dreary day at the Tontine, returned home on the afternoon train.

The third and last Sophomore themes of the term will be due June 2d. The following subjects are announced: "Mr. Gladstone and Irish Home Rule"; "College Athletics"; "Realism in Mr. Howell's Novels."

Machan, '93, was delegate from Kappa Chapter to the annual national Ψ Ψ Convention, held last week with the Dartmouth Chapter at Hanover, N. H. McArthur, '93, and Andrews and Glover, '94, also attended the convention.

The Androscoggin is said to have been higher here last week than any resident could remember of its having been before, and a walk to the bridge to view the falls has been a part of the daily programme of almost every student.

The Bath *Independent* announces the engagement of Baxter, '94, and Miss Kate Mussenden, a popular and accomplished society young lady of the shipping city. The ORIENT joins Mr. Baxter's hosts of friends in wishing him happiness.

Even the Sophomores could forgive the Freshmen for bell-ringing and cheering when they returned at midnight from their sweeping victory over the Colby Freshmen. The Colby boys will play a return game later in the season.

On account of the rain last week the two exhibition games, with Colby and M. C. I., and the league game with M. S. C., which the nine was to have played, were all canceled, and instead of four games but one was played, the league game with Colby.

The advent of a quack doctor with a free show attachment made a breeze of excitement in town on the evening of Arbor Day, as a result of which there were adjourns in most classes the next morning that a legal, roaring farce, by a dignified wearer of the ermine, might be witnessed by the students.

At a recent meeting of the Bowdoin Republican Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Elias Thomas, '94; Vice-Presidents, F. W. Pickard, '94, and C. M. Leighton, '94; Recording Secretary, R. H. Baxter, '94; Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Roberts, '95.

Mr. Booker and his corps of assistants have been slowly but surely going through the usual process of campus cleaning, and have things nearly in summer trim once more. The grading around the chapel has been repaired, and last week, by a supreme effort, even the much-loved winter ash heaps were carted off.

It was something of a joke on those two members of the ball team who went to Bangor last Wednesday afternoon, expecting the team would follow them the next day, and upon reaching that city received a telegram from Manager Clifford, saying that no game would be played until the Waterville game Saturday.

Now is the time that the toast-masters, poets, orators, and speakers in each of the classes are getting in their work in preparation for certain events to occur later in the term. The Senior supper will be held as usual at the Tontine; the '95 banquet in Lewiston, May 26th, and the '96 banquet in Portland, when the class escapes from the woes and dangers of Freshman life.

That the editor of the *Kennebec Journal* knows well how it is with Bowdoin boys and Bath girls the following clipping shows: "One would infer from some statements in the newspapers recently that the Bath boys don't want it believed for an instant that they feel aggrieved because the Bowdoin College boys come down and are entertained by the Bath girls. This attitude on the part of the young men is scarcely creditable. In fact, such indifference seems inexcusable. There aren't any bright-eyed young women in all this wide world whose bewitching ways are better calculated to excite jealousy than are the charms of the young ladies of Bath. The Bath boys shouldn't overlook their advantages."

The Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania has adopted a rule excusing from a part of the English Composition work of Junior and Senior year those who have been chosen to an editorial position on a periodical of the university.

An effort is being made to introduce military drill in Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 21; Bates, 3.

The largest audience of the season saw Bowdoin win the second Bates game, May 11th. Plaisted was at his best, and from the first it was simply a question of how many runs Bowdoin would score. The visitors went out in one, two, three order for several innings, but Bowdoin, in the first, scored six runs on clean, hard hits, and added another score in the second.

In the seventh inning Bates succeeded in scoring her first runs, and added one in her half of the ninth. Mildram was an easy mark, and seemed to have no confidence in himself. Hinkley, Fairbanks, and Hutchinson led the batting for Bowdoin, while Wakefield was the only Bates man able to fathom Plaisted's delivery. In the field Bowdoin played a steady, though not a brilliant game. Brackett, at short, put up a strong game for Bates. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b.,	5	3	3	3	2	1	1
Savage, 1b.,	4	4	2	3	11	0	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	3	4	8	1	0	0
Williams, r.f., s.s.,	4	1	1	3	0	1	0
Sykes, 2b.,	4	2	2	3	3	5	1
Allen, c.,	4	2	2	4	6	0	0
Farrington, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Chapman, c.f.,	6	1	2	2	0	0	0
Hutchinson, s.s., c.,	5	3	3	3	4	1	0
Plaisted, p.,	5	2	2	3	0	2	0
Totals,	44	21	21	32	27	10	4

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wakefield, 3b.,	5	0	2	2	2	2	2
Campbell, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	1	1	0
Hoffman, c.,	4	0	0	0	6	0	2
Pennell, 1b.,	3	1	0	0	8	0	0
Brackett, s.s.,	3	1	0	0	3	4	1
Gerrish, r.f.,	3	1	1	1	2	0	0
Douglass, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1
Pulsifer, l.f.,	2	0	0	0	1	0	1
Mildram, p.,	4	0	1	1	1	2	0
Totals,	32	3	5	5	24	10	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	6	1	0	1	4	6	3	0	x-21
Bates,	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1-3

Earned runs—Bowdoin, 10. Two-base hits—Savage, Williams, Sykes, and Plaisted. Three-base hits—Hinkley 2, Williams, Allen. Sacrifice hits—Fairbanks, Savage, Williams 2, Sykes, Douglass, Pulsifer. Stolen bases—

Fairbanks 2, Hinkley 2, Sykes 2, Chapman, Hutchinson, Plaisted, Pennell, Douglass, Pulsifer. Double play—Sykes and Savage. Base on balls—Savage, Hinkley, Sykes, Pennell, Brackett, Gernish. Hit by pitched ball—Pulsifer. Struck out—by Plaisted, Campbell, Hoffman 2, Pennell 2, Douglass, Pulsifer; by Mildram—Farrington 2, Sykes, Hutchinson. Passed ball—Allen. Wild pitches—Mildram 2. First base on errors—Bowdoin 5, Bates 2. Time—2h. 15m. Umpire—S. J. Kelley, Lewiston.

Bowdoin, '96, 23; Colby, '96, 6.

Friday, May 12th, the Freshman team celebrated Arbor Day by defeating the Colby Freshmen to the tune of 23 to 6. The feature of the game was the pitching of Williams, who struck out thirteen men. Swan caught a good game, and Willard covered his position well. Warren, Willard, and Coburn led the batting. Hutchinson, of the Bowdoin team, and Purington, of the Colby nine, served as umpires. The score:

BOWDOIN, '96.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coburn, 3b.,	5	3	3	3	1	2	0	1
Willard, 1b.,	6	1	3	3	0	2	8	0
Williams, p.,	5	3	1	1	0	3	2	1
Warren, c.f.,	6	4	4	4	0	1	0	0
Dana, s.s.,	6	4	2	2	1	1	1	1
Bailey, l.f.,	6	2	1	1	0	2	1	0
Smith, 2b.,	6	1	2	3	0	0	0	2
Swan, c.,	6	2	2	2	0	1	13	5
Merrill, r.f.,	5	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	51	23	18	19	2	12	27	10

COLBY, '96.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hanscom, 2b., s.s., . .	2	0	0	0	0	1	3	0
Kimball, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	0	1	2	3
Coffin, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Tooker, l.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	1	2	0
Thompson, 1b., . . .	4	1	0	0	0	1	7	1
Purinton, c.,	3	1	1	2	1	1	6	2
Trueworthy, r.f., . .	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Foster, p., 3b., . . .	3	1	1	1	0	2	1	2
Burton, s.s., p., . . .	3	0	1	1	0	2	1	3
Collins, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1	0
Totals,	32	6	4	5	1	9	24	11

Earned runs—Colby, 1; Bowdoin, 1. Two-base hit—Purinton. Double play—Kimball and Hanscom. Bases on called balls—by Foster, 2; Williams, 5. Struck out—by Foster, 5; Burton, 1; Williams, 13. Passed balls—Purinton, 1; Swan, 1. Wild pitches—Williams, 3. Time of game—2h. 20m. Umpires—Hutchinson and Purinton.

Colby, 9; Bowdoin, 2.

Last Saturday, Bowdoin lost her first league game to Colby by the above score. Whitman pitched a strong game for Colby, giving no bases on balls, striking out seven men, and fielding and batting well. The game was lost in the second inning, when Colby made seven runs on five hits and a couple of unfortunate errors. Bowdoin did not

score until the sixth, when she put one run to her credit, another being added in the ninth. Lombard, Williams, and Latip led the batting. The score:

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, 1b.,	5	3	0	0	0	13	0	1
Hoxie, 2b.,	5	0	1	1	0	1	2	0
Latip, l.f.,	4	1	2	3	0	1	0	1
Purinton, r.f., . . .	5	1	2	2	0	2	0	0
Coffin, c.,	4	0	0	0	1	8	2	0
Jackson, s.s., . . .	5	1	1	1	0	0	3	1
Lombard, c.f., . . .	5	1	3	3	0	1	0	0
Nichols, 3b., . . .	5	1	1	1	0	1	4	2
Whitman, p., . . .	4	1	2	2	0	0	5	0
Totals,	42	9	12	13	1	27	16	5

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . .	5	0	0	0	1	3	1	1
Savage, 1b.,	4	1	0	0	0	10	0	0
Hinkley, l.f.,	4	0	1	1	1	2	0	0
Williams, r.f., s.s., .	4	0	2	4	0	1	4	1
Sykes, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	1	5	2	2
Allen, c., r.f., . . .	4	1	1	2	0	3	1	0
Chapman, c.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	1	3	0	1
Hutchinson, s.s., c.,	4	0	1	1	0	3	5	1
Plaisted, p., . . .	4	0	1	1	1	0	1	1
Totals,	37	2	6	9	5	27	16	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	7	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-9
Bowdoin, . . .	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1-2

Earned runs—Colby, 4. Two-base hits—Latip, Allen. Three-base hit—Williams. Stolen bases—Hall 2, Purinton, Nichols, Savage, Sykes, Chapman, Hutchinson 2, Plaisted. Passed balls—Allen, Hutchinson. First base on balls—Hall, Latip, Coffin, Whitman. First base on errors—Colby 1; Bowdoin, 4. Struck out—Latip, Lombard, Savage, Hinkley, Sykes, Allen, 3, Plaisted. Umpire—Kelly, of Lewiston. Time—2h. 30m.

STANDING OF THE COLLEGE LEAGUE.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent. won.
Bowdoin,	5	4	1	.800
Colby,	4	2	2	.500
Bates,	4	2	2	.500
M. S. C.,	3	0	3	.000

Bowdoin, '96, 17; Westbrook Seminary, 3.

On the 20th the Freshmen played the Westbrook Seminary team, on the Portland grounds, and defeated them by the following score. The features of the game were the batting of Dana, all-round playing of Willard, and a double play by Greenlaw and Emery. The score:

BOWDOIN, '96.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coburn, p.,	6	3	0	0	1	3	1
Warren, c.f.,	5	3	2	2	2	0	0
Willard, 1b.,	6	2	2	2	13	0	0
Bailey, l.f.,	6	3	3	3	0	0	0
Dana, s.s.,	6	2	3	4	3	1	1
Swan, c.,	6	1	0	0	5	1	2
Dane, 3b.,	5	0	0	0	2	2	2
Smith, 2b.,	5	2	1	1	0	3	1
Merrill, r.f.,	5	1	2	2	1	1	0
Totals,	50	17	13	14	27	11	7

WESTBROOK SEMINARY.

	A.B.	P.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Emery, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	2	2	1
Peterson, l.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Robinson, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	3	3	1
Greenlaw, 3b.,	4	1	1	2	3	2	5
Haskell, c.f.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
Neal, c.,	4	0	1	1	4	2	4
Noyes, p.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	2
Kimball, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	12	0	4
Lord, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals,	35	3	3	4	27	11	18

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bowdoin, '96,	4	0	0	0	0	2	8	0	3	—17
Westbrooks,	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	—3

Two-base hits—Greenlaw, Dana. Passed balls—Neal, 3; Swan, 2. Wild pitches—Noyes, 2; Coburn, 1. Bases on balls—Peterson, Warren, Merrill. Hit by pitched ball—Lord, Smith, Bailey. Sacrifice hits—Warren, Dana. Stolen bases—Emery, Peterson, Neal, Kimball, Coburn 2, Warren 2, Willard, Bailey 2, Dana, Dane, Smith. Struck out—Peterson, Robinson, Greenlaw, Haskell, Lord, Merrill. Double play—Greenlaw and Emery. Time of game—1h. 45m. Umpires—Libby, Bowdoin; Robinson, Shaw's Business College.

TENNIS.

The College Tournament is fast nearing completion. Owing to unfavorable weather it has taken more time than was expected, but the interest in the matches has been well sustained, and the tournament shows conclusively that there is plenty of good tennis material in college. At the date of this writing the finals and semi-final rounds have not been played, but appearances point to Dana, '94, as the probable winner in singles. We give below the scores of the matches:

SINGLES.

Preliminary Round.

Winner.	Loser.	Score.
Fabyan, '93.	Libby, '94.	6-2, 7-5
Bucknam, '93.	W. Kimball, '95.	6-2, 6-3

First Round.

Fabyan.	Bucknam.	
Leighton, '95.	Merritt, '94.	6-3, 6-4
Fogg, '96.	Russ, '95.	6-0, 6-3
Lord, '95.	Knowlton, '95.	6-1, 6-0
Hinkley, '94.	Eastman, '96.	6-3, 6-3
Pierce, '93.	Briggs, '94.	Default
Dana, '94.	W. Haskell, '95.	6-0, 6-1
Dane, '96.	Whitcomb, '94.	6-2, 6-1
Barker, '93.	Bryant, '94.	6-1, 6-3
Dana, '96.	Lord, '94.	6-0, 6-2
French, '95.	Oakes, '96.	6-1, 6-0
Emery, '93.	Webber, '95.	6-2, 6-3
Pickard, '94.	Frost, '96.	6-0, 6-3
Foster, '96.	Chamberlain, '93.	6-2, 6-3
Payson, '93.	Stetson, '95.	Default
Jones, '96.	Littlefield, '94.	6-1, 6-2

Second Round.

Fabyan.	Leighton.	6-3, 6-1
Fogg.	Lord.	6-4, 1-6, 6-0
Pierce.	Hinkley.	6-1, 6-0
Dana, '94.	Dane.	6-1, 6-2
Dana, '96.	Barker.	6-2, 3-6, 6-3
Emery.	French.	6-4, 1-6, 6-0
Pickard.	Foster.	6-2, 6-1
Jones.	Payson.	7-5, 7-5

Third Round.

Fabyan.	Fogg.	3-6, 6-4, 6-1
Dana, '96.	Emery.	6-3, 6-4
Pickard.	Jones.	10-8, 10-8

DOUBLES.

Preliminary Round.

Winners.	Losers.	Score.
Pierce and Pickard.	Foster and Coburn.	6-0, 6-0
Dane and Leighton.	Emery and Knowlton.	6-0, 6-3
Payson and Dana.	Libby and Kimball.	6-3, 6-1
Fabyan and Bucknam.	French and Webber.	Default
Bryant and Littlefield.	Merritt and Frost.	6-4, 6-0

First Round.

Pierce and Pickard.	Dane and Leighton.	6-1, 6-3
Payson and Dana.	Fabyan and Bucknam.	6-3, 6-3
Bryant and Littlefield.	Dana and Fogg.	2-6, 6-4, 11-9
Jones and Lord.	Hussey and Partner.	Default

FIELD AND TRACK.

Tuesday, Captain Carleton and his team left for Worcester, Mass., to take part in the annual field-day of the New England Interscholastic Athletic Association. Following are the entries made by the college: Carleton, '93, quarter-mile run and hammer throw; Jones, '93, 100-yards dash and broad jump; E. Thomas, '94, mile walk; Doherty, '95, 220 and 100-yards dashes; Kimball, '95, hammer throw and putting shot; Soule, '95, mile run; Jackson, '95, mile walk; French, '95, broad jump and half-mile run; Knowlton, '95, half-mile run; Bates, '96, putting shot; Brown, '96, 220 and 100-yards dashes. The members of the team have been doing very creditable practice work, and while it is not probable, since it is the first year of the college in the association, that many points will be won, yet a fair showing will doubtless be made. The usual field-day of the college will be held later in the term, probably June 10th, the idea of having it before the Worcester meet having been given up. When it does occur it is likely that several Bowdoin records will be broken, as has already been the case in practice. There is no danger this year that the annual field-day will be given up through lack of interest as was done last year.

Y. M. C. A.

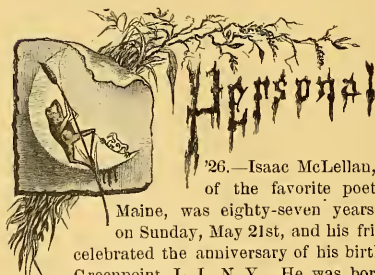
Next Sunday, the 28th, Rev. J. S. Williamson, of Augusta, will preach in Memorial Hall at 7.30 P.M. Professor Chapman and others will assist in the service. The chapel choir will furnish music. This is a special service for students and townspeople, and a large attendance is expected.

A number of Bowdoin men are planning to attend the Students' Conference, to be held at Northfield, Mass., July 1-12 inclusive. The Conference this year promises to be equal to any that have preceded it. The speakers who have already been secured to address the students are as follows: Professor Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, Scotland; Professor Van Dyke, of New York; Professor Beach, Gen. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Professor Perris, of Princeton; Doctors Tyler and Faunce, and Mr. Moody. C. S. Stagg, of the University of Chicago, will, as usual, have charge of the athletics.

Professor Woodruff gave a very interesting lecture Sunday afternoon, at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, on the "Life and Work of Bishop Harrington."

The membership of our college Association numbers one hundred and eleven. This includes both active and associate members.

The "Bowdoin Handbook," issued gratuitously by the Association, and containing valuable information for new students, will be ready for distribution by Commencement. Copies may be had by applying to G. A. Merrill, '94.



'26.—Isaac McLellan, one of the favorite poets of Maine, was eighty-seven years old on Sunday, May 21st, and his friends celebrated the anniversary of his birth, at Greenpoint, L. I., N. Y. He was born at Portland in 1806, and is a member of the famous Scotch-Irish family of McLellan.

'40.—Samuel Laue Young was born of old New England stock, in Lanesville, a village of Gloucester, Mass, on the third day of January, 1813. He

studied at Atkinson Academy, New Hampshire, and was a graduate of Bowdoin College in the class of 1840, and of the Harvard Medical School, class of 1853, having taught school in the meanwhile. He practiced medicine in Lanesville and Marblehead, and was resident physician of the State Almshouse at Bridgewater, Mass. The latter part of his life he lived at South Portland, where he died.

Possessing moral courage, humanity, love of justice, and public spirit, he early joined the few despised enthusiasts who, under the lead of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, formed the Peace party, the Abolition party, and later the Woman Suffragists, while he became a most active supporter of the young Republican party in its efforts to check African slavery. He also allied himself with the transcendentalists who gathered about Ralph Waldo Emerson and Bronson Alcott, and was a follower of Theodore Parker in his belief: "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." He thus came to know and to feel the inspiring influence of most of the leading spirits of the New England of a past generation. He not only was proud to entertain in his home the hated abolition orator, but he gave secret shelter to the hunted black man. He could reproduce from his retentive memory a minute and varied panorama of our national history during this century. He disliked secret societies because he was averse to the caste spirit as well as to forms and symbols. As a physician he was opposed to the habitual use of tobacco, and he was a friend to temperance generally. Healthy and contented, he passed a long and happy life. He leaves a widow and one daughter.—*Portland Press*.

'44.—At a meeting of the Oxford Bar, on Tuesday, May 9th, the following resolutions were adopted regarding Judge W. W. Virgin:

Whereas, Death has again loosed the silver cord and summoned from our fraternity a brother, reminding us that life, though full of years, is but the entrance to the great hereafter; therefore

Resolved, That by the decease of brother William Wirt Virgin we have lost a kind and sympathetic friend, a genial companion, a worthy brother, and a generous and large-hearted man. We sincerely mourn his loss, and extend our sympathy to his family and friends.

Resolved, That the secretary be directed to forward a copy of these resolutions to the bereaved family of the deceased, as an expression of our sincere grief at their bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be presented to the Court for its concurrence and entry upon its records.

'46.—On May 16th, the Cumberland Supreme Court held a session, at which memorial addresses were made upon Judge J. A. Waterman, by S. C.

Strout, Esq., Judge Symonds, Hon. F. M. Ray, and Judge Walker. Judge Symonds spoke of Judge Waterman's college life as follows: "He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, in the class of 1846, and it is a striking illustration of the part Bowdoin has played in the legal history of Maine, not to speak of other fields than the law, and of the number of her graduates who have won distinction at the Bar in other States than Maine, that among his classmates were Jairus Ware Perry, the author of the work upon trusts; Josiah Pierce, Jr., who began practice in Portland, but has lived abroad, acquiring an honorable fame by other than professional paths; William Whitney Rice, the distinguished citizen and public man of Worcester, Mass.; Charles Augustus Spofford and Thomas Hammond Talbot; and if we were to include all who were contemporary with Mr. Waterman during any period of his college course, the list would contain the names of Joseph Dane, Samuel Jameson Anderson, Henry Knight Bradbury, the three brothers Deane, David Robinson Hastings, Charles Weston Larrabee, George Freeman Noyes, William Wirt Virgin, Alvah Black, Moses Morrill Butler, Thomas Amory DeBlois Fessenden, John Munroe Goodwin, Ralph Waldo Johnson, William Colburn Marshall, Charles Benjamin Merrill, Frederick Fox, Dexter Arnold Hawkins, Samuel Fisher Humphrey, Albert Harris Ware, and Joseph Williamson."

'50.—In response to an invitation from leading citizens, Senator William P. Frye repeated his eulogy on James G. Blaine, at City Hall, Lewiston, Friday evening, May 19th.

'50.—Gen. O. O. Howard was present at the recent gathering of Union and Confederate veterans in Philadelphia at the banquet of the Union League Club. He afterward visited Gettysburg, in company with Generals Longstreet, Alexander, Mahone, Sickles, C. H. Howard, Gregg, and a large company of other ex-soldiers.

'50.—At the annual meeting of the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion, Rev. John Smith Sewall was elected Chaplain of the Commandery for 1893.

'51.—Charles W. Roberts has been elected Chancellor of the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

'57.—N. A. Robbins, of Maine, of the sixth auditor's office in the Treasury Department at Washington, has tendered his resignation.

'58.—One of the most attractive volumes of verse issued this year is a collection of translations

from the Italian poet, Carducci, by Rev. Frank Sewall. The volume also contains two introductory essays on the part taken by the author in modern Italian literature.

'60.—Hon. Lemuel G. Downes, of the Governor's Council, was a member of the Maine party to the World's Fair which went out recently on a special train. Mr. Downes was accompanied by his daughter.

'60.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed has presented the sum of twenty-five dollars to a book and ladder company at West Kennebunk who were struggling to set themselves up in the fire-engine business without the aid of the town.

'61.—General Thomas W. Hyde, of Bath, is a member of the Subscription Committee of the Blaine Memorial Association, whose purpose is to raise funds for erecting a monument to Mr. Blaine at Augusta.

At the recent annual dinner of the Loyal Legion of Maine, General Hyde read a paper of great interest, entitled "An Experience at Antietam."

'61.—Edwin Emery, Esq., of New Bedford, Mass., has in preparation a full and elaborate history of the town of Sandford, Me., of which he is a native.

'62.—Principal Frank A. Hill, of the Cambridge English High School, has received an offer from the supervisor of the Boston Public Schools, which he has now under consideration and may accept. The city of Boston is to establish a manual training school, and Mr. Hill is offered the position of headmaster or superintendent. It is to be known as the Mechanic Arts High School, and the building is to be located on the Back Bay. It is understood that Mr. Hill's salary will be \$3,500. Mr. Hill went to Cambridge from Chelsea about seven years ago, and has achieved much success in building up the English High School in that place.

Medical, '67.—The *Lewiston Journal*, of Saturday, May 13th, gives a very good portrait of Dr. F. C. Thayer, of Waterville, Surgeon-General on the staff of the Governor, whom he accompanies to the World's Columbian Exposition.

'73.—Dr. D. A. Robinson is a member of the Maine party to the World's Fair at Chicago.

'76.—Bion Wilson, Esq., whose father, Hon. Edward Willson, was a member of the Democratic National Committee for Maine, and who himself was formerly deputy surveyor of the port of Portland under Cleveland's first administration, has just been appointed bank examiner for Maine.

'76.—Mr. Arlo Bates, who has been invited to send collections of his published works to seven

different exhibits at the World's Fair, writes pointedly in the *Book Buyer* thus: "Who wants to see anybody's books at such a place? The managers of the different exhibits would do better to have a row of boards painted and lettered with the names of whatever works they choose, and they will have precisely what they desire at less expense to themselves and to the authors. As for the public, it will never be the wiser."

'77.—Mr. William Perry, a member of the Essex Bar, practicing at Salem, Mass., has been appointed clerk of the First Essex District Court in Salem. He is a son of the late Jairus Ware Perry, '46, a noted lawyer and writer on jurisprudence. Mr. Perry has served in the Salem common council and is now a member of the board of registrars of voters.

'81.—Rev. Carroll E. Harding, son of Rev. H. F. Harding, of East Machias, has lately been settled over a large and prosperous Episcopal society at Baltimore, Md.

'90.—Charles Lyman Hutchinson, of Portland, has been admitted to the Cumberland County Bar.

'92.—L. K. Lee is teaching a term of school at Corinna.

Book Reviews.

(*Histoire D'un Paysan*, par Erckmann-Chatrian, edited with notes by W. S. Lyon, M.A. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) This interesting little story is a description of what the peasants suffered, about the time of the French Revolution. It is not difficult, and its notes, which contain much that is interesting and instructive in regard to French history, make it an excellent book for the classroom.

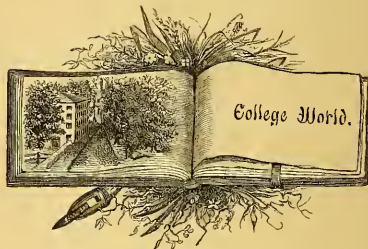
(*Le Curé de Tours*. Balzac. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) This carefully edited edition, published at popular prices, contains few if any better volumes than this. Balzac is well known as the best representative of the French realistic school, and to say that a story is his is sufficient praise.

(Old English Ballads, selected and edited by Prof. F. B. Gummere.) This valuable work is now in press and will soon be placed on sale. Messrs. Ginn & Co. will see to it that its typographical appearance is up to the standard of the literary work.

(Standard Dictionary. Funk & Wagnalls Co.) When the Century Dictionary appeared, many

thought that the highest attainable perfection had been reached, but already a work is under way which will surpass it in many points. The Standard Dictionary intends to be the standard. Combining many new features with the best of the old, it is at once brief and exhaustive. Over two hundred specialists, besides a host of correspondents, have been hard at work for months at this gigantic task, which is now approaching completion.

(*Die Erhebung Europas gegen Napoleon I.* H. von Sybel. Ginn & Co.) This essay, which is now in press, is intended especially for students in their second year of German. The annotation is limited to the real needs of the student, and it aims to encourage rapid reading rather than the study of minute grammatical points.



It is very probable the *Pennsylvanian* will be issued as a daily hereafter.

One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates.

Williams College is arranging for an expedition to Labrador during the summer vacation.

A \$1,000 silver cup will be the prize competed for at the international athletic contests in Chicago August 11th and 12th.

The Cornell University Glee and Banjo clubs have returned from a tour of 4,000 miles. They gave concerts in Toledo, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis and other places.

The Harvard Camera Club has completed a set of one hundred and twenty views of the different buildings connected with the university.

Heads of great men all remind us
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up in the morning
With a head as big as they.

—Northwestern.

Camp Randall, at Madison, has been purchased by the Wisconsin Legislature. It will be fitted up as a drill ground and athletic field for the University of Wisconsin.

A Zulu belle is really like
A prophet, for, you see,
She doesn't have much on 'er
In her own country. —Cynic.

The *Scientific Review*, a new bi-weekly magazine, will be published at Cornell in July.

The students at Brown have appealed to the alumni and to Rhode Islanders in general to raise the \$1,000,000 considered necessary to tide the college over its present financial crisis.

Williams College is to celebrate her one hundredth anniversary the coming fall.

The University of Chicago has decided to open its dormitories for the accommodation of the educational public during the World's Fair. Many institutions are planning to make the university their headquarters.

The Ohio Senate has passed a bill making hazing and branding misdemeanors; the former punishable by a fine of from \$100 to \$300, and from six months to two years' imprisonment, and for the latter a term in the penitentiary.

The Chicago Navy is having a four-mile course constructed off Chicago in Lake Michigan. It is for use in the intended international regatta this summer.

A collection of college songs has recently been made at Williams:

The Amherst Senate recently voted to abolish compulsory attendance at chapel. The only dissenting vote was cast by President Gates, who straightway vetoed the senate's action.

A national college song book will be published in Chicago this summer.

The University of Missouri has received an appropriation of \$250,000 from the State Legislature.

A dormitory building is to be erected at the University of Pennsylvania to cost \$125,000.

This year, owing to the popularity of debating, one hundred and fifty Yale Sophomores have elected elocution. Last year it was elected by less than fifty.

Harvard University has three hundred and eight more students than last year, and forty-one more professors. Yale has one hundred and eighty-five more students and twenty-nine more professors.

A new gymnasium will be built at Andover as soon as the necessary money can be collected.

DISILLUSIONED.

Her great dark eyes upon me shone,
As on the stairs we sat alone.
So swift her glances played their part
And took possession of my heart,
That straightway I was all undone.

I asked her in a tender tone
To marry me and be my own.
She laughed—I noticed with a start
Her great dark eyes.

A dread fear chilled me to the bone,
I grew as cold as any stone,
For glass and some optician's art
Had made one eye which came apart!
And so that night they captured none;
Her great dark eyes.

—Williams Weekly.

\$2,600 has been given to Cornell to purchase a launch for the use of the coach and crews.

Lehigh has recently changed her college yell.

The sum of all the salaries of college professors is annually \$80,000,000.

For the first time in the history of Yale, courses in physical culture will be offered next year.

During the past year Dartmouth has received \$800,000 from legacies.

In addition to Soule Hall, which is now building, Exeter is to have another dormitory, 150 x 38 feet, and three stories high.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never (to himself) hath said,"
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:—
——! ——! ! ! ——! ——?

—The Radiator.

Two hundred and fifty men of Cornell have subscribed their names to a pledge to form an organization for the suppression of fraud in the college examinations.

The students of Ann Arbor have been denied the right to vote. They elected their own men to run the town, consequently the State Legislature sat on them.

Dr. Andrew J. White, Yale, '46, has announced that he intends to present Yale with a new dormitory, 190 feet long and four stories high, with a central pavilion of an additional story.

TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY.

Her lips were uplifted,
She leaned on his breast;
Her head touched the button,
And he did the rest.

—Williams Weekly.

Harvard, Haverford, and the University of Pennsylvania compose the only intercollegiate cricket association in the United States.

Harvard and Pennsylvania have just completed arrangements for two foot-ball games to be played on Thanksgiving Day; one this year, at Cambridge, and the other in 1894, at Philadelphia.

The sum of \$2,500 has been placed at the disposal of the President of Columbia, to enable a number of meritorious students of that college to visit the World's Fair at Chicago, who without some assistance, would be unable to meet the expense.

Since 1887 Harvard Scientific School has increased from 14 to 181 in attendance.

At its annual commencement in June, Johns Hopkins University will for the first time bestow a degree on a woman.

Minnesota University will have an address by some distinguished speaker, instead of the usual orations at commencement time.



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No. 4.

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THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

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Ivy Day, with its literary exercises, its impressive chapel service, and its brilliant hop, is over. Comment and praise is entirely unnecessary. There was a harmony, a spirit of universal good-fellowship, that made the occasion especially noticeable and attractive. Throughout the week the weather was perfect, and the throngs of visitors could not help being charmed by the appearance of the college and campus. 'Ninety-four is certainly to be congratulated on the success of her Ivy Day.

IT IS not often that the end of the college league season finds two rival nines tied for the championship, but the unexpected has happened, and Bates after beginning the season by losing two out of the first four games played, has won in her turn five straight games. The decisive game is of great importance, for Bowdoin's record in base-ball is not above reproach, and to lose the pennant, after leading in the race from start to finish, would be not only a disappointment to the students and alumni, but a positive injury to the athletic reputation of the college. The game will have been played before this ORIENT appears, and we sincerely hope it will have resulted in a victory.

OUR representatives in the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament, held in Portland, two weeks ago, "came, saw, and conquered." But the cups were not captured without a struggle, for although the championship in singles was easily won, the matches for the championship in doubles and for second place in singles were hard fought, and in both of these events Bowdoin's chances seemed at times decidedly poor. As we predicted a few weeks since, Bowdoin will hold all three of the cups this year, but we wish to emphasize one thing—we will *not* win all three next year unless our men train longer and work harder than they have done. Nearly half of the men from the other colleges are in the lower classes and will have several years more in which to compete. Moreover, this year they have played well enough to make our men strain every nerve to win. It will take hard work and plenty of it to repeat this year's record next June.

WE SINCERELY hope that the Faculty will make arrangements with Mr. Belows for a lecture course next year. Those of the Junior Class who have been fortunate enough to listen to him this term unite in saying that he has made a naturally uninteresting course both attractive and instructive.

THE next number of the ORIENT will contain a full report of the events of Commencement week, including the Baccalaureate sermon, the Class Day parts, and the various other literary and social exercises of the week. Owing to the aldermanic proportions of the issue extra copies, as in former years, will be furnished at 25 cents each, and may be obtained of any member of the Editorial Board.

Leland Stanford is to have a club-house on the campus for bachelor professors.

Alpha Delta Phi Convention.

THE sixty-first annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity was held in New York City, May 11th and 12th, under the auspices of the Executive Council. The convention was opened Thursday morning, May 11th, by Secretary Robert S. Rudd in the absence of President Clarence A. Seward, at Masonic Temple, corner Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Routine and customary business was transacted till nearly one o'clock, when a recess was taken until the afternoon session at two o'clock.

In the evening a reception was given by the Alpha Delta Phi Club, at their clubhouse, for the visiting delegates, at which were present many of the well-known members of the fraternity who live in and around New York. The reception lasted until a late hour, and with talk and songs of Alpha Delta Phi, accompanied by a fine supper, an evening of pleasant and fraternal enjoyment was spent by guests and hosts.

Friday morning the regular business session was opened by President Seward in the chair. In the afternoon the delegates were the guests of the Columbia Chapter, which chartered a yacht and took the visitors for a sail up the Hudson and a trip to the foreign war ships stationed in North River.

Friday evening over two hundred Alpha Deltas assembled at Delmonico's for the annual banquet. President Seward acted as toast-master. The Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D.D., the successor of Phillips Brooks at Trinity Church, Boston, responded to the toast, "Alpha Delta Phi"; Joseph H. Choate to "High Thinking and Plain Living." Mr. Choate paid tribute to the eminent men who had belonged to the Harvard Chapter, whose lives had been a living exemplification of high thinking and plain living.—James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, James C. Carter, Phillips Brooks, and George William Curtis. The other toasts and speakers were

as follows: "The Commonwealth," Gen. Thomas Ewing; "Songs of Alpha Delta Phi," Hamilton W. Mabie; "The American University," Professor Benjamin J. Wheeler; "The Coming Man," Bartow S. Weeks. Among the prominent Alpha Deltas there were Ellis H. Roberts, Everett P. Wheeler, Rev. Dr. Matson, J. Sloat Fassett, Horatio W. Twombly, Benjamin W. Woodward, Nelson S. Spencer, L. H. Nutting, George D. Peet, Judge Cowing, and many others.

At an early hour the following morning the banqueters sang the parting song, and a most enjoyable convention was ended. Delegates were present from all the chapters. The next convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio. Philip M. Shaw, '93, and Joseph H. Roberts, '95, were the delegates from the Bowdoin Chapter.

The Pessimist.

LET us ask ourselves the question, "What have we really got from our four years' course at Bowdoin College?" Have we spent as much time as we ought in the study of things which it is well to know? Have we preserved toward a fellow-student that generous large-heartedness that is necessary to develop our social natures? There are hosts of questions such as these which we might ask, but we can strike at the root of it all when we really try and find just how much we have derived from our college course. Are we quicker mentally; are we better fitted to meet the uncharitable world; have we clearer ideas of our duties in life socially and morally; have we higher ideals of human living, that are yet not too high; all these things may we consider, and with what result?

* * * * *

The three lower classes will return to college next fall, refreshed, brightened, and

ready for renewed work. The one hundred and fifty men composing these classes will, during the summer, see many things which, to an observing eye, will be full of life and interest. Why not take notice of some of these incidents of life on sea and shore, on hill and plain, in city and the field, and then tell your fellows about them next winter? Not half the good writers in any class contribute to the ORIENT, and there is any amount of room for improvement along this line. Don't hesitate because you can't write a novel; the editor wouldn't accept it if you could; but just do a little thinking, keep your eyes wide open, and—don't be afraid to tell us all about it.

Ivy Day.

THE programme of the literary exercises of the Junior class, held in Upper Memorial Hall last Friday, was as follows:

Prayer.	MUSIC.	A. U. Ogilvie.
Oration.	MUSIC.	P. H. Moore.
Poem.	MUSIC.	H. E. Andrews.

PRESENTATIONS

BY PRESIDENT F. W. DANA.

An Unknown Quantity—Encyclopedia.	G. A. Merrill.
Our In-door Athlete—Broadsword.	W. P. Thompson.
Class Sport—Diamond Stud.	F. J. Libby.
Boy Chemist—Lamb.	R. P. Plaisted.
Class Solon—Hat.	H. L. Bagley.
Popular Man—Wooden Spoon.	F. G. Farrington.

IVY-DAY ORATION.

THE MAN WANTED BY THE WORLD TO-DAY.

BY PHILIP H. MOORE.

As Mr. Moore's oration was extemporaneous we present only a brief extract:

In every age the world has had its peculiar wants; it has offered to men its special opportuni-

ties and crowned with honor and success those who have recognized these wants and opportunities and thrown themselves into its services. . . . To this law the Nineteenth Century is no exception. Everywhere the world is advertising its demands of men. . . . To supply in any true measure any one of these is not simply to survive among the fittest, to win fame and achieve success, but it is to do far better and greater service than this—it is to lastingly contribute to the world's wealth and progress. And this leads me to the subject which I wish to present to you this afternoon, viz.: "The Man Wanted by the World To-Day." . . . His physical strength, his mental power, and the common virtues essential to any life—these must be omitted here. Time will permit me to mention only some special characteristics wanted in men at the present hour. . . . The first of these is a mind capable of appreciation; a man whose eyes are open, whose nerves are sensitive, whose heart truly throbs; one who understands that he lives in the nineteenth century and not in the first, and that this century is full of problems awaiting his aid in their solution. . . . This man is asked to toil not for self alone, but, seeing where he can multiply his power for good in other lives, give head, hands, and heart to their service. . . . The world to this man is not a place where he can get so much out of it, but a place where he can put so much into it. . . . He holds himself as a steward who uses his goods for the good of others. . . .

A second quality wanting in men to-day is a genuine spirit of independence. . . . Independence strong enough to resist the Shylock greed for gain so common to Americans in this day; independence from the degrading creed and influence of materialism; independence from fashions and notions whose only claims are "popularity"; independence from that foe of morality and religion—formalism.

A third virtue, no less uncommon than necessary, wanted by the world to-day is absolute loyalty to truth. Truthful speaking in society; perpendicular honesty in business and in politics; and disinterested research in science and in religion, that seeks only to know and proclaim the truth. . . . Finally, the world wants optimists. Those who believe that right is mightier than wrong; that man is rising and not falling, and that Heaven will be larger and fuller than Hades. . . . And this faith is not a fancy. Every page of history proves that the world is more humane, civilized, intelligent, and religious to-day than it ever was before. . . .

To be a true optimist is to strengthen every good, to impart fidelity and patience to those about us, and to inspire those who come after us with broader views, deeper resolutions, and higher hopes. . . . To make our college training conduce to these ends and fit us for this service of the world is to draw to our aid the power of Eternal Right, and to receive the benediction of all humanity.

IVY POEM.

If we could stay the steady course of time,
Sweet memory, looking back when years are o'er,
Perhaps would bid the hour to cease its chime
On this, the Ivy Day of 'Ninety-four.

We sing, 'tis true, the pleasure of these years,
While we enjoy them,—'tis our constant theme;
Yet memory exalts her view, and clears
From petty circumstance her happy dream.

And so will she with partial gaze behold
The crowning of these years in this array
Of cap and gown,—the worthiest to be told,
The consummation, in this Ivy Day.

But, calling fancy from life's climbéd hill
Whence nobler glimpses of life's lowland are,
And whence alone this day may seem ideal
To us, freed from its present, seen from far,

T' the moment we return to seek the view
Of all who come so kindly here to-day;
What seems this college life, then, friends, to you?
"An easy ideal life," will you not say?

Your pardon if complacency too great
Appears an egoism in our questioning;
You toss us gratulations on our state,
And often 'tis for further ones we sing

The pleasure of these years; because each knows
His life is thought ideal; so we prize
Beyond the truth this fancy sphere, and pose
As that we seem to be in others' eyes.

There comes, unceasing with the ceaseless round
Of transient years, a band of college-bound
Young men,—of different purpose, different mind,
But with a common eager hope,—to find
The chosen *Alma Mater* will afford
The joys to which anticipation soared,—
The joys which mark, as prophecies declare,
The pleasantest four years of life! How fair
The outlook is! How every commonplace

Of college and of campus dons a grace
 Unwonted to the glad sub-Freshman's glance!
 All's tinged with but a drop of his romance.
 Some singing students down a path may stroll—
 The temporary envy of his soul,
 His fancyings the call of friend to friend
 Mysteriously deeper meaning lend.
 Impatiently he longs to realize
 The joys of this proverbial paradise;
 Much profit—and much pleasure he foresees,—
 The very tasks agreeable to one's ease,
 And if, perchance, there comes a harder one,
 More earnest effort, and 'tis quickly done;
 And if some honor worth a struggle seems,
 Why, honors come so easily in dreams.
 So throng, unceasing with the ceaseless round
 Of years, to scenes ideal, the college-bound.

Life is life, and life is not ideal;
 Strife is strife, and strife and life are real;
 The elements of happy lot and life
 May mingle, yet there enters some small strife;
 Small trouble to a more unfortunate—
 To him who suffers it, it seems as great.
 The ocean-pilot wintry storms appall,
 The harbor helmsman dreads a summer squall.
 A man may conquer selfishness—may be
 No egoist; since personality
 And place he cannot give or sell or loan,
 His thoughtful deep concern is for his own.
 So Nature fixes; he may meditate
 To better if he can, not change his state.
 Think not, then, 'tis undue complaint we bring
 In saying college life is not a thing
 Of ideal and perpetual joy, nor smile
 If we disclaim the "ego" and the while
 Yet drag our ills before the public eye,
 Within our own self circles, sympathy
 Extorting, seem to run around as thou,
 New England's own great seer, has said. For now
 When comes our turn to say, in serious wise
 A word of truth, perhaps, to moralize
 (As custom bids us do on Ivy Day)
 In whatsoever meager humble way,
 Lest, seeking fact, to fallacy we roam,
 We choose for safety's sake to stay near home,
 And if we find a trite and homely truth,
 Its precept not alone this passing youth
 Will benefit, but worthily will be
 As genuine for all humanity.

A sphere of dreams, and then a world of fact;
 A love of leisure, and a need to act;
 They meet and clash in every life. In ours

More loudly clash they, for the fuller powers
 Of will are not developed, and the mind
 Of youth to idleness is most inclined;
 The strength of system steadily pursued
 Is not yet granted us against the mood.
 And still the purpose of our being here
 Is surely not to teach us that a sphere
 Of dreams, or love of leisure life's course rules!
 For fact and action, rather, are the schools
 To form and fashion youth in. Dreams and rest,
 The luxuries of life, are only blest,
 When, pure rewards, they respite industry;
 And that, and that alone life's law must be.
 The use of visionary man is slight;
 The weight of idle man is feather-light;
 But he who works, not dreams in idleness,
 Has weight and use, and finally success.

What various men seek varying precepts out!
 The orators some lofty lesson shout;
 The mighty poets eloquently show
 So different ways in which 'twere best to go;
 Philosophers deduce their guiding laws;
 A hundred times a year the preacher draws
 A single truth from greater truth; forthwith
 The humbler poets worthy precepts give;
 Great seers rebuke and re-direct an age;
 Wise novelists with maxim fill their page;
 In noble lives are many models found;
 And teachings everywhere; there is no bound.
 And youth must choose from this infinity!
 Not what he'll choose, nor how, consider we.
 But this: Let him in choosing not forget
 The simplest truest truth of all; that yet
 While men seek happiness, or meet with strife,
 Work is the law, 'The sober law of life.'

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT, MR. F. W. DANA.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my pleasant duty, or rather privilege, to extend to you all a very cordial welcome to these exercises. We congratulate ourselves upon the honor of your presence and ask you to enter heartily with us into all the exercises which shall constitute the present joyous occasion, the celebration of our Ivy Day.

Most of you are far too familiar with the significance of Junior Ivy Day for me to attempt any unfolding of its nature. Suffice it to say, then, that to-day is a high-licensed occasion, upon which we shall do away with all false modesty and speak proudly, nay, perhaps egotistically, of our class

achievements and individual acquirements. These latter, however, I shall leave solely for those whose eminent fitness to dwell upon '94's marked and fated idiosyncrasies render it dangerous ground for me to tread upon.

A few words, however, respecting the class itself, of which we are all justly proud to be members, may not be wholly out of place from me. It requires very little effort of mind for us to view in retrospect the three stages of our history. The crowded events of our college career come sweeping in upon us and our minds are full of pleasant memories.

In the foreground of this fleeting panorama, we behold the green pastures of Freshman year stretching peacefully before us in the verdancy of spring-time. As one of my classmates has most aptly expressed it, "Physically, we were just budding into manhood (and handsome manhood, too), but mentally we were full-blown, and speedily took up our position as sole owners and proprietors of Bowdoin College, which position is now indisputably held by the class of '96." We found Brunswick, during that year at least, the dampest spot in all Christendom.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year, having learned the full value of a similar experience, we endeavored to hold regular evening classes for the higher education and instruction of Freshmen, until our esteemed Faculty, recognizing our noble endeavor, relieved us of our arduous duties, and, conjointly with our parents, henceforth nominally superintended this important branch of instruction. The sanguinary conflicts of this same period of our history dwindled into hopeless insignificance by reason of our indubitable supremacy in nearly all branches of athletics. Foot-ball, base-ball, rope-pull, and boat race successively furnished easy honors for our athletes. And, as a proof that we are still maintaining our prestige, the class of '94 can claim the unwonted distinction of having furnished six of the nine men upon our victorious ball nine.

But I must not pass over this period of worldly sapience without mentioning one event that is destined to be a matter of history, at least in the minds of '94. Time-honored horn-concert very nearly received her death-blow, as, indeed, but narrowly escaped being the case with several members of our class. It taught us far more potently than the fell conflict of the French Revolution, or even our own period of constitutional development, that "in union there is strength," that in spirit

there should be oneness, although in this particular case there actually came near being one-less.

And so, thus unified, we have passed on to this year, and in particular, this day, upon which we realize in fullest measure the dignity of our college existence, the fulness and richness of the ties that here bind us. In vain have we searched diligently in every crack and crevice for that proverbial "Junior ease." Like many another of '93's tender flowerets, it drooped and faded ere we reached it, as our Faculty, shrewdly guessing, I suppose, our increased intellectual capacity, crowded three terms' work of English history into two. Junior dignity also has had a severe struggle in resting its mantle upon several members of our class, but we trust will sit quietly through the exercises this afternoon.

But I must not longer deter you from that portion of the exercises to which you are all looking forward. It is my only regret that time forbids my bringing before you several members of our class whose cultivated idiosyncrasies and noble achievements have made them pre-eminent among us. I have particularly in mind one who is an author, a genealogist, an anthropologist, and all-round scientist, whom we did not dare to let loose upon the present occasion.

And so, in closing, I will simply say to you that as we shall look back upon to-day in after life, we shall find our highest pleasure in those ties which bind us now inseparably, ever indissolubly together in our love for '94 and old Bowdoin.

In accordance with custom I have now to make a few appropriate presentations.

The President:

Not since the days of Freshman year, when, as a class, we dwelt in the realms of mathematics and went through the daily routine of confessing our ignorance to each other and our instructor, has the thought of an unknown quantity or at least the consideration of such entered for a moment our minds. From that year to this we have been slowly recovering from the dire abstractions and mental aberrations into which our beloved professor would feign have led us each and all. Although no resulting fatalities have yet been reported, we feel that the actual presence of an "unknown quantity" among us demands a public solution to-day in order to absolve the class from any future liabilities. The present low state of our treasury is the cause of our haste in the matter. I will be per-

fectly frank with you and state that I have actually forgotten whether x or y should come first in the order of solution, and will, therefore, resort to an old and satisfactory custom of mine—that of asking some one else to “do it for me.”

Mr. Merrill, in looking over this book of general information, I found that it was full of mostly *unknown* quantities. With the good-will of the class I present it to you, trusting that you will find at least companionship in its pages and hoping above all that you may so cover yourselves with glory upon the present occasion as to merit the enlistment of your fair name amid its heroes.

Mr. President, Fellow-Classmates:

It is difficult for me to express the great pleasure and deep gratitude I feel in accepting this title and token of your esteem. I consider it an honor for two reasons; first, because, as I hope to make plain to you, the title implies many noble qualities; second, because it is always customary for one in my position to accept everything the class offers with thanks and due appreciation.

Doubtless you all know the meaning of this obscure term, “unknown quantity.” You have probably become acquainted with several of them in the course of your mathematical studies. From my own experience, gained through long hours with Analytics and Calculus, I infer you were very fond of them; that the slight labor required to discover their true meaning was as nothing—nay, gladly endured, if it was at last crowned with success. I have not, on my own authority, assumed this noble title; ah, no, it would have been base presumption, but I occupy such a high position in the regard of '94 that they have voluntarily conferred this great and lasting honor upon me.

I would not, however, claim the exclusive honor of being the only unknown quantity in the class; for, since the first letters of the alphabet cannot possibly represent all the members beside myself, there must be at least two or three others who may rightfully lay claim to this dignified and honored title. I have no doubt those members are known to the class, but, by thus being singled out, I may be considered to have won the distinction of the “Great Unknown.”

It has always seemed to me that the presence of several unknown quantities in a class would prevent mental stagnation in those who are subject to that malady, by keeping a problem always before their eyes, and by thus arousing their sluggish minds to attempt its solution.

But there is one thing that troubles me in my own case. You know how disappointing it is, after a long and tedious process of combining equations, to find, after you have eliminated your unknown quantity, that its value is only zero. The arduous labor you are obliged to perform leads you to attach considerable value to this mysterious object. Now, from a sense of inward weakness, I warn you that I may prove as disappointing as any unknown quantity you ever dealt with. It would be sad indeed—I assure you I should feel it as keenly as any one—if my value should turn out to be zero, or, what is far worse, a negative quantity.

Perhaps, however, I am not an algebraical x , y , or z . I have interpreted to you only the mathematical signification of my title, but unknown quantities exist in many departments of science. It may be that I am an unknown species of organic mineral, a substance which I will admit can hardly be conceived and would be contrary to all known laws; but, then, I am unknown, and, may be, inconceivable. I may even turn out to be the “missing link” so often spoken of in connection with the doctrine of evolution.

Although an unknown quantity, of whatever species, is apt to be shunned by some ordinary people—I refer to those who did not take Sophomore mathematics—yet a certain chosen few are always eager to find its value. Therefore I may have the consolation that, although studiously avoided by many, I shall have the companionship of the cream, so to speak, of the class of '94.

But why do I thus harangue you? My own value and character are so uncertain, even to myself, that, for aught I know, I may belong to an entirely different race from any of my hearers, and no word of mine may have been comprehended by them. Granted that I am a human being, it may be that I have risen far above my fellows and have become a philosopher whose thoughts are so deep and whose style is so intricate that all ordinary people must forever remain in doubt as to their meaning. Yes, now I think of it, this must be the true explanation of '94's remarkable phenomenon, for often, yes, very often, this vagueness of speech has been noticed by my instructors when I attempted to explain the most simple matter. I have no doubt they have said to themselves: “What does this fellow mean? This strange answer will bear thinking about”; and they deliberately put down in a book before them a small round spot to remind them of my answer to be considered at some future time.

Like some undiscovered planet, whose existence seems to be assured by the perturbations it produces upon other worlds, I wander among my fellows, known only by a few general impressions which seem to indicate that I am a human being like themselves but give them no clue to my real character.

There is much that is pleasant in this exclusiveness, but I would not remain so forever. You ask me to place my name in this book, but how can I when I am such an enigma to myself and others? No, I feel that I shall need your help. I have no doubt the class will place a laurel upon the head of him who shall have the consummate skill to expel the mist that envelops me and expose to the world my true value. Then shall my name be enrolled in these fair pages, and future generations will reap the benefit of another problem solved.

The President :

Prima-donna successes have frequently turned the heads of people and set a whole populace wild with enthusiasm; but certainly no less phenomenal has been the success of our in-door athlete, the pride of '94. So devoted is he to his hobby that he has been the private in-door pupil of Prof. Whittier the entire present term. Those who do not know his athletic prowess call him a "put-ty" man, but one has only to feel his well-developed muscles in order to realize the inappropriateness of any such title. One important factor in his almost perfect system of training is the regularity of his slumber, even though frequently it carries him through a whole morning's recitation. The constancy of his late-hour astronomical observation furnishes some excuse for the latter.

Mr. Thompson—the class presents you with this broadsword, as symbolic of a memorable day in the gym when you kept Professor Whittier practicing the retreat step for fully half an hour in a vain endeavor to resist your most merciless onslaught.

RESPONSE OF CLASS ATHLETE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of 'Ninety-Four :

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." I do not wish to cast any slurs upon the gentlemen who have preceded me, but nevertheless, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." This may seem rather singular, perhaps, since I am under medical treatment for the affliction. I have given homeopathy a chance. I am a great believer in the homeopathic treatment. *Similia Similibus Curantur*, which applied to the particular, means non-

activity is cured by non-activity, although a perfect cure has not yet been effected. I earnestly hope that I shall soon rival my superior, the senior member of the fraternity of Non-activity and Anti-Whitticism, whose extreme laziness prevented him from amusing you here this afternoon. You call me an athlete, Mr. President, and you do well to call me an athlete. I am in a condition to strangle a Hercules with my little finger. In fact, Dr. Whittier tells me I am in a condition and a half.

Fellow-classmates, I have a confession to make. Freshman year I was called to Bath. I am heartily ashamed of it, not of Bath but of walking.

After inquiring of the class what he had intended to say next, Mr. Thompson extemporized the remainder of his speech, which we are thus forced to omit.

The President :

There are two kinds of sports, athletic and individual. I have dwelt at some length upon the glory of the former and am now about to present you with our gem in the latter. You will be surprised when you see him, for he wears a wreath of innocency about his smiling countenance that is very deluding, very deceitful. I can only say to you who think you know him, beware! Be not deceived by his childish prattle, his gentle manners, his seeming guilelessness. The duplicity of his nature is a marvel. His reckless expenditure of money the past three months can find no expression in words. To my personal knowledge, he has spent during that same brief interval over eight hundred dollars—on the '94 *Bagle*. It is also rumored about college that his discouraging work upon the latter was the cause of his downfall, his late-hour revels. If this be true, and we do not doubt it, he has the heartfelt sympathy of his associate editors, the similarity of whose experience I will not narrate to you, for fear of getting personal.

Mr. Libby—your fellow-classmates have purchased for me to present you with, this beautiful gem of purest ray serene, hardness 10, cleavage octahedral, lustre adamantine, and price not to be mentioned. May its dazzling beauty serve as a lamp to your feet along the checkered highway of your sport-hood, and remind you even in your happiest moments, of your former classmates at Bowdoin.

RESPONSE OF CLASS SPORT.

Mr. President :

It is said that Lord Byron awoke one delightful morning to find himself famous. Well, that was pleasant for Byron; I can heartily sympathize with

him now, for here am I, awakened rather suddenly this afternoon to find myself exalted to the most lofty pinnacle, indeed to the very top of the highest weather-cock on the great temple of fame. This, Mr. President, is, as Shakespeare says in his execrable English, "rather a dizzy vantage ground for one so young as me." I am almost overcome by the honor. Indeed, I feel somewhat as one of our classmates must have felt when singled out recently by the down-town policeman as the one who should be arrested. Doubtless, he thought himself more highly honored than he deserved; but he said to himself, "Nevertheless, if I am so great a ring-leader, and hold such a prominent place in Officer Coombs's Rogues' Gallery, why, I will humbly yield myself to their despotic ministrations and pray to be preserved from undue pride." So with me. For I say, as said our friend Satan, when he was wrought up, or rather cast down, one day, "To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell; better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." It is not as if I were the only one upon this memorable stage to-day whom the staid old godfather of the college from his position yonder on the wall frowns upon. It is not owing to a mere eccentricity or defect on my part that I am called forward here before you all. There would be nothing worthy of public congratulation in that; rather, cause for private sympathy.

But, Mr. President, you have summoned me to receive this diamond trophy as proof of my success in a race in which all these about us have had a part and have been outrun by me. I, then, am chief. And chief in what? In that proud combination of miscellaneous excellence bound up in the most satisfactory and highly suggestive word, sport. The class sport! In my young pride I compare myself to Washington. He, too, was a leader. "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," says history concerning him. General, statesman, president, the father of our puissant country, a very fountain of courage and a star of hope. When all others were in the gloomy depths of despair, the ideal personification of patience and of devotion to a noble principle, in short, as Mr. Micawber would say, "the biggest amphibian in the pool at that time." As such do we know him. Well do we call him great. But, Mr. President, such is the height to which you have exalted me.

I am just on a level with George; in fact we—his ghost and I—are astride the very same weather-vane. For, as you well know, with all other great

qualities, he was a true sport. Cream-colored coach, six matched horses, new clothes, two-dollar necktie (I don't know how often), knee breeches, silver buckles, any quantity of servants, and "nigger" slaves—such were the things to which his heart turned when the whole nation was at his feet. So humbly he makes room for me at his side. Does not that dignify my calling? Robespierre's dapper little ghost—snuff-box and all—is with us too; and if there were time I might enumerate many other names which you would recognize. But, take my word for it, I am in good company. So there you may leave me; and, with your kind permission, I will return to discuss the present fashion in straw hats with George's stately old ghost.

The President:

The old saying that "children will play with matches" has again been unmistakably demonstrated. Our boy chemist, with his two able assistants, Messrs. Hinkley and Allen, has tried every known experiment in the chemical world, and to the surprise and satisfaction of Professor Robinson has left the building still standing and a few panes of glass still intact. No one, of course, was ever known to accuse our esteemed instructor of even the slightest partiality, but certain it is that during our course in Junior chemistry he believed discretion by far the better part of valor, and devoted his attention very largely to those at a distance from our fiendish boy chemist. On condition that he has left his chemicals behind him to-day, we give him free license to any impassioned outburst of eloquence. For thus we shall afford him ample opportunity to display the explosive tendency of his nature with less danger to his neighbors.

Mr. Plaisted—The class presents you with this object of sacrifice to be slain upon the altar of your chemical ignorance, as a thank-offering that it still exists, unbroken in membership.

RESPONSE OF BOY CHEMIST.

Mr. President and Classmates:

I receive this little token, symbolical as it is of my gentle and frolicsome disposition, with conflicting emotions, and as I look into the innocent face of this diminutive disciple of Mary and think of the motive which actuated the gift, I cannot but feel thankful that I have lived to see this happy day. I say this with seriousness, for there were moments while we were delving in the mysteries of chemistry when we expected momentarily that we were all to

be sacrificed upon the altar of science. Those were stirring times, my classmates, and not soon to be forgotten. Will you soon forget the day when we were all so near to falling a victim to the chlorine habit and going to a place much worse than Keeley? Did the Angel of Death leave for an instant the corner of that diabolical concocter of mixtures, "Henny" for short—and you will recollect that I sat within "swiping" distance of him?

Yes, my comrades, you may call me the "pre-server of the people," a second Cicero, and decorate me with innocent lambkins, for I sat between you and Death.

And yet the tragic was sometimes interspersed with the ridiculous. Well do I remember the day that our early morning tennis fiend in a momentary fit of uncontrollable avarice seized upon a silver shekel which had just been used in an experiment in which the blow-pipe and Bunsen burner had figured quite extensively. The blue flame of the burner was put to shame by the atmosphere in his immediate vicinity. Many were the brilliant results obtained by our "Portland's most distinguished son." One bright morning in early March he astonished us by exclaiming that he had discovered that love was a volatile precipitate, marriage being a solution in which it quickly dissolved. We did not then appreciate his fervor! But I digress.

Who knows how many Pattis and Campaninis received their start along the road to fame within the confines of the laboratory walls on account of those short moments spent in song? With '94 that happy Bohemian life will end. Our successors will enjoy the advantages of a chemist's paradise, but stuccoing the walls with filter papers and listening to the cracked test tubes disintegrating themselves against the doors will forever be a thing of the past. It were better so. Mr. President, I shall cherish this little model of a bilaterally symmetrical, defunct organism, morphologically striated, above all my wooly possessions. If I were younger I would play with it myself. As it is I shall carefully preserve it for my posterity.

The President:

To know anything at all in these days of enlightenment, one has to really know so much that despair and utter hopelessness frequently supplant the attainment of actual knowledge. The class of '94, however, has within its narrow circle one whose Solonic wisdom has safely guided our frail bark through the dangerous shoals of our course here, and to whom we owe a debt of gratitude that no

words of mine can even feebly embody. His tangled method, in class meetings, of proving truth by the disproof of error, led us always to the conclusion that he had actually proved error by the disproof of truth, against which conclusion we could find no available argument because of the volubility and scope of his utterance. His mind is full of illogical abstractions and one has only to get him started in order to be entertained, if not edified, by an exhaustless discourse upon any known or unknown subject, whether of history, fiction, philosophy or science.

His voice is generally soft and melodious, but owing to his unusual preparations for the present occasion, we cannot vouch for its condition to-day. I will ask him to speak to you.

Mr. Bagley—in grateful appreciation of the services rendered, the class presents you with this spacious canopy, trusting that it will prove of sufficient amplitude to contain all past and future misconceptions on your part.

RESPONSE OF CLASS SOLON.

Mr. President and Fellow-Classmates:

Every man sees a time during his short existence when he is unable to express the emotions of joy which throb within his soul.

I am at present enjoying a few of those blissful moments. For to have my greatness recognized, at this early age, by the world is a pleasure which I have never dared to hope for.

It is especially gratifying, Mr. President, to be called a Solon, for no man of antiquity was so highly esteemed by his countrymen as this old Athenian. Not only was he beloved in one country, but the world at large honored and admired him; so much so, Mr. President, that when he passed away, leaving behind the good effects of a work which only a man of rare intelligence and wide sympathies could have accomplished, the universal heart beat its silent tribute of sympathy for the grief-stricken Athenians.

Indeed, Mr. President, to be recognized as the legal heir to this man's greatness showers so much honor upon me that I almost feel it my duty to follow the example set by some of our worthy classmates, and bargain for a wife to share the honor.

But, Mr. President, Solon was no greater among the Athenians than I am among my classmates; and all my greatness is due to my scholarship. Perhaps this assertion will need a little explanation

to those who may have been looking over the list of prizes and not seen my name connected with any of them. Explanations are not very difficult for me, however, for I have been accustomed to explain satisfactorily, at the end of every term, how it was possible for me to have third-class standing and still lead the class.

The mathematical prize, which, like Pear's soap, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, was easily within my reach; but when I saw a worthy class-mate stretching his mental capacity to its utmost limit, and knowing that if I were out of the way he would be an easy winner, my generous nature was stirred within me, and I readily consented to forfeit my pleasure to satisfy his ambitions.

But there was one prize upon which I set my heart. In Greek I was especially fine, and nearly all my spare moments were spent in perusing Greek text—mostly the Greek Testament. After the examinations were over I was informed that two of us were tied for first place. Knowing well that I was by far the better scholar, I immediately entered a vigorous protest. After going over the rank very carefully, our worthy professor found that, quite often in ranking me for a perfect recitation, he had by accident placed the 1 on the wrong side of the 0.

My protest was sustained, and the prize was to be mine; but, alas, not mine so easily. My opponent also asked for an examination of his rank, and as the professor was too busy to comply with his request he gave the rank to the illustrious janitor. Brother Booker, as usual, got his average of repairs too high and I lost the prize.

In Latin I suffered a much greater injustice, for our instructor had often neglected to put down any 1 at all, leaving only a very large 0 as a reward for my efforts. In spite of this I am sure he was delighted with my translation of the "De Senectute," for he asked me after I had taken the examination if I wouldn't kindly translate the book to him again. Solon, Sr., was an orator. So am I, and my masterpiece was when I presented the janitor with the bell tongue.

This famous presentation speech deserves a place on the brightest page of oratory. So closely did I hold my hearers that I think every one could repeat the speech word for word.

Of course, Mr. President, a great man must become popular before he is acknowledged great. I know not from what source I derive my popularity, unless it was from my generous nature. This generosity has been shown quite plainly this year in my connection with the college bookstore. Seeing

what enormous profits were made from the extortionate prices which the students were compelled to pay for their books and other supplies, I bought the controlling interest of this establishment, and hired the College Jury to mark all goods 20 per cent. below cost.

Mr. President, I could relate an infinite number of things which have led to my greatness, but time will not permit. However, in the near future, I expect to publish my autobiography, which I expect will have a larger sale than General Butler's.

The President:

Before the planting of the Ivy, but one more presentation remains to be made, which differs from those that have preceded it in that the element of jest, which has characterized all thus far, is wholly eliminated in this, which I make in entire sincerity. The office of popular man is the highest honor which it lies in our power to bestow. In nearly every organized body there is generally a single individual who holds first rank without a rival. Such has been conspicuously true in the class of '94. From the very childhood of our course, there has been constant with us one whose many qualities and sterling character have made him foremost among us. Naturally a scholar and an athlete, by the rare combination of those personal qualities which make a man popular with his fellows, by his retiring modesty, and an unselfish devotion to every class and college interest, he can now claim the proud distinction of being *the* popular man of the class of '94. I need hardly speak his name to you.

Mr. Farrington—with the good-will of the class, please accept this highest emblem of our esteem and affection.

RESPONSE OF POPULAR MAN.

Mr. President and Fellow-Classmates:

To-day, the brightest and best day in the history of 'Ninety-four, you have called on me as your popular man, and have asked me to respond. You have given me this wooden spoon as a token of the good feeling that exists between us. By this gift, which is in itself but an outward sign of popularity, you have made me feel that there must have been the inward impulse of friendship to prompt it.

You have all heard the responses of the popular men of previous Ivy days. They have told you that the significant wooden spoon would be prized highest above all things, and I can only repeat the

old story. May the feeling never change, but may the remaining terms of college life only bind closer those ties of friendship that this wooden spoon symbolizes.

My classmates, I thank you for the honor of being your choice as popular man. To me it is more than a passing feeling of gratitude and pleasure with which I receive this gift at your hands. It is something that will go through life with a man and make him the better for it. The fact that a man has friends and power should not elevate him into a little sphere all by himself, but should bring him into closer contact with the oftentimes friendless humanity about him.

College friendships are apt to be of short duration, but in the years after we have left old Bowdoin this wooden spoon will remind me of the old college friendships and pleasures, and keep them ever fresh and bright.

Yes, it is only a plain wooden spoon, but something that coming years will surround with many pleasant associations and memories of the days that have gone. It will tell me of the many victories and few defeats of old 'Ninety-four; of the countless experiences through which we as a class have gone, and last, but not least, it will keep burning those flames of affection that have been kindled between us during our college course.

My classmates, may the God of friendships smile on this our class and may she keep it a united class where all men are popular and one not more so than another.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the hall the class marched to the south-eastern corner of Memorial, where their ivy was planted, and sang the ode written by Mr. Simpson.

IVY ODE.

AIR: "*My comrades, when I'm no more drinking.*"

Dear classmates, close together thronging
To plant an ivy here to-day,
With thoughts of all to each belonging,
As o'er the past our fancies stray.
The morrow calls us with its gladness,
The future points the onward track;
Yet would it were not wholly madness
To wish the clock hands might turn back.

Three years of jolly life at college
Have drawn the knots of friendship fast;
Let this our ivy-vine acknowledge
The ties that bind us to the past.

Its leaves ask not of us to listen
To idle whisperings of regret;
But ne'er, while dew upon them glisten,
Shall we the dear old class forget.

So will these branches, upward creeping,
Be fed from memory's richest soil,
Until, yon arches overleaping,
They wreath old echoes in their coil.
Then, when these walls give back the glory
Of classmates loyal to the core,
They'll linger longest on the story
They tell of Bowdoin 'Ninety-four.

The Senior's Last Chapel followed immediately and was witnessed by as many as could be accommodated in the chapel. The services were as beautiful and impressive as ever.

Ivy Hop.

NINETY-FOUR followed the usual Ivy Hop in the Town Hall at nine o'clock and by securing the valuable services of the Salem Cadet Band. Following custom, however, did not interfere with a marked individuality of success. The friends of the college from the town, and the friends of the college and class from out of town, emphatically and sincerely assured the class that its social effort had met with unqualified prosperity, was highly creditable to the college and a most delightful occasion to themselves. The guests were received in a corner of the hall which had been made attractive with decoration and comfortable with easy-chairs, by the patronesses, Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Woodruff. The number of the guests was gratifyingly large; in fact, no college party for some years past has had so large an attendance, and in its profusion of charming young ladies in fetching gowns, the hop was at least equal to preceding ones if it did not surpass them, which we are inclined to say it did.

The orders were neat and tasteful, and Robinson's supper was thoroughly satisfactory. The following was the programme :

1. Overture—La Savoyards. Lachner.
2. $\begin{cases} a. \text{ Gavotte—The Queen's Favorite. } & \text{Walter.} \\ b. \text{ Cradle Song. } & \text{Bendix.} \end{cases}$
3. American Fantasia—North and South. Bendix.

1. Waltz—Symposis.
2. Lancers—Wang.
3. Schottische—What Cheer.
4. Waltz—Sphinx.
5. Polka—Nadjy.
6. Quadrille—La Cirque.
7. Waltz—España.
8. Schottische—Life on the Congo.
9. Waltz—1492.

INTERMISSION.

10. Waltz—Ma Belle Adorée.
11. Portland Fancy—Rustic.
12. Three Dances from Gondoliers.
13. Schottische—Light as a Feather.
14. Deux Temps—Washington Post.
15. Schottische—Good-bye, My Honey.
16. Polka—Castaquets.
17. Waltz—Dream on the Ocean.

Among those from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Elias Thomas, Miss Helen Thomas, Mrs. R. H. Hinkley, Mrs. Alice Hinkley, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Baxter, Mrs. Clinton Baxter, Miss Mary Fletcher, Miss Florence Carpenter, Miss Edith Anderson, Miss Henrietta Dana, Dr. W. L. Dana, Miss Susie Cram, Miss Julia Noyes, Miss Sherry, Miss Swett, Miss Knight, of Portland; Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Dennig, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. John Patten, Miss Catharine Patten, Miss Cynthia Worth, Miss Whitmore, Miss Ethel Hyde, Miss Small, Miss Mussenden, Miss Higgins, of Bath; Mr. and Mrs. Burdett, of Brookline; Miss Varnum, of New York; Miss Farrington, of Augusta; Miss Chandler, of Bangor; Miss Bryson, of St. Louis; Mr. George Packard, '91, of Boston; Mr. E. B. Young, '92, Harvard Medical School.

The University of Leipzig is worth nearly \$20,000,000. Harvard, which heads the list in this country, has nearly \$10,000,000.

Rhyme and Reason.

Inseparable.

The opening rose-bud woos the sunshine lying
In loving warmth about its perfumed head;
But one beside it fades, till withering, dying,
Its loveliness is fled.

While dew is sparkling and all life rejoices
To hear the dawn-bells pealing clear and strong,
In undertone, like far faint shadow voices,
There steals the even-song.

And oft while joyous summer winds are blowing,
There comes unwarned a wintry chilling breath.
So life's gay robe with priceless jewels glowing
Is wrought with thread of Death.

The Diver.

(From the French of Lafenestre.)

As when the sailor bold into the ocean's bed
Lets down his heavy bell 'mid waves hard pressed
apart,
His quivering diving-bell, into the awful heart
Of old and silent gulfs, all motionless and dead,

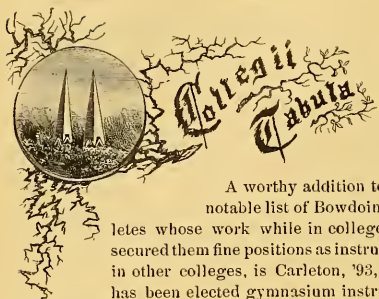
So when the poet pale, who downward, down, has
sped,
And reaches all at once the far depths of the heart,
There in that dread abyss strange races upward
start,
And with their strange abodes before his eyes are
spread;

Beneath the twining mass of livid sea-weed there,
And empty skulls of men and whitened masts all
bare,
The slimy reptiles round about him creep and stray;
But each spurs with his foot the common mass
away,
And while his search sublime is checked not by delay,
Takes up the gleaming pearl and brings it to the
day!

The cost of the World's Columbian Exposition exceeds \$32,500,000, against \$8,300,000 the cost of the Paris exposition of 1889.

The Harvard Alumni Association of New York City has purchased ground on West 44th Street and will erect a handsome club-house.

Six of this year's Andover nine will enter Yale next fall.



A worthy addition to the notable list of Bowdoin athletes whose work while in college has secured them fine positions as instructors in other colleges, is Carleton, '93, who has been elected gymnasium instructor at Dartmouth. That college is to establish compulsory gymnasium work for the two lower classes, and Bowdoin's popular athlete will have charge of this department.

Bass, '96, has gone to Chicago.

Professor Chapman was in Bangor nearly all last week.

Mr. George O. Robinson, '49, spent several days in town last week.

Senior banquets of the various fraternities have been in order recently.

Moore, '94, will preach at the Saco Congregational Church this summer.

Professors Moody and Hutchinson have been away for several days on a fishing excursion.

McKinnon, '94, occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church at Winslow last Sunday.

Soule, '96, after his long illness with typhoid fever, was able to visit the college last week.

President Hyde announced in chapel recently that Appleton Hall would not be repaired for another year.

The first prizes in English Composition have been awarded to Peabody and Barker, and the second to Fabyan and Howard.

Jones, '93, was one of the speakers at an Alpha Delta Phi banquet, held at Worcester, on the evening of the Athletic Meet.

The Seniors made a change from the old custom of holding the class supper in Brunswick, and had their farewell banquet in Augusta, on the evening of June 8th.

Frost, '94, Boyd, '95, and Eastman, '96, were among the victims of the recent measles epidemic, which has now included nearly all in college who have not passed through the stage before.

Gen. T. H. Hubbard, Rev. E. B. Webb, Hon. E. B. Nealley, N. E. Spear, and O. C. Stevens, constituting the Visiting Committee of the college, were in session here Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Through the kindness of Oliver Crocker Stevens the college has been presented with the Miss Virginia Dox collection of Indian and Mexican relics. The collection is a very valuable one, and will be placed in the Walker Art Building.

The closing meeting of the year of the German Club was recently held in the room of Chamberlain, '93. Refreshments were served, and at the close of a pleasant evening Professor Farnsworth was presented with a valuable set of German works.

The Sophomore symposium at Lewiston, May 26th, was a highly successful and enjoyable affair. Over thirty attended, and all remained in the city to see Bowdoin defeat Colby the next day. The literary programme reflected much credit on those having the various parts, toasts, and presentations.

The annual Senior ball game occurred Wednesday morning, May 31st, and as usual was an occasion for unadulterated fun from start to finish. With the exception of catchers the best ball players of the class were excluded, and consequently errors were many and the batting light. Captain Haggett's nine, the Rough Element, defeated Captain Barker's team, the Keeley Cures, by the score of 19 to 10. Among the features were the pitching of the two captains, the sliding of Haggett, the batting of P. Shaw, the fielding of Bucknam, against whose good playing repeated kicks were made, the first base work of Owen, the errors of Jenks, and the umpiring of Professor Farnsworth.

Among the officers of the third annual meeting of the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association, held in Augusta, last Saturday, were Dr. Whittier, Carleton, '93, Ross and E. Thomas, '94, and Minot, '96. Quite a number of other students attended. It was a most successful field day, with a large crowd, exciting events, and good management in all departments. About half the schools in the association were represented with teams, and the fight for the championship was hot between Brunswick and Bangor high schools, the latter finally winning with 35 points to Brunswick's 34. Cony High School, of Augusta, was next with 14 points, Gardiner won 7 points, and Waterville 1. Dunning of Brunswick, who won five firsts, did the best individual work. Nine records of the association were broken during the afternoon, nearly all the new records being very creditable ones.

The Walker Art Building is now nearing completion, and several important details in the construction of the building were made public upon the recent visit of the Misses Walker to the college. Large bronze statues of Demosthenes and Sophocles are to be placed in the two large niches on the front; and three busts, one being that of Homer, in the circular niches. In the four semi-circular spaces, each of which is 24x13 feet, under the dome of Sculpture Hall, are to be placed four paintings on canvas completely covering each space, executed for the Misses Walker by four of the most famous living American artists, Elihu Vedder, Abbott Thayer, LaFarge, and another equally as illustrious. These grand embellishments will cost a very large sum of money, and the remarkable generosity of these ladies will be appreciated more than ever by every friend of Bowdoin.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Bates, 24; Bowdoin, 13.

On May 24th Bowdoin played, at Waterville, the third game in the series with Bates, and lost the game as badly as the first two had been easily won. The high wind caused many errors, but the game was very loosely played all around, and the batting was heavy. Every Bowdoin player made errors, and the team seemed to go to pieces for the first and only time in the league season. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wakefield, 3b.,	7	4	3	4	1	1	0
Campbell, l.f., c.f.,	6	5	3	3	2	1	1
Hoffman, c.,	5	4	3	3	5	3	1
Pennell, p., lb.,	6	3	4	9	14	2	0
Brackett, s.s.,	5	1	0	0	1	3	1
Gerish, c.f., r.f.,	6	3	4	4	1	0	1
Douglass, 2b.,	4	2	1	1	3	2	2
Pulsifer, lb., l.f.,	4	2	1	1	0	0	3
Mildram, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Marden, r.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	47	24	19	25	27	12	8

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b.,	5	3	0	0	1	1	3
Savage, lb.,	4	3	2	6	7	0	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	1	3	4	1	0	2
Williams, s.s., p.,	4	2	2	5	4	1	1
Sykes, 2b.,	3	1	0	0	2	3	1
Allen, r.f., s.s.,	3	0	0	0	1	2	2
Chapman, c.f.,	5	1	0	0	0	0	4
Hutchinson, c.,	4	2	2	3	8	1	1
Plaisted, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	9
Leighton, r.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	1	2
Totals,	38	13	9	18	24	9	17

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	10	0	6	0	2	1	5	0	x-24
Bowdoin,	2	0	1	0	2	6	1	1	0-13

Base on balls—by Plaisted, 1; Williams, 3; Pennell, 4; Mildram, 2. Struck out—by Plaisted, 3; Williams, 5; Pennell, 3; Mildram, 3. Two-base hits—Campbell, Wakefield, Hinkley, Hutchinson. Three-base hits—Pennell, Savage, 2. Home runs—Pennell, Williams. Passed balls—Hoffman, Hutchinson. Wild pitch—Williams, 2. Umpire—Kelley. Time—2h. 50m.

Bowdoin, 9; Colby, 4.

On May 27th, Bowdoin and Colby met at Lewiston for the third time of the season, and Bowdoin won after an exciting and hotly-played contest. It was a wonderful contrast to the preceding game, and sharp fielding, timely batting, and good base running characterized Bowdoin's playing. Leighton's home run was a feature of the game. Plaisted pitched a great game and was finely supported. Over a hundred Bowdoin students cheered the team on to victory. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Savage, 3b.,	5	2	2	2	1	3	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	1	2	3	1	0	0
Williams, lb.,	5	0	2	2	11	0	1
Hutchinson, s.s.,	3	1	2	3	5	4	0
Sykes, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	2	0	1
Allen, c.,	4	1	0	0	4	2	2
Chapman, c.f.,	4	2	2	2	1	0	0
Plaisted, p.,	3	0	0	0	2	1	0
Leighton, r.f.,	3	1	1	4	0	3	0
Totals,	36	9	12	17	27	13	5

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, lb.,	5	0	2	3	11	1	0
Hoxie, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Latlip, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Purinton, r.f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	2
Coffin, c.,	4	1	1	1	3	2	0
Jackson, s.s.,	3	1	1	1	1	4	0
Lombard, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	3	0	1
Nichols, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	2	3	0
Whitman, p.,	4	0	1	1	0	2	0
Totals,	36	4	9	10	24	13	4

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	0	2	0	6	1	x-9
Colby,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	0-4

Earned runs—Bowdoin, 5. Two-base hits—Hinkley, Hutchinson, Hall. Home run—Leighton. Stolen bases—Savage, 2; Sykes, Hall, Jackson, 2. First base on balls—by Plaisted—Purinton, Jackson; by Whitman—Hutchinson, Leighton. First base on errors—Bowdoin, 4; Colby, 3. Struck out—by Plaisted—Hall, Latlip, Coffin, 2; Jackson; by Whitman—Williams, Leighton. Passed balls—Coffin, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Plaisted, Latlip. Time—2h. 20m. Umpire—S. J. Kelley.

Bowdoin, 9; Phillips Exeter, 8.

Bowdoin beat Exeter, Memorial Day, on the home grounds of the latter team, after the most exciting game of the season there. Captain Hutchinson's men did splendid team work, and their batting was timely. Plaisted was as usual a puzzle to his opponents. Williams, Hinkley, and Sykes did the best work in the field. Powers and Johnson did the best work for Exeter. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Savage, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	1	3	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	0	2	2	3	1	0
Williams, lb.,	4	1	1	3	11	0	1
Hutchinson, s.s.,	3	2	1	2	2	0	3
Sykes, 2b.,	2	2	0	0	3	2	0
Allen, c.,	4	2	2	5	6	2	3
Chapman, c.f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Leighton, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Plaisted, p.,	4	1	1	1	1	5	2
Totals,	34	9	9	15	27	13	11

EXETER.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, 2b.,	4	1	1	2	2	1	1
Richards, lb.,	4	0	0	0	11	0	1
Seymour, l.f.,	4	3	1	2	1	0	0
Powers, c.,	5	0	4	6	9	1	0
Johnson, p.,	5	0	1	1	1	14	0
Scannell, c.f.,	5	2	0	0	0	0	0
McGrath, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	0	3	1
Quimby, s.s.,	3	1	0	0	0	2	0
Campbell, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	37	8	7	11	24	21	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	0	4	1	0	0	2	1	0	1—9
Exeter,	1	0	1	1	1	3	1	0	0—8

Two-base hits—Powers 2, Allen, Hale, Hutchinson, Seymour. Three-base hits—Williams, Allen. Stolen bases—Bowdoin, 6; Exeter, 4. First base on balls—by Plaisted, 5; by Johnson, 4. First base on errors—Bowdoin, 3; Exeter, 7. Struck out—by Plaisted, 4; by Johnson, 9. Passed balls—Allen, 2. Wild pitches—Johnson, 2. Umpires—Creamer and Barker.

Bowdoin, 30; M. S. C., 8.

Bowdoin won her second easy victory over Maine State College at Bangor, Thursday, June 1st, by the above score. The Bangor papers said the batting of the Bowdoin boys was the hardest ever seen in that city. Fairbanks, Chapman, Savage, Hutchinson, and Plaisted did the best batting, the first two getting home runs. M. S. C. got five runs in the first inning and then were no longer in the game, although doing good batting. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, r.f.,	6	5	5	10	2	0	0
Savage, 3b.,	6	4	4	6	3	1	0
Hinkley, l.f.,	7	2	3	3	1	0	0
Williams, lb.,	7	3	2	2	9	1	1
Hutchinson, s.s.,	5	3	3	7	2	7	1
Sykes, 2b.,	6	4	3	3	1	2	2
Allen, c.,	5	4	2	2	9	5	0
Chapman, c.f.,	5	2	3	7	0	0	0
Plaisted, p.,	6	3	4	6	0	2	2
Totals,	53	30	29	46	27	11	6

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Durham, c.f.,	4	1	2	2	4	1	1
Palmer, l.f.,	5	0	0	0	1	1	0
Ricker, s. s.,	5	2	3	4	1	3	2
Hayes, r.f.,	5	2	3	5	1	0	2
Ledyard, 3b., p.,	5	1	1	1	2	1	2
Frost, p., 3b.,	5	1	2	2	1	1	0
DeHaseth, c.,	5	1	1	1	4	1	1
Farrell, 2b.,	3	0	2	4	4	1	1
French, lb.,	4	0	2	2	5	0	0
Totals,	41	8	15	20	23	9	9

Earned runs—Bowdoin, 11; M. S. C., 3. Two-base hits—Savage 2, Hutchinson 2, Chapman, Ricker, Hayes 2. Three-base hits—Fairbanks, Hutchinson, Plaisted, Farrell. Home runs—Fairbanks, Chapman. Stolen bases—Bowdoin, 9; M. S. C., 2. Double plays—Allen and Savage, Durham and French. Base on balls—Fairbanks, Savage, Hutchinson 2, Allen, Chapman, Sykes, Durham 2, Palmer, Farrell. Struck out—by Plaisted, 10. Passed balls—DeHaseth. Time of game—2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire—Casey.

BOWDOIN WINS FROM M. S. C., BY FORFEIT.

Bowdoin and M. S. C. were to have played again in Bangor Saturday, but the latter team was evidently not anxious for another crushing defeat and forfeited the game to Bowdoin. This concluded the scheduled league series of nine games, Bowdoin having won seven and lost two.

M. C. I., 8; Bowdoin, 5.

Friday, June 2d, the Maine Central Institute and Pittsfield boys maintained their fine ball record and avenged their defeat of last season by defeating Bowdoin 8 to 5. Both teams did good work in the field, and the fine work of Williams and Burrell in the box prevented heavy hitting. It was a good game throughout. The score:

M. C. I.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ferguson,	4	3	2	2	5	2	1
Burrell,	4	1	2	2	2	4	0
Graves,	4	0	1	1	2	2	2
Pennell,	4	0	1	2	2	0	0
Bowman,	4	0	0	0	1	2	0
Giles,	2	1	1	1	2	1	1
Friend,	4	2	2	2	1	0	1
Waldreu,	3	1	0	0	10	0	0
Bean,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals,	33	8	9	10	27	11	5

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 1b.,	4	1	1	1	9	0	2
Savage, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	1	2	1
Hinkley, l.f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Williams, p.,	4	1	0	0	1	12	1
Hutchinson, s.s.,	4	1	0	0	4	1	0
Sykes, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Allen, c.,	3	0	0	0	8	6	0
Chapman, c.f.,	4	0	3	4	1	0	0
Leighton, r.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	32	5	6	7	24	21	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. C. I.,	2	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0-8
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	0-5

Stolen bases—Savage, Hinkley, Sykes 2, Fairbanks, Ferguson, Burrell, Friend. Two-base hits—Chapman, Pennell. Wild pitches—by Williams, 2. Struck out—by Burrell, 3; by Williams, 9. Passed balls—Bowman, 1; Allen, 1. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—Purington.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE BALL TEAM.

	At Bat.	Base Hits.	Totals.
Savage,	34	.471	.735
Hutchinson,	33	.424	.636
Fairbanks,	36	.417	.722
Williams,	38	.395	.789
Hinkley,	43	.395	.535
Chapman,	36	.333	.472
Sykes,	33	.333	.455
Plaisted,	31	.258	.355
Allen,	36	.167	.278
Leighton,	4	.250	1.000
Farrington,	5	.000	.000

The above averages may not be absolutely correct, as they are taken from the published scores and not from the official score, but they give a good idea of the heavy batting done by this year's team.

BOAT RACE.

The Sophomore-Freshman race came off Thursday, June 8th. The day was as fine as could be asked for, and just enough breeze was stirring in the morning to make it comfortable. The race was scheduled to take place at nine o'clock, and after the usual delay the crews came out of the boat-house and pulled down the river, which by this time was very smooth, scarcely a ripple stirring its surface. In pulling down to the starting place a bolt broke on one of the outriggers of the Sophomore's shell. The crews came back to the boat-house and after some trouble and delay the bolt was replaced by another. The race was started a few minutes past eleven. The Freshmen had taken about twelve strokes when Stone tore his left shoe from its fastenings. He pushed it back and kept on as well as he could under the circumstances. The Freshmen led until

near the finish. The Sophomores were steadily gaining on them, when Baker called for the spurt. Stone, in trying to spurt, pulled the shoe completely from its fastenings and of course went over backwards, capsizing the boat. The Sophomores pulled in, winning a race which would have been very close and exciting had the accident not happened. Both crews pulled well and the result would have been very doubtful if Stone, who was one of the best men in the Freshman boat, had not been handicapped.

FIELD DAY.

The Annual Field Meet of the Athletic Association was held Thursday afternoon, and was the most successful ever seen here. The grounds in Topsham were in fine condition, and five records were broken.

This Meet shows that Bowdoin has plenty of material for track athletics, if we only had a suitable place to train. All Bowdoin men hope to see a running track here soon, a thing we must have if we expect to compete with other colleges on even terms. The class of '95 won with sixty-three points. '96 finished with thirty-five; the Seniors with thirty-two; and '94 with five.

The following men started in the trial heats of the Hundred-Yards Dash: Knowlton, '95, Carleton, '93, Bucknam, '93, French, '95, Brown, '96, Chapman, '94, Jones, '93, Fairbanks, '95, Lovejoy, '95, Lord, '95, Doherty, '95. Jones, '93, won, with French second and Carleton third. Time—11 seconds.

The following men started in the Half-Mile Run: Knowlton, '95, Leighton, '95, Lord, '95, Soule, '95. Lord took first place, Soule second, and Knowlton third. Time—2.12½.

Ordway, '96, Jones, '93, Brown, '96, Doherty, '95, Oakes, '96, Lord, '95, ran the 120-Yards Hurdle. Jones won in 19 seconds, with Doherty second and Oakes third.

In the Bicycle Race, Lyford, '96, Ordway, '96, Roberts, '95, and Coburn, '96, contested. Coburn rode the two miles in 7.24; Ordway, second; Roberts, third.

Carleton, '93, French, '95, Doherty, '95, Bates, '96, started in the 440-yards Dash. Carleton won in 55½ seconds; Doherty, '95, second; Bates, '96, third.

MILE RUN.

Burbank, '96, Webber, '95, Hicks, '95, and Soule, '95, ran in the Mile Run. Soule won; Webber, second; Burbank, third. Time—5.43½.

220-YARDS HURDLE.

The following men started: French, '95, Brown, '96, Doherty, '95, Oakes, '96. First, Brown; second, Doherty; third, French. Time—29 seconds.

POLE VAULT.

Bucknam, '93, Fairbanks, '95, Bates, '96, contested. Bates won, vaulting 8 feet 1 inch. Fairbanks and Bucknam were tied for second place.

220-YARDS DASH.

Carleton, '93, Brown, '96, Chapman, '94, Jones, '93, Fairbanks, '95, started. Carleton, first; Fairbanks, second; Jones, third. Time—24½ seconds.

MILE WALK.

Jackson, '95, Minot, '96, E. Thomas, '94, started. Thomas, first; Jackson, second; Minot, third. Time—8.58½.

TWO-MILE RUN.

Knowlton, '95, Soule, '95, Burbank, '96. Soule won in 10 minutes 55½ seconds, breaking the record by 23 seconds. Knowlton was second, with Burbank third.

PUTTING SHOT.

French, '95, Fairbanks, '95, Kimball, '95, Bates, '96. Kimball, first; Bates, second; Fairbanks, third. Record 33 feet 3 inches.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Bucknam, '93, French, '95, Warren, '96, Jones, '93, Smith, '96, French, '96, Kimball, '95, Bates, '96. Bates and Smith tied for first place. They tossed for the medal, Bates winning it. French was third. Record, 5 feet 3 inches.

THROWING HAMMER.

Carleton, '93, French, '95, Kimball, '95, Bates, '96, Coburn, '96. Kimball, first; Carleton, second; Bates, third. Record, 89 feet, breaking the record by 13 feet.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Bucknam, '93, French, '95, Warren, '96, Jones, '93, Lord, '95, Kimball, '95. Jones, first; Kimball, second; French, third. Record, 19 feet 9½ inches.

RESULT BY CLASSES.

'93,	32	Points.
'94,	5	"
'95,	63	"
'96,	35	"

TENNIS.

As was generally expected the college tournament resulted in Dana, '94, winning the singles, and Payson, '93, and Dana, '94, the doubles. The finals in singles were between Dana, '96, and Dana, '94, but although the former played a steady game he at no time had any chance of winning. Pierce, '93, succeeded in taking second place in singles, and Pierce and Pickard won second place in doubles.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURNAMENT.

The second annual tournament of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association was held in Portland May 30-31, June 1-2, each college having its full number of representatives. In the first round of singles Pierce of Bowdoin succeeded in defeating Perkins of Colby after the latter led him 5-3 in the decisive set. Dana defeated his man without great difficulty.

FIRST ROUND.		
Dana (Bowdoin)	defeated	Stimson (Colby).
Haywood (M. S. C.)	defeated	Joiner (Bates).
Pierce (Bowdoin)	defeated	Perkins (Colby).
Wakefield (Bates)	defeated	Gibbs (M. S. C.).

In the second round Dana defeated Haywood, 6-0, 6-1, and Pierce after a long up-hill fight won from his Bates opponent.

SECOND ROUND.		
Dana	defeated	Haywood.
Pierce	defeated	Wakefield.

The finals between Pierce and Dana went to the latter in three straight sets. Pierce put up a strong game and in the third set Dana had great difficulty in winning. Score, 6-1, 6-3, 10-8.

The play in doubles was on the whole more even than in singles. To the surprise of every one Wakefield and Pettigrew of Bates, won from Dana and Payson in two straight sets, neither of the Bowdoin men playing their usual game.

FIRST ROUND.		
Pierce and Pickard (Bowdoin)	defeated	Stimson and Millett (Colby).
Wakefield and Pettigrew (Bates)	defeated	Payson and Dana (Bowdoin).
Perkins and Conners (Colby)	defeated	Murray and Smith (M. S. C.).
Boothby and Hilton (Bates)	defeated	Haywood and Gibbs (M. S. C.).

After some close playing Boothby and Hilton defeated Perkins and Conners. Pierce and Pickard took the first set from Wakefield and Pettigrew easily, but lost the second. In the third, with the score 5-3 against them, the Bowdoin men rallied and won the set and the match, 7-5.

The finals between Boothby and Hilton of Bates and Pierce and Pickard of Bowdoin, who held the championship last year, were remarkable for their great length and for the remarkable rally made by the Bowdoin men after the match was apparently lost, rather than for the brilliancy of the play, which throughout was rather slow. Bates won the first set 6-4, and took the second by the same score. In the third set the Bates men could have won the match by getting a single point but lost it, and with it the match, as the Bowdoin men took the set 9-7, and the two succeeding sets 10-8, 10-8.

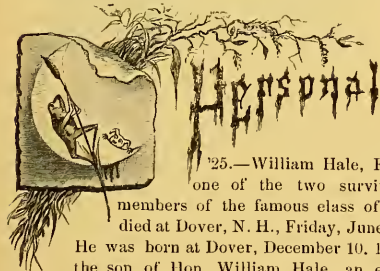
Pierce succeeded in defeating Haywood and Stinson in the contests for second place in singles, thus winning the third cup for Bowdoin.

With their usual generosity Messrs. Partridge & Co., Wright & Ditson, and Owen, Moore & Co. presented fine rackets to the Association for use as individual prizes.

Throughout the tournament the weather was perfect and large crowds of people, including many ladies, were almost constantly in attendance. The tournament was under the management of F. W. Pickard, '94.

N. E. I. A. A. FIELD DAY.

Our record at Worcester, and the result of the various events of the meet are so well known that we give no synopsis of them. Suffice it to say that while we did not score, we by no means made a showing of which to be ashamed. Several of our men in the field events took fourth place, and in the dashes our representatives several times just missed a place in the final heats. That we shall send a stronger team next year goes without saying; that we shall score seems equally certain. Indeed, the records made last week at the annual field day meet would have given us second place in one event, and several of the running records could have been greatly bettered if the winners had been hard pressed.



pany, but was himself the largest stockholder, sinking considerable money in the enterprise before its completion. He was one of the early projectors of steam navigation upon Lake Winnipiseogee. He represented the town of Dover in the New Hampshire Legislature, and was well known as one of the best of town moderators, serving as such for many years. At the time of his death he was president of the Dover and Winnipiseogee Railroad. He retained his mental and physical faculties in a remarkable degree up to within a few days of his decease. He was an enterprising man of business, a good citizen, zealous for the growth and prosperity of his native town, cordial in his manner, courteous in speech and action, a cultivated gentleman of the old school, full of pride in the distinguished family of which he was a member, and of the name which he had inherited from a long line of ancestry.

The death of Mr. Hale leaves the nine oldest classes of which any members survive in a remarkable position, as there is but one living member of each, beginning with the class of 1820, from which class and through the following there is no break in the roll of living alumni. Of the class of 1820 is Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D., the oldest living alumnus of the college; 1821, Isaac W. Wheelwright, Esq.; 1822, Charles E. Barret, Esq.; 1823, Richard W. Dummer, Esq.; 1824, Frederick W. Burke, Esq.; 1825, Hon. James W. Bradbury, LL.D.; 1826, Isaac McLellan, the poet; 1827, ex-Senator Felch; 1828, Rev. Sanford A. Kingsbury, D.D. The list begins and ends with a doctor of divinity, and contains two ex-Senators of the United States.

'35.—Henry V. Poor, Esq., has published a work upon Protection, entitled, "The Tariff: Its Bearing upon the Industries and Politics of the United States."

'42.—Rev. Charles Morris Blake, U. S. A., died at San Francisco, June 3d. He was born at Brewer, in December, 1819. Upon receiving his degree he went to Philadelphia, attending lectures in the Jefferson Medical College. He also studied theology there under the distinguished Rev. Albert Barnes, and in 1845 was licensed to preach. In 1849 he went out to California, by way of Mexico, and was at the mines for six months after the discovery of gold. For a year he was editor of the *Pacific News*, the second newspaper established in San Francisco. In 1852 he established a collegiate school for boys in Benicia, which has grown into the St. Augustine College. For three years from 1854 he was pastor and teacher among the Scotch miners in the coal-fields of Chile. In 1857 he returned to Pennsylvania, and preached in the central part of that State for several years, having been ordained at Valparaiso in 1855.

At the opening of the war he was commissioned chaplain in the U. S. army, a position which he held for many years. He was also engaged in raising regiments of colored infantry under President Lincoln's orders. Before Charleston, S. C., he received a severe wound. Since the war he served as hospital chaplain at Chattanooga, and was for several years stationed at Camp Grant, in Arizona. His last years were spent at San Francisco. His death was due to pneumonia, and came about very suddenly.

'44.—The class of 1844 will hold a reunion and dinner in Portland during commencement week. Two members of the class have died since last commencement—Judge William Wirt Virgin and Joshua Sears Palmer, both of Portland.

'50.—General Oliver O. Howard delivered the Memorial Day oration at New Bedford, Mass., and held the enthusiastic attention of the largest crowd ever assembled in the opera house in that city.

'75.—Edwin Herbert Hall, Ph.D., has been re-elected Assistant Professor of Physics at Harvard College for five years from September 1, 1893.

'89.—William M. Emery, city editor of the New Bedford *Evening Journal*, is reporting the Borden murder trial for his paper, and is also acting as the trial correspondent for the *Boston News*. A Massachusetts press notice says of Mr. Emery in this connection: "He is well known to the people of this city, and has to equal in this section of the state in work of this sort."

'92.—H. W. Kimball, of Andover Theological Seminary, has received an appointment from the Maine Missionary Society, and will supply the pulpit of the Congregational church at Standish and Sebago the coming summer vacation.

'92.—J. D. Merriman, of Bethel, has gone upon a four weeks' trip to Chicago to "see the World's Fair."

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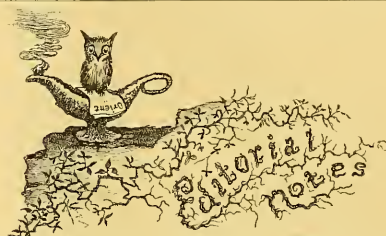
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A quiet Commencement week is not always indicative of either a lack of interest on the part of the graduates or of lack of attractiveness in the college itself. The week just passed was, on the whole, less eventful than any Commencement for several years; the number of graduates who were present was unusually small, and the literary exercises were rather thinly attended. That it should so happen is not to be wondered at. The graduating class was small. Other events of general interest were going on at the same time. Moreover the fact that next year the college celebrates its centennial led many of the classes, whose reunions would have been held this year, to postpone them until 1894. Naturally many alumni, who live at a distance from Brunswick and who cannot often attend, preferred to wait until next year when they can be sure of meeting hundreds of graduates whom they could see at no other time.

The weather, with the exception of one day, was warm and pleasant. The various literary and social meetings were a success, and all present seemed to enjoy themselves. That the Commencement Dance was held in the Town Hall and not on the Campus was a disappointment to many, as the night was perfect, and those present the year before had vivid recollections of the beautiful appearance the grounds presented when

illuminated by a myriad of lanterns and decorated by an endless profusion of bunting.

OUR readers will find, we are sure, much to interest them in this issue of the ORIENT. We publish the Class Day parts, Professor Chapman's Address, Mr. Newcomb's Oration, and the Goodwin Commencement Prize Oration in full, and give copious extracts from many of the Commencement dinner speeches, beside a more or less extended account of the other exercises of the week. It is needless to say that this entails great additional labor and expense. The ORIENT is not wealthy. It is not even well to do. It depends largely upon graduate subscriptions and, if the truth must be told, is not as well supported by the alumni as it should be, either in the way of subscriptions or contributions to its columns. We trust that this state of things is only temporary, but we can say from three years of experience that it has existed for that length of time, and we fear will continue much longer unless some of our alumni show some active interest. The ORIENT may not rival the *Forum*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, *Puck*, or even the Sunday newspaper in their chosen lines, but it is the representative of the active undergraduate life of the college, and as such, and only as such, is worthy of support from graduates and undergraduates alike.

THOSE desiring extra copies of this number (and we hope they will be many) can obtain them during the summer months from Byron Stevens, Brunswick, Me. The price is 25 cents.

THE college base-ball season ends in a most unsatisfactory manner, thanks to the refusal of the Bates management to play off the tie between Bowdoin and that institution. Although our manager, Mr. Clifford,

has repeatedly offered to play, and has exerted every endeavor to arrange a game, Bates has steadily refused to come to an agreement, and has not even had the manliness to formally forfeit the game to Bowdoin, though by not accepting our offers she has virtually done so.

Bates offers no explanation of her unwillingness to play, but if the general impression is correct, the true reason is that she is afraid of defeat. It would seem that honorable defeat should be preferred to cowardly evasion. Bates has put herself in an unenviable position.

Another Yell.

SOMERVILLE, MASS., June 10, 1893.

To the Editors of the Bowdoin Orient:

I HAVE read with great interest the articles on the "Yell Question," which have appeared in the ORIENT, and I sincerely hope that you will continue to push the matter until Bowdoin has a yell at once creditable to the college and to him who evolved it from his brain. The need of a better college yell than the present substitute for one is perfectly obvious; yet in my time we did not even have class yells; and 'Ninety deserves great credit for introducing her excellent yell, setting an example which has been followed by succeeding classes.

A good college yell is a positive necessity from the time college opens in the fall till it closes at Commencement. Nothing encourages a nine, or eleven, or any other team like a rousing cheer from its supporters. Though we had no good yell in my time, our fellows were not unaware of the stimulating effect of one, as shown, for instance, at a game of ball between the Bowdoin and the Portland League team, when the score was rapidly rolling up against the collegians, and it looked as if they would "go to pieces," a classmate of mine (after-

ward president of the Y. M. C. A.), almost beside himself with grief, turned to those about him and said, with an appealing sob, "Let's (*hie*) spell 'Bowdoin,' boys!" What would he not have given for a good cheer?

A good college yell is the *crying* need of Bowdoin. She has as fine a body of students as any college in the world, and they are constantly increasing in numbers and excellence; she has a president who is the glory and pride of undergraduates and alumni alike; a faculty of young, able, progressive men, thoroughly in harmony with the students; a most admirable system of student self-government, devised by the well-beloved Professor Smith; a library which may well serve as a model; a bright, progressive, *unshackled* ORIENT—and why should she not have a yell? If the students would show as much ingenuity in devising a yell for the college that they do in burlesquing Bates' rattling cheer, she would not long want for one.

Of all (the few) that have appeared, by far the best, in my opinion, is

"Seventeen - ninety - four,
Cis - Boom - Ba,
Bowdoin - Bowdoin,
Rah - Rah - Rah!"

which is, indeed, far from being a bad yell, especially as Bowdoin's centennial comes next year; yet

"Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Bowdoin! Bowdoin!
Orient! Engle! Brunswick! Bowdoin!"

has its merits, too.

I was at once pleased and disappointed with the article, "Half-Way There,"—pleased with its pungent and readable style, and disappointed that the writer left the question just where he found it. Lest my own communication be open to the latter criticism, I will offer a yell, which, however far it may be from being the ideal one, may, in view of the recent great prosperity of

the college, be considered better than none at all:

"Rah-rah, Rah-rah. On the Gain!
Bowdoin! Bowdoin! Brunswick, Maine!"

Hoping we shall have a good yell by next fall, I remain,

Yours truly,

W. T. HALL, JR., '88.

Commencement Exercises.

Abstract of Baccalaureate Sermon by President Hyde.

But when he came to himself he said, I will arise and go to my father.—Luke xv: 17, 18.

There are three stages in the spiritual life of man: world-consciousness, self-consciousness, and God-consciousness. As in nature we have first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear; so in the spiritual life we have first childlike absorption in the sensations that come streaming in from the outside world; then the self-centered ambition of the youth eager to subject all things to his own impetuous and imperious will; after that the devotion of this matured power of self-assertion to the service of that higher will of whom both the order of nature and the ideal of man are the revelation and expression.

The transition from innocent absorption in the world as it is to the self-centered ambition which strives to make a world exactly to our private liking, whether it is viewed in the race or the individual, is rightly regarded as a temporary fall.

After the fall comes pain, after the feasting comes hunger, after the wandering comes homesickness, after sin come remorse and penitence. Seeking to find ourselves in outward things we find only our incompleteness. We cannot be satisfied with the husks that so perfectly satisfy the swine. "Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness."

The half truth of pessimism is this contrast between the infinity of the soul and the finitude of all outward things; and the escape from it is to be found in the union of the infinite longing of the heart of man with the infinite fullness of the life of God. We can find permanent satisfaction in nothing short of the recognition that the outward world of matter and the inward ideal of the mind are

expressions of the one Infinite Spirit, whose thoughts we can think after him, and whose will we can adopt as our own end and aim. We come to ourselves only in so far as we arise and go to our Father. The unconscious innocence of childhood and the self-seeking ambition of youth are stages in the development of the mature character. They have their temporary use; but they exist to be transcended. They should remain only as subordinated and incorporated elements in a generous and unselfish service of objective and social ends. Unless we put away the childish things of mere passive innocence and idle curiosity, we remain forever weak and frivolous and useless. Unless we likewise put away the youthful things of self-centered ambition and desire for fame and wealth and place and power, we remain forever dwarfed and stunted, and our work becomes shallow, superficial, and pretentious. At this transition point in your lives may you all have wisdom and grace to rise above mere self-indulgence and mere self-assertion to that high devotion to social and universal ends which in these modern days is what we all understand to be the practical expression of the true religious life. May you so realize the incompleteness of the finite that you may seek the Infinite. May you so come to yourselves that you may arise and go to your Father.

Junior Prize Declamation.

A LARGE audience assembled in Upper Memorial Hall, Monday evening, to hear the Junior Prize Speaking. There were eight contestants, several of whom did noticeably well. The first prize was awarded to George A. Merrill; the second to Harry E. Andrews. The programme was as follows:

The Great Canon.—Hugo. F. J. Libby, Richmond.
Death of Sidney Carton.—Dickens.

R. P. Plaisted, Augusta.
Mohammed.—Meredith.

B. B. Whitcomb, Ellsworth.
The Death Bridge of the Tay.—Carleton.

G. A. Merrill, Pownal.
Joan of Arc.—De Quincy. F. W. Dana, Portland.
Beginnings of Revolution.—Everett.

R. H. Baxter, Portland.
The Teacher the Hope of America.—Ells.

T. C. Chapman, Springfield, Mass.

Napoleon Bonaparte.—Phillips.

H. E. Andrews, Kennebunk.

The judges were Professor Wells, Professor Little, and J. L. Doolittle, '88.

The committee in charge was composed of H. E. Andrews, R. P. Plaisted, and G. A. Merrill.

Class Day.

OFFICERS OF '93.

President, C. H. Savage.
Marshal, E. H. Carleton.

Committee: J. S. May, A. R. Jenks, and J. W. Lambert.

The exercises of the morning were held in Upper Memorial before a fair-sized audience who were deeply interested in the parts. The class, led by their marshal, marched in to the music of the Salem Cadet Band and took their assigned seats on the platform. President Charles H. Savage introduced the speakers. After the opening prayer by Charles H. Howard, Mr. H. C. Fabyan delivered the following oration:

CLASS-DAY ORATION.

By H. C. FABYAN.

Mr. President, Fellow-Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is an age of independence. The surest way to strike a responsive chord in an American heart is to relate the story of some soul or nation struggling to free itself from the bondage of slavery. We look with admiration at the independence and self-reliance of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Washington—those shining lights of history. What true American does not lend a sympathizing ear to the tale of the Swiss struggle for freedom and the noble self-sacrifice of William Tell? What patriotic citizen does not even now rejoice in the thought that our forefathers offered up their lives to make a nation free and independent, and that our fathers willingly imperiled the life and happiness of this nation to free an enslaved race?

There are times and places for recreation and pleasure; there are times and places for the particular work of life; but patriotism—true patriotism—knows no time nor place. Like true charity, it is always with us. Wherever in our country man

becomes degraded or oppressed, it is the patriot's duty to lift him up and protect him.

I purpose this morning to call attention to that class of people which constitutes, by far, the greater part of our population—the laborers—and especially to the attitude assumed by the organized workmen against their independent fellow-workmen. By independent or individual workmen I mean simply those men who work satisfied and giving satisfaction to their employers without the aid of organization. In order, however, to obtain a clearer view of this situation and of its injustice, it is well to notice first and briefly the condition of Labor in its greater struggle against Capital.

A glance at the necrology of this country will confirm the assertion that during the past fifteen years more men possessed of great private fortunes have passed away than during the hundred years immediately preceding. The significance of this fact can hardly be overlooked by the mass of thoughtful men. Notwithstanding that the workman is often assured that, in some essential conditions, he is now superior even to the English kings of two centuries ago, this great increase in the private fortunes of to-day is certainly greater than the proportionate advance made by the laboring classes. That the laboring men are realizing, more and more, this disproportionate improvement in their financial standing, is evinced by the great increase, within the last few years, in the number and magnitude of organized strikes and boycotts, their weapons of offense and of defense.

In recent times the death of a millionaire seems to refresh the memory of the average workingman with his own comparative condition, and serves to create in the minds of the great laboring classes a dissatisfaction and disturbance, as great, perhaps, and as general as that disturbance which the mythical Euecladus, buried beneath unquiet Ætna, is said to have caused in ancient Sicily.

The struggle of Labor against Capital is historic. It may also be said to be prehistoric. It had grown old long before Columbus, on his tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic, first saw, through the gathering darkness, the moving lights on San Salvador; long even before Christianity had begun to shed its humanizing influence throughout the civilized world; and an attempt to trace out the various phases which it has assumed, or to show the workings of the almost countless schemes which have been proposed and tested for its solution, would be unavailing. With advancing civilization, and continual improvements in machinery, the difficulties

of the problem have likewise increased, and from its present stern and stubborn aspect, the shadows of an approaching millennium are faint indeed. A fundamental law and principle of adjustment for this disastrous conflict have been sought for by the greatest intellects in historical times. Draco and Solon, Plato and Aristotle realized the great social and economic loss caused by this struggle, but they also realized the difficulties of bringing it to a peaceful close by accomplishing the task of making all men equal. They saw, as we see to-day, that the process is only effected by evolution. This evolution from slavery to the present condition of the laboring man in the English-speaking world, is one of the most important changes in the history of mankind. While, however, it has taken countless ages in its progression, its present state is still far from ideal. The laboring men of England and America have arrived only at a condition in which they can wage a more disastrous war against the capitalists, and can obtain to a greater degree the fulfillment of their demands.

While the public mind has been absorbed in watching the progress of this struggle, another difficulty, incoincident for many years from its comparative harmlessness, has been gradually maturing, until it is now no longer possible to ignore its existence. When that great statesman, Thomas Jefferson, whose name the American people will always revere, uttered in the Declaration of Independence that famous sentence that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the laboring men blessed him as their friend and protector against the power and oppression of capital. It was only reasonable that they rejoiced at this recognition of their freedom. Soon after, for their own protection against capital, labor unions began to be organized in various parts of the country. These, demanding equal rights for all, were for many years loosely organized, but the various unions, becoming improved and perfected, gradually united into a few and became formidable weapons in the hands of their leaders. To-day it is well known that there do not exist in the United States organizations more powerful to accomplish both good and harm than the foremost labor unions.

The right of the working man to organize is unquestionable, and that employer is plainly in the wrong who attempts to prevent any such union among his workmen. If capital organizes to accomplish its purposes, if it looks up its goods for its own future profits, it would be eminently unfair to deny

to labor an equal right. That Cræsus who to-day considers it insolent and presumptuous in his servant to propose conditions to him, displays but little real knowledge of the affairs of men.

These organizations have done much to advance the condition of the laborer in this country. They have obtained for him many rights for which he might otherwise have sought in vain.

No one will deny to these unions praise and sympathy, in so far as they have sought for justice from their employers; but, when they attempt to dictate to the individual workman outside their ranks; when, regardless of his own desires, they compel him to work when, where, and for what prices they themselves decide, or to starve; when, by threats of a disastrous strike, they compel the employer to discharge his non-union men, for the mere reason that they are non-union men, and to replace them by others (perhaps inferior in skill) from their own ranks; when they thus take away from the individual workingmen those sacred "rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," they can no longer expect to retain that public sympathy which brought them into power. They overstep the line of justice no less than do their hereditary opponents. In their wild scramble to thwart the aims of capital they take no note of the sacrifice among the laborers themselves. They think nothing of the destruction of a hundred laborers, if only the so-called "rights of labor" can be sustained against a single employer. If these unions only can obtain justice from capital, it matters not what may be the cost of that justice to the independent workingman.

Five centuries ago, when the Black Death had decimated the laborers of England, when workmen were few and labor was therefore in great demand, the parliament of Edward III. decreed that the workingman should not receive more than his usual price for his labor. It is with righteous indignation that the labor unions of to-day look back on that government as tyrannical and oppressive. Yet how much in the management of these same unions do parallels of that tyranny exist? The workmen of five centuries ago were not more absolutely controlled by the English government than are great numbers of individual laborers controlled to-day by mismanaged labor organizations.

When such unions, founded upon the principles of liberty and the equality of all men, drive out of employment large numbers of faithful, contented, but unorganized workingmen; when, by the aid of the boycott and the strike, they prevent employers

throughout the commercial world from giving employment to these men thus driven out; when hundreds and thousands of deserving laborers are ruined by the misguided action of these unions, it is clear to every honest, thoughtful supporter of Labor that it is fleeing from one evil only to rush into another; that in its blind and furious attacks against Capital, it is perverting its own aims.

These champions of labor, these scheming leaders who are foremost in urging the committal of such unjust acts, are no true friends of labor; and unions sanctioning such injustice must find, to their cost, that public opinion which brought them into being, can destroy them as well. They appealed, for their organization against capital, to public sympathy, and it responded heartily. But now they in turn, by their injustice to the individual workmen, are proving no less false to their trust than capital itself has so often proved.

We here in America know the force of public opinion. We are a progressive society, and in such society public opinion reigns supreme. Here no president would expect to govern, no statesman to succeed, no politician to live (politically), without keeping his hand continually upon the pulse of public sentiment. Nor can any great reform be expected to prosper which cannot attract the support of public opinion. In his famous contest with Douglas, President Lincoln spoke not without meaning when he said: "With public opinion on its side, everything succeeds; with public sentiment against it, nothing succeeds." Public opinion united the thirteen weak and antagonistic colonies in the bonds of national sisterhood; public sympathy joined together the states of the North for the suppression of slavery in the South; public sentiment condemns the criminal and frees the innocent, places commerce and finances in hopeless uncertainty and in prosperous security, roots out the evil whether it be in business, in politics, or in religion, and replaces it by the good. This sentiment is, to be sure, slow in action, but by no means to be mistaken; slow, oftentimes, to be disseminated, but none the less sure of its hold upon the public mind.

As the neighboring river, with its power to turn thousands of looms and spindles, is not formed from one great spring, but, rising in a tiny stream near Mt. Washington's lofty height, it attains its force by the constant accumulations of small streams along its valley,—so public opinion is not formed by the single speech of some great statesman, but by the constant and repeated utterances of the many. Every endeavor to make known the condition of

men, of fellow-citizens, deserving of the right, yet suffering wrong; desiring freedom and independence, yet oppressed and tyrannized over by their fellow-workmen,—every such endeavor aids in forming this public sentiment.

To-day the non-union workingmen are appealing to public sympathy for justice and protection against oppressive labor unions, and gradually heed is being given to this appeal. Already the highest tribunal in the country has pronounced against such injustice,—and it would be wrong to impute to the American people that they would knowingly suffer such a destruction of the liberties of the weak to be sustained by their sympathy. Not yet have been forgotten those Jeffersonian principles which form the very key-stone of our constitutional structure. As surely as that sympathy which has been extended to these organized laborers has been misused, so surely will it, in due time, be withdrawn; and its withdrawal is the removal of the prop by which these unions are sustained.

After another selection by the band, which was heartily encored, Mr. Peabody read the class poem with his usual felicity of expression.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

BY CLARENCE W. PEABODY.

Time's record is but brief. The items read
To-day "books closed; into the world is freed
Some certain number." Time records no name
As yet, nor ever will record till fame
And honor to their equal ranks have come,
And for the world's rewards have chosen some.
To-day, schooled in the wisdom of the past,
Into the present they go forth to cast
Their lines into the future's unknown deep.
Hope, joy, and strength, and bold ambition keep
Eternal watch within the young man's heart.
Distrust and fear must ever stand apart.
And yet impatient youth does not refuse
To heed the words of wisdom, or to use
Such counsel as it finds to build more high
The fabric it is raising toward the sky.

When he, our country's laureate uncrowned,
He whose great name has sanctified this ground,
Raised in yon church his noble hymn to age,
He honored youth upon the self-same page,
And from his wisdom offered for a guide
The old, old verse that Britomartis spied

Upon the enchanter's door. We, too, may heed
The poet's sage advice; we, too, may read
Into our souls this motto grand and old—
"Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold.
Be not too bold, yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less."
But boldness is the soldier's word; the shout
Of battle and the angry waves that flout
The fragile bark, the dreary polar waste,
The Congo's pathless swamp, where must be faced
The poisoned arrow of an unseen foe,
These call for boldness; what have we to show
Like these? What need of boldness have we here
Amid the promise of a calm career?
Yet trust the words of wisdom, for in all
The peaceful paths we follow there is call
For men who do and dare. To these alone
The hidden wonders of the world are shown.

The time for choosing our life-work is come.
The famed arena of the law to some
Holds out attraction; from the student life
Of quiet they go forth into the strife
Of business, to defend the rights of men.
The lawyer should be bold and fearless when
He fights for justice, bold to place the right
Above old customs and old laws, which slight
The manifold requirements of new
Conditions, new relations; should be true
To those who trust him with affairs of state,
By boldly guarding them against the fate
Of their too hasty judgments, even though
His own ambition suffers overthrow.
The lawyer should be bold, but not too bold;
Attempt new laws, respect, revere the old.

Death is a foe that seldom meets his meed;
Who fights with death must needs be bold indeed.
You who go forth to heal the ills of man,
Your work is not completed when you scan
The pages of the past. This age is yours.
The patient work of science from the doors
Of charlatans at last has stricken down
The emblems of your noble trade; the frown
Of superstitious ages was on those
Who wrought the change; who boldly dared expose
The hollow farce of customary cure,
To sift away the false and save the pure.
The end is not yet come; be bold to say
That no disease henceforth shall hold its sway
Over the destinies of man; be bold
To prove your bold assertion and unfold
Before the scoffing world the fruits of deep
Research. Let hidden truths no longer sleep.

And you, O mild physician of the soul,
Has boldness place upon your parchment roll,
Where figure meekness, faith, and hope and love?
It has, indeed, a place, though not above
The rest. Be meek and faithful, but proclaim,
With fearless tongue, the Master in whose name
You act. Be bold to sift the truth from old
Mistake and error; but be not too bold,—
Destroy not ancient landmarks, for they trace
The boundaries of our faith. Yet boldly place
The chisel to the stone, and cut away
The rust which hides it from the light of day.
Fear not the wrath of synods nor their ban;
Hold with your brothers if with truth you can;
But if from their communion you are hurled,
Like Athanasius, stand against the world.

O man of science, dreaming even now
Of forces still unchained, and planning how
This element and that may be compelled
Into man's service. Wondering we have held
Your predecessors' work before our eyes.
The kite that Franklin flew in stormy skies,
And Newton's apple-fall, which served to find
Another secret of the Eternal Mind,
These and the other little things which fall
Before the eyes of earnest men, are all
That science builds upon, save boldness;—this
The law of nature fashions; and they miss
Its deep import who lack in boldness. You
To this our motto, scientist, be true.
In nature's chaos pathways boldly blaze;
Cut back the hedges of the ancient ways.
Be ever bold. In nature there still lie
Deep secrets unrevealed to human eye.

To you whose busy pen records each day
The progress of the world, what need to say
To you the poet's motto; 'tis your own.
In this sign have you conquered. You have shown
What wonders may be wrought by boldness, how
To boldness earth's deep secrets all must bow.
By boldness you have unearthed crimes, explored
Dark continents, ruled nations; and the sword
Rusts on the wall. The editorial pen
Of boldness is the symbol to all men.

And if from busy life the pen depart
To seek its inspiration from the heart,
You, too, O writer, may be bold to throw
Your soul into the work and to let go
The fetters of conventionality,
Discard confining rules; be boldly free
To tell your story as you read it in
Your heart, nor count what praises it may win.

The business world calls some; the thousand cares
And interests, the prizes that it bears,
The unknown possibility; the chance
Of rise, the chance of fall, all these enhance
It in their eyes. Be bold and do not fear
The outcome. Boldness wins the prizes here
If backed by worth and merit. Let the tide,
The human tide, not pass you by, but ride
Upon the foremost wave that's onward rolled.
Have wisdom, worth, and knowledge; then be bold.

O teacher, you of all men love the peace
And quiet of secluded life, where cease
The echoes of the world's discordant din;
Yet you have work to do and bold work in
The midst of life. Our fathers boldly reared
The school to guard their liberties, and feared
No danger to the nation while it stood,
Foe to all evil, guardian of good.
You tried and earnest scholars, in whose care
Is placed this dearest charge, well may you bear
Our soldier work and to its voice attend.
Yours is a soldier's duty to defend
Our foremost bulwark from insidious foes
Who mine beneath its lofty towers, and those
More valiant, who are storming at the gate
With weapons forged of ignorance and hate.
Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold
The precious roll of learning to unfold,
That all may share its blessing; and if one
Shall dare to say you nay, then let him shun
The fate of those who raise a traitor's hand
Against the flag which floats above our land,—
The flag that guards each school-house, and in turn
Is guarded by the loyal hearts, who learn
(H, teacher, thou dost boldly teach), of thee
How best they may preserve their liberty.

UNDER THE THORNDIKE OAK.

The programme for the afternoon exercises was as follows:

Opening Address.	MUSIC.	F. M. Shaw.
Class History.	MUSIC.	B. F. Barker.
Class Prophecy.	MUSIC.	M. S. Clifford.
Parting Address.	MUSIC.	A. S. Haggett.

After the class had marched to their seats to the music of the band, and the speakers of the afternoon had taken their places

upon the platform, Mr. Shaw delivered the Opening Address.

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY F. M. SHAW.

As I stand here to-day to deliver the opening address of the last exercises which, as a class, we shall ever conduct, every thought, as it is rudely tossed from my mind, seems to throw back, in reproachful murmur, like the echo from a distant hill-side, the word sadness; sadness, because I realize how little there now remains of these four happy and fruitful years, and that, ere another week has come, our college days will exist only in our memory—the sweetest and, perhaps, the dearest reminiscences of our whole lives.

Still the knowledge that these bright years will ever be with us in memory, and that, however stormy and adverse our after life may be, there will always remain this oasis to cheer and make us forget our hardships in the pleasant recollections of our youth. These very thoughts seem to give a certain touch to our sadness, making it, as one of the most illustrious of Bowdoin's graduates has said:

"A sadness which is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain."

There is a certain satisfaction in beholding our class—the class of '93—associated with the names of those who have gone before and who have long since felt the same dignity and pride as we, about to withdraw from these halls, to leave forever these buildings, suggesting a hundred little incidents—beacons of our course,—to bid a grateful adieu to this campus, beautified by Nature's kindly hand, and honored by yonder graceful spires, and, finally, to part with our name of fellow-students in order that we may assume the broader and, doubtless, more responsible name of fellow-citizens.

What a pleasure there is in looking back over our college course. How quickly our first year flitted by, with its trials and victories, its sports and studies. And how eagerly we threw aside the yoke which held us as Freshmen, and flew to our banquet to assume the dignity and airs of full-fledged Sophs. But Sophomore and Junior years speed on, thinning out our ranks, but still binding us to one another more firmly than ever, and, while other classes are wont to contend and wrangle among themselves for this and that office, we have never broken our bonds of friendship, and, as each class election has come and gone, realize, with

greater force than ever, how proud we ought to be of this special characteristic. Senior year has left us impressed with the deep significance of these four years.

As we are about to step out into the world, perhaps it would be of interest to reflect upon the advantages which a college course offers one, and to see if they are of a practical nature. We hear, nowadays, much talk about the self-made man, meaning one who has won marked success in a few very narrow lines. He often clamors over his good fortune, and is proud to point to the fact that with scarcely any education and with his own energy and shrewdness he has attained an honored and respected position, while many, with a college or university training, are still toiling far beneath him. Such examples, so attractive to the mass of people, leads one into the belief that study, beyond a certain point, is of no practical value and should be confined to the few.

Now no reflections should be cast upon the self-made man; for surely his energy, enterprise, and perseverance are worthy of the highest praise. What I wish to show is that his success is due to three conspiring agencies, and that only one of these does credit to the individual figure. These agencies are, first, his native and inherited endowments; secondly, opportunities for the exercise of these natural abilities—opportunities which have presented themselves to him through no effort on his part,—and thirdly, the only one in which credit can be bestowed upon him is the use which he makes of those natural capacities and opportunities.

If these are the elements that constitute the self-made man—or better, the fortunate, energetic man, for, strictly speaking, no one can possibly be self-made—why cannot they be applied to all spheres of life, and what can be more beneficial than an institution which will strengthen one's natural endowments and train the mind, enabling one to take the highest advantage of whatever course in life he may choose to pursue.

How often one meets a person who stoutly maintains that a college education disqualifies, or, at all events, does not appreciably fit man for a practical life, declaring that it is only in the various phases of manufacturing, industrial, and mercantile pursuits that this indispensable characteristic of life exists. With this assertion the question very naturally arises why is it, then, that a mercantile life always succeeds in turning out year after year its full share of failures. Surely there must be a discrepancy somewhere; for you see unprac-

tical men in business as well as in the professions, in fact, in all the walks of life, and I think the fault lies in the misconception of the phrase of practical life. It ought to signify all the activity which bring man into worthy relations with one another. It is as wide as humanity, and enters into all pursuits that bear upon the moral and intellectual as well as the physical and material interests of mankind.

A college aims to develop a man's self-making powers, which include the control of one's self, of one's faculties, and the ability of mastering and of guiding them with undaunted and intelligent energy to whatever his work, ambition, or the demands of life may summon him. And then the college in order to give the student a training of his whole being, a good foundation on which to build in the future, seeks to include within its scope the literature of all ages, of all nations, and of all subjects, for it is the expression of the best and noblest lives, and the most profound and wisest thoughts. Nor is the study of lives and works the only benefits derived from college. The intercourse of students with one another is an education in itself. It helps to strengthen the student, it broadens his mind, tempers his wits, enables him to more accurately estimate his own ability, and to form noble plans and purposes.

It is not true, as was perhaps the case of yore, that he is not in touch with the outside world. He is, as it were, upon a high hill where he can view the battle of life below and he does not gaze upon it, as many suppose, with indifference, but knowing that he is soon to take part in the strife, his young blood tingles with ambition, and he is always peering hither and thither eager to find the place allotted to him, the one that will offer him the noblest life, and in which he will be of greatest service to his fellow-beings.

A college education develops the altruistic spirit which, as has been said, regards everything human as of itself. It deepens and intensifies a student's sense of justice; its sets constantly before him the noblest ideals of personal and social life; it brings him into close and sympathetic relations with almost every subject and problem, enlisting him in all moves of social and religious importance. Therefore, is it to be wondered at, that we, as members now, and presently to be enrolled as graduates of such a worthy and useful institution, should feel a thrill of pride and deep gratitude towards our *Alma Mater* who has bestowed upon us so many benefits. And we hasten to extend a

heartly and grateful welcome to you all assembled this day to listen to these exercises of the Commencement week of the class of 1893.

Mr. B. F. Barker then read the Class History, its many hits and allusions calling forth frequent applause and laughter.

CLASS HISTORY.

By B. F. BARKER.

It is not a favorable time to write history, almost directly after the events to be recorded have taken place. Space should be left for the various incidents to receive a thin coating of years over their surfaces, when they can be looked at through the light haze of time, and with their defacements and rough corners concealed, a fairer and more impartial account of them can be rendered. Only four years ago did the class of '93 start to make its history and to-day its pages are held up to your eyes. But, notwithstanding the fact that we are dealing with contemporary events, the writer has tried to give a fair and impartial account of our course at old Bowdoin, showing our acts in their own light, and as free as possible from false colors.

On the seventeenth day of September, *Anno Domini* one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, there appeared on the Bowdoin's campus the annual fall stock of green goods, in the form of the class of '93. The weather bureau did not intend that we should receive too cordial a reception and clouds hung over the campus all day, a circumstance that was a sure sign that water would soon fall, so the knowing ones prophesied. The next day and the days following were bright and clear, but nevertheless were marked by sudden and unexpected downfalls of condensed aqueous vapor, which apparently fell from the open sky, but on closer examination it was seen that an open window and a water pail were behind them. We got through our first few days much as other Freshmen have done and the first week of our course ended by our victory over the Sophomores in base-ball by a score of 31 to 10.

By the end of this first week our class numbered forty-five men, and we congratulated ourselves on the fact that we were to belong to one of the largest classes then in college. Our numbers gradually fell off, however, and if you look in the last edition of the *Bugle* you will see under the list of former members of '93, almost as many as are now in the class. 'Ninety-three always has had the reputation of containing some exceedingly fine

scholars, and when on the roll are found the names of men, who, by their great brilliancy, have been able to complete their college course in from one to seven terms, it only strengthens the assertion.

There entered college with us one individual whom no '93 men will ever forget so long as a memory of Freshman year remains, but who will always stand out boldly as a landmark whenever the German nation or the French language is mentioned. I speak of John Ernst Matzke, Doctor of Philosophy, Professor of the French Language and Literature. The members of '93 saw that this man was even fresher and less acquainted with college customs than were they themselves. The class as a whole, being imbued with a spirit of philanthropy and charity, sought to correct the ways of this young Dutchman and tried to make him understand how men, who had left the primary school some years behind, expected to be treated. But we only half succeeded. He did not appreciate the lessons and precepts that we sought to inculcate into his mind, and when the ranks for the fall term's work in French went home Matzke's revenge was clearly and plainly seen. It is perhaps hardly fair to talk about a man behind his back, but the history of '93 would be far from complete without at least a mention of this personage who was such a central figure in many of the episodes of Freshman year. We are the only class left in college that has so much as a memory of him remaining, and with our departure let his name pass from the lips of Bowdoin men.

Among the greatest bugbears of a Freshman are his first exams. The first one of importance is usually in Mathematics, just before the Thanksgiving recess. About a week before the date of the exam the Professor announces in a voice which, to the trembling Freshman, who is not thoroughly acquainted with his indeterminate equations, appears to sound his death knell, "The examination in this subject will be held next Friday at 8.30." There is a pause, and from the grave-yard aspect that creeps over every one's face you imagine that the next words will be, "When you will be hanged by the neck until dead." And it is true that when some of us left our seats after that first exam we had indeed been slain.

There was one man in our class who was in the habit of holding *post-mortems*, i.e., of asking the other fellows how they answered this and that question, after every exam. His friends became so tired of this that they decided to give him a lesson. One day after a final exam in Latin Mr. X rushed

into the club at dinner time and at once asked Mr. Y—"What did you call the 10th, ablative of cause or specification?" There was dead silence for a moment, when Mr. Y arose and said, "Mr. X, the examination in Latin closed at 11.30. It is now twenty minutes of one. Sarah, I'll have some rare roast beef with vegetables."

On Field Day of Freshman year we accomplished a feat that was without precedent in the history of the college. '93 won the class boat race. It was an unexpected victory to the most of us, for a Freshman victory on the water had never before been heard of; but after the first shock of surprise had passed, preparations for a proper celebration were begun. The crew was royally banqueted at the Tontine, and the semi-tough element had a chance to become used to the flavor of the mild Havana before the occasion of the bigger banquet in Portland a few weeks later. It was our Freshman supper in Portland that marked the downfall of three of our prominent Y. M. C. A. men, through their mistake in imbibing freely in Roman punch, which they innocently took to be ice-cream that had been some time out of the freezer.

After the long vacation we came back freed from the bonds of Freshman year and put on the red paint of the Sophomores. At no time during the college course does one feel so high, mighty, and important as he does at the beginning of Sophomore year. There is a younger class to be carefully brought up, and the Sophomore feels it his duty to act as the stern parent. This feeling lasted with us until Thursday night, and then came our horn concert. We succeeded in making the circuit of the dormitories three times, but it was only accomplished by cutting ropes and breaking down barriers at every step, so arranged as to hold us long enough for eggs of uncertain age to be dropped and scrambled on our shoulders, and washed off again with water tossed down in flour bags from the fourth story windows. A Sophomore loses much of his dignity after this affair, and regards the upperclassmen as in league with the Freshmen and on the same level with them. The athletes of the class were so exhausted by the work of the previous evening that we failed to win the foot-ball rush from the Freshmen on Friday, which caused Jenks to quote a long passage from the New Testament, revised to order. The next day things were running smoothly again, and we won the ball game from '94, 11 to 9.

We found the Freshmen very willing and ready to provide us with light refreshments after the toil

and labor of the day was over, and also to entertain us with dancing and song; and frequently we partook of their hospitality. But the good things of the world cannot last always, and one morning we received a cordial invitation to attend an afternoon tea at the home of the President. That little meeting ended our watchful care over the Freshmen, and we handed them over to the tender mercies of the Faculty and the Jury.

Our athletic feats of Sophomore year ended in a satisfactory manner by our winning the class cup on Field Day and by our crew for the second time winning first place in the class races.

At the beginning of Junior year our numbers had been reduced to 34, notwithstanding the addition of two new men the previous year, Arnold and Shay.

With Junior year came the course in Chemistry, and our class, like all its predecessors, had its full share of accidents in the laboratory. One day Chamberlain was generating hydrogen, when the apparatus suddenly exploded, at the same time igniting a large box of sulphur which had been placed near by. Weston was stunned for a moment, and as the blue flames of the sulphur came up around him, he evidently thought he had gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns, for he was heard to remark as he caught a glimpse of his classmates through the fumes, "Well, it's a hot place, but I guess my friends are all here." It was during one of the quizzes in this same course that Lambert informed the Professor that the presence of a large amount of carbonic acid gas in the air was apt to make it very impressive.

There are only a few members of '93 that have noticeable hobbies, still there are two or three who spend nearly all their leisure moments on one thing. Gerry Haggett has won a great reputation as a clog dancer and imitator of farm dialect. He has also been of invaluable assistance to the professors in keeping order in the class-room. The favorite pursuit of Clifford and McArthur has been to keep as far as possible from the portals of the muscle factory, otherwise known as the gymnasium. Jesse White Lambert will always be noted for his puns, and in a measure they explain the decreased size of our class. Bucknam used to be in the habit of going into a half-hour's trance every other day, but now he goes to Bath instead, in company with several other devotees at the shrine of the shipping city.

When it became time to put on our Senior dignity our numbers had been reduced to 32,

although one new member, Mr. McCann, had cast his lot among us, and now, as we are here together for the last few days of our college life, we number 31, Ridley having been the last man to leave.

The statistics of the class are as follows:

Number at entrance, 45; number at graduation, 31. Combined age of the class is 696 years; average age is 22 years 1 month. The oldest member is McCann, 29 years; the youngest Barker, 20 years 7 months. Combined height of the class is 177 feet 6 inches; average height is 5 feet 8 inches. Tallest man, Shay, 6 feet; shortest, F. M. Shaw, 5 feet 4 inches.

The total weight of the class is 4,626 pounds; average weight, 149 pounds. Heaviest man, McCann, 209 pounds; lightest, Arnold, 115 pounds.

Of the studies taken during the course, five men prefer Psychology, four Political Science, four Biology, three Chemistry, three English Literature, German, Greek, Philosophy, Physics, two each, Geology, French, History, and Sociology, one each.

Intended occupation: law 9, business 6, medicine 4, teaching 4, theology 2, electrical engineering, physical instruction, journalism, 1 each; 3 are undecided.

Religious preference: Congregationalist 15, Unitarian 3, Universalist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Heathen, 2 each; 5 have no preference.

Politics: Republican 24, Democrat 5, Independent 2.

Two men are engaged, one is unable to tell whether he is or not. Emery knows the most girls.

Twenty-one of the class smoke. Six of these buy their own tobacco, the rest rely on their friends.

Our college days are near their end. All the writer can wish is that our relations with the world may be as pleasant as they have been with each other and with the college as a whole. Our class meetings have always been noted for their harmony and lack of society feeling, a thing of which any class may be proud to boast. There are scores of little incidents that have happened during our college course that cannot be mentioned here, but will be sacredly cherished by the individuals that have taken part in them, and in the days to come, when we sit in our easy-chairs with half closed eyes, and let our thoughts wander back to our former life, by no means the least delightful of the memories that will come up around us will be those of old Bowdoin and the class of '93.

Mr. Clifford's bright prophecies were next in order. His clear tones added much to the

pleasure of the audience, who seemed to enjoy the "points" of the speaker as much as did the students themselves.

CLASS PROPHECY.

BY MILTON S. CLIFFORD.

Poets are born, not made; prophets are made, not born. Otherwise I fear I should not have had the pleasure this afternoon of revealing to you the future of the class of '93.

It is a sad history, that of the prophet; it is a history of degeneration, of retrogression; of progress ever backward; sad I might say as my wondrous career as an indoor athlete. We look for such utterances as came from the divine lips of an Elijah and hear only the flippant prognostications of a weather prophet, a base-ball prophet, or a class prophet. What a fall has there been, my countrymen. We can say as the wise Bacon said of the men who cared not for truth, "Formerly these honored seers were philosophers, now they are discoursing wits."

Oh, that Bacon was wise; altogether too wise, we thought, for our overworked Sophomoric brains. Surely no term more fittingly describes the weather wisecracker or the know-it-all base-ball oracle than discoursing wit. It is their unbridled, unwarranted and injudicious predictions that have brought upon the soothsayer the ill-repute which now attaches itself to his office. Every opportunity was given the base-ball enthusiast of prophetic tendencies this spring to prove himself worthy the honor, respect, and reverence of his associates;—but alas!—he has shown his utter incompetency to cope with such questions. According to his wild and incoherent mutterings there was to be at this time a certain tri-colored flag swaying gently in the breezes which waft themselves across the college delta. But the pennant that we longed for has not come.

The weather prophet is entirely beneath my notice, and I will not detain you with a recital of his short-comings and untrustworthiness, already too familiar.

But class prophets differ from the preceding in that they have a mission to perform,—if not a mission at least a duty. That duty is to occupy as much of the valuable time of an audience on class-day as that audience will stand without rising in their wrath and the boiling sun and ordering him to desist. He is supposed to be funny, but oftentimes his attempts to be funny are funnier than the fun itself.

However the class prophet has a great advantage over all other prognosticators wherever, whatever, or whoever they may be. He is never believed. Say what he will, be it with the wisdom of a Solomon or the extravagance of a Baron Munchausen, his words weigh lightly indeed upon the consciences of those whose futures he is thus laying open to the inspection of the world.

But this is the age of Yankee energy, hurry, and rush, and I will not delay longer with the explanation of the duties of this office which an indulgent class has bestowed upon me. So, with the characteristic alacrity and rapidity of the age let us move forward in time to the year 1908, just fifteen years after the graduation of the class from old Bowdoin.

It was in 1908 that I determined to set forth upon a journey, and I set about to find a means of conveyance which would be at once comfortable and rapid. There had been wonderful improvements in the past ten years in the manufacture of air ships, and it was a craft of this description that I procured to carry me to strange lands but familiar faces, for I was the guest of my old classmates of Bowdoin College. (I might mention the fact here that I was very unfortunate in my purchase, for within ten days afterward the price of air ships fell nearly a half.)

It was on June 20, 1908, that the gentle breezes of heaven withdrew my craft with myself ensconced therein, away from the whirl of this mundane existence into the ethereal heights above. I was dashing along at a tremendous rate of speed, when, chancing to point my spy-glass at a certain little hamlet below, I was amazed to discover an object which had every appearance of familiarity. I was curious and began to descend.

A near approach revealed the unmistakable ruddy cheek and benign smile of Gerry Haggett, the jocular genius of the class of '93. But, oh, fellow-classmates, how changed! It is Gerry no longer, and perhaps it would be well to pause here for a few moments of silent weeping. He has grown a full beard, and with its growth has vanished forever that facial accomplishment which made him so envied by us all. But he is genial and jovial yet, and spoke with the utmost fervor of his college days and that ever-memorable Senior class supper. He is Professor of Latin at a female seminary, and was spending his vacation at his old home in Newcastle where I saw him. I was introduced to his wife, and had the doubtful pleasure of

trotting one of his young hopefuls on my knee for a half hour or more.

I was rather surprised to hear that Charlie Howard was pastor of the Congregational church in the town, and had been there for several years. Charlie seemed to be meeting with as good success chinning his congregation as he did the faculty when he was in college.

The next day, as I was continuing my aerial flight, I suddenly felt a deep sense of oppression steal over me as if I was approaching an atmosphere not in the least agreeable to my constitution. I looked for the cause and there, stretched forth to my inquiring gaze, was the good old town of Brunswick, and it was that intellectual atmosphere of Bowdoin College which had so strangely affected me.

I landed safely and wandered up and down the familiar walks. I was just approaching the scene of many of my happiest youthful hours, the gymnasium, when I heard a tremendous roar and could see a gigantic form bearing down upon me at the rate of a mile a minute. But I quieted my palpitating heart when I discovered that it was that essence of the milk of human kindness, Elmer Carleton, Professor of Physical Culture in Bowdoin College, but "Crazy" as ever. When I had recovered sufficiently from the effects of his overwhelmingly muscular embrace, and had very tenderly readjusted my aching digits, together we strolled over to the college library where Carleton told me our old friend and classmate, Arnold, a Benedict now in fact as well as name, was librarian.

It was long past the prescribed hour for his coming, yet I wondered not at his non-appearance when I remembered his wonted college custom of always being behind hand. But it was not long before I heard those soft and dulcet tones flowing from his lips with the melody and rhythm which were once such a source of delight to classmates and professors alike. As secretary of the alumni association he had heard from many of the members of '93, and I gleaned considerable information from him regarding them.

John Shepard May went into the hazardous old Chinese enterprise of manufacturing gun powder, and at last accounts had not made the acquaintance of St. Peter and his assistants. He has become such a powerful citizen in the community in which he lives that he has discarded his old name, May, and has assumed the imperfect, though possibly more euphonious surname to his own ears, might.

George Shay, and, by the way, let me remark

that this is not that wonderful "One Horse Shay" which school-girls and school-boys have ridden and broken down since time first began, but, a live, animate, struggling, toiling son of Adam;—Shay, to be brief, first devoted his college education to teaching the young idea to shoot, but trouble came into the school, and when it came to a question of leaving or himself being "shot" into the frigidity of a mid-winter snow-drift, he decided that a quiet law practice was more conducive to health and morality.

Jones married while yet the blush of youth was upon his cheek, and we might with truth remark, upon his nose also. He lives in a quiet village of sparse population, but large burial facilities, where he has a large and constantly increasing medical practice.

McCann, the adopted son of the class, put behind him all the good things of this world, and bid farewell to every pleasurable allurements to become a missionary to the South Sea Islands. For years nothing was heard of his whereabouts after that bright spring morning when he was left friendless and alone amid a band of hungry looking, battle-scarred, and paint-bedaubed savages, whose very mouths appeared to water at the glorious feast seemingly in store. But recently news has been received telling of his miraculous escape and subsequent power among them. Every inhabitant upon the island has been Christianized and educated, but nowhere in the whole realm can be found a believer in evolution.

Fabyan and Peabody are lawyers and have an office in Washington, where they hobnob with the President, senators, and representatives as only true lobbyists can.

Jesse Lambert, the sprinter, punster, jester, and joker of '93, edits the funny column on one of the metropolitan papers and stands *fukile prinkeps*, or as it was when I went to school, *fuicle princeps*, in his profession. The physicians of the city are troubled greatly with the obesity patients who have laughed and grown fat on Jesse's jokes. Jesse himself, they say, is growing more and more to resemble Bill Nye in facial expression and anatomical proportions.

Herbert Owen, familiarly known to his classmates as Gup, by his superior gallantry with the female sex, had the good fortune to become the chosen suitor of a dashing and wealthy young widow. The multitude of servants about the estate enable him to maintain an existence with almost no effort on his part, which is a very satis-

factory arrangement to this never over-assiduous young gentleman.

It was with feelings of anxiety that I asked the good Professor Arnold concerning the guileless Lilliputian of our class, Freddie Shaw. He was so open, so frank, so unused to the dishonesty and corruption of the world about him that I feared lest some evil genius might have stolen into that innocent mind and drawn the ex-coxswain from the narrow path of duty. Not so, said the professor, and I wept tears of joy. Freddie has suddenly become wealthy through a recent medical discovery. It is a patent medicine warranted to lengthen the most chronic case of diminutive stature within three weeks. Freddie took one bottle and grew two feet. He now receives an annuity of \$10,000 for the use of his photograph before and after taking. I looked rather incredulously at Arnold when he told me, but he assured me that he had spoken with veracity and corroborated his statement by showing me one of the photographs.

He who bore the lofty, though empty title of "Duke" during his college years, on his graduation assumed the name of his baptismal day, Augustus Alphonso Hussey. He became a veterinary surgeon and piscatorial enthusiast. Arnold started to tell me one of the ex-Duke's fish stories, but before he had finished the first sentence I had bade him an affectionate farewell and was off.

The next day I boarded my strange craft and before long had reached a pretty New England city where I had heard that Hutchinson had settled and was enjoying a law practice of great "renumeration" (if I may be allowed to thus pronounce the word). I sought his office, but found there only a notice saying, "Out of Town." I made some inquiries as to his probable whereabouts and was told that I would probably find him at the ball game. Thither I wended my way and sure enough there he was, waving his hat and shouting at the top of his voice for the winning side. When his enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, and I deemed it safe to approach the ex-Bowdoin captain, I was received with the most cordial greetings and together we walked to his office.

On the way I chanced to glance across the street and my curiosity was aroused by a very fashionably dressed young man who had a decidedly familiar look about him. "Can you tell me, Hutch," I said, "who that stylish looking gentleman with the tall hat and cigarette may be?" "Why," said my companion, "don't you recognize him? that is Cricket

Wilder, and he is one of the most expert electricians in the city. He has but recently taken up submarine electrical work and told me yesterday that he was getting to feel quite at home in the water."

We stopped a few moments to speak with Payson, who is engaged in a very extensive banking business, and then continued down the street, where Dr. George S. Machan's office is located. I could not resist the temptation to call upon him. The good doctor had grown quite corpulent, and his fat cheeks bore a smile of pride as, turning to a young man diligently poring over a musty old text-book, he said: "This is Charles Parker, the class *protégé*, who is studying medicine with me." The young man was very thankful for his education and extolled the generosity of the class of '93 to the very skies.

After we had left the office and had regained the sidewalk, on glancing across the street I was greatly attracted by the appearance of a spectacled individual, ambling along at a rate of speed that would make one think that the evil one himself was close upon his heels. It proved to be none other than the illustrious astronomer, George Scott Chapin, making his usual double-quick time for nowhere in particular. I stopped long enough with George to step into a neighboring refreshment saloon and drink a glass of ginger ale, but could not remain to hear his pet theory of the connection between sun spots and freckles.

Early the next morning I bade farewell to Hutch, and continued my aerial quest after members of '93. I finally landed in New York, and had scarcely touched my feet upon *terra firma* when I was startled by hearing my name pronounced by a soft, mellow voice, and looked up, expecting to see some lady standing at my side, until I saw two blueish eyes peering at me through a mass of scraggly whiskers, and I knew that bearded ladies were not proud to show themselves on the street. A second glance and I recognized the familiar Goodell. He is a French professor now, and wears his beard *à la Matske*, although I did not learn whether he had adopted the two "Zewo" system or not.

His old room-mate, Bucknam, whom everybody expected would settle in a small city about nine miles from Brunswick, is now the owner of a large Western stock farm, where he has miles and miles of free open air in which to disseminate the odor of those 15 cent cigars which he always persisted in smoking in college.

I passed the great dry goods house of Baldwin & Co., and as the day was extremely warm I felt

that my call would have been far more satisfactory if the great firm had mingled a few wet goods in with the dry.

While in the office I picked up a morning paper and was filled with some surprise to read the announcement: "For Congress, B. F. Barker." The honored historian of the class of '93 first studied medicine, but his political aspirations and oratorical power, which had already begun to show itself in the closing hours of his college life, proved unsurmountable barriers to the successful practice of his profession, and he chose the uncertain life of a politician. It is needless to say that, as the district was overwhelmingly Democratic, Barker is now one of the oratorical lights of the house.

John Pierce has reached the pinnacle of his ambition and has become one of the leading members of New York's judiciary. I visited the distinguished Judge's elegant mansion where he introduced me to his charming wife, and proudly displayed the accomplishments of his two jute-haired archons.

I had the good fortune to meet another very distinguished classmate who was visiting at Judge Pierce's home, in the person of Alley R. Jenks, President of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, which hauls butter, eggs, and potatoes from Houlton to Bangor. Alley did not have the appearance of being a year older than when the official organ of the place of his nativity printed the little paragraph: "Is it possible that our Alley will graduate in June?" Alley told me of McArthur's career since he left the classic shades and benign influence of old Bowdoin. It was a pathetic tale and I ask your leniency, should there be a semi-quave or two in my voice, as I tell it to you. Mac became a crank, a fanatic on the subject of woman's rights. He was sincere in his belief and it was useless for his friends to attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. To better identify himself with his cause he had the moral courage but unsound sense of adopting the garb of the fair sex, a tendency, by the way, which was noticeable even in his college days, and now poor George, grown effeminate, gentle, and sweet, is wasting his latent manly energy upon a sex, which always has been, and always will be, able to take care of itself.

I heard that my old friend and companion in *Bugle* misery, Weston P. Chamberlain, lived not many miles from New York, and the next morning I steered my course toward his dwelling place. He received me with outstretched arms, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I calmed my agitation

while he fell on my neck and wept tears of pure joy, for I paid him fifty cents on an old *Bugle* debt, which he had long since given up collecting. He is the shepherd of a little flock of devout parishioner, to whom, each Sunday, he reads tediously long abstracts from biblical literature, a habit which he acquired in the days of his youth.

Chamberlain told me that Dr. H. S. Emery had recently settled in the village and had succeeded in establishing himself into the good graces of its inhabitants. There are prospects that a Bowdoin undertaker may decide to make his future residence there and enjoy with Chamberlain the fruits of Emery's labor.

I greatly desired to take a trip into the West and visit Charley Savage, who has earned a splendid reputation as a lawyer, and is meeting with flattering political success.

I was weary with my extensive traveling and decided to start immediately on my homeward trip. I was just entering my frail craft when I was attracted by a bill poster across the street, who was billing the town for the play which was to be presented at the town hall that night. I wondered at the title of the piece, "The Crust of Humanity," but my wonder was changed to amazement when I read that P. Shaw would appear as the crust. The various press notices I read of the brilliant young actor speak in the highest terms of the naturalness with which he assumes his part.

But I could remain no longer amid these strange scenes—I had seen or heard of every member of Bowdoin College, who, on that memorial Thursday in June, 1893, received the reward of his four years' course in the old church on the hill, and felt that my task was done.

And now kind friends and classmates, who have so patiently listened to these prophetic words, one truthful sentence I wish to speak in closing, and say as Byron said: "The best of prophets of the future is the Past."

Last on the programme came the eloquent Parting Address of Mr. Haggett.

PARTING ADDRESS.

By A. S. HAGGETT.

I rise to perform by far the saddest part of today's exercises. In a very short time we shall be enrolled among the alumni of Bowdoin College, and I assure you this thought comes to us with deep and solemn import. The past four years have doubtless

been the happiest and best we shall ever spend. During that time, which has sped by so quickly with its varied scenes and pleasant experiences, our pathways have run along side by side, directed toward the same end and attended with the same vicissitudes. As the members of a great family, we have been constantly in each other's society, and united by the closest ties of friendship. In all that we have passed through as a class we have clung together as one man with mutual interest and mutual support. Nothing has occurred to mar the harmony that has ever existed between us in our relations one with another.

This place, too, has become endeared to us by many precious memories—this campus and these buildings which are now so familiar to us. In the class-room we have come in contact with the professors, whom we have learned to love, and we feel that their kind and earnest words have exerted a wholesome influence upon our lives, and have been largely instrumental in making the rough road to knowledge seem bright and cheerful.

Surely "our lines have fallen in pleasant places." Here in this cultured intellectual atmosphere, which has been breathed by so many illustrious sons of old Bowdoin, who have proudly carried her banner amid the turmoil of the busy world,—here amid these classic halls that seem to inspire us to our highest and noblest efforts, we have spent the formative period of our youth, and, we trust, laid the foundations of character which will enable us to be useful members of society, true to ourselves, and worthy of the institution whose name we bear. We deeply realize the importance that attaches to the plastic period of life when we are most susceptible to influences, and habits of thought and action are formed which are to be the guiding principle for the future. We feel we made no mistake when we placed the shaping of our characters in the hands of an architect of such eminent repute as our *Alma Mater*. She herself possesses a character of which we may well be proud, and if we have imbibed the elements of that character, which we may reflect in after life, we have received the best possible preparation for whatever we may undertake.

It is the distinctive mark of an institution of liberal education that it produces men well-rounded and fully developed in every capacity. The value of an education lies not so much in the facts laboriously gleaned from day to day, as in the systematic and harmonious exercise of the mental faculties directed toward the realization of one's broadest

and fullest attainments. Such a training is vast in its resources. It is the only adequate one for the intelligent solution of the inevitable problems of practical life. It affords the ability to take a broad and many-sided view of things, to transcend the particular in the light of the general, which is an almost indispensable accessory to wise and consistent action. As an able writer puts it: "Every man who has passed through a collegiate course is to be for life a different man in some very important particulars from what he would have been with only a common education. His mind will have received elevation and expansion; his talents, of whatever class or grade, a discipline and strengthening which he would have experienced in no other way."

We think it not egotistic on our part to say that this institution has imparted to us something of this expansive development. We feel that she has given us an admirable equipment for the vast untrodden future that lies before us. As we go out from this place to take upon ourselves the duties of active life, we realize that great responsibilities rest upon us—doubly great because we are *college men*. Now, more than ever before, this great nation, with its complex industrial organization, with its manifold social problems to be solved, with its rapid strides in material prosperity, is appealing to college men who are destined by virtue of their training to become leaders in society, controllers of opinion, and holders of public and private trusts. In view of the great danger that threatens our country in the mass of ignorant voters, the swelling tide of immigration, and the community life of poverty and vice in the great cities, American citizenship involves grave obligations and possibilities in the hands of liberally educated men. On every hand people seem to point to them as likely to exert a mighty influence in the near future; as fitted to play an important part in the promotion of the welfare of this nation; as destined to be largely instrumental in shaping the coming history of these United States; as being the men upon whom will devolve the task of overthrowing the dictates of ignorance, and establishing the reign of intelligence, loyalty, and reason.

Under these circumstances we almost tremble to lay claim to a liberal education. But nevertheless this is what Bowdoin College professes to have given us, and we trust that profession is not vain. We can only try to prove ourselves worthy of this priceless gift. As we stand to-day on the threshold that is to divide us from each other and these dear associations, and are about to take our transition

into a larger sphere of responsibility, we bid a fond and reluctant farewell to these happy scenes around which so many precious memories cluster. We leave behind a path that has been radiant with sunshine and easy to tread. Before us lies an uncertain journey in which we know not what awaits us. If hereafter we achieve anything that may reflect credit upon ourselves and the institution whose fostering care has watched over our youth, we shall feel that her efforts have not been in vain, and the debt we owe her has been in a measure repaid.

And now, beloved *Alma Mater*, as we bid farewell to thee, may the influence of these surroundings and the memory of these years we have spent here go with us to inspire us. May the knowledge that we have drank from the same fountain of truth whence drank Longfellow and Hawthorne, and the long line of thy famous sons, ever cheer us on to our noblest endeavors, and by and by, when our life-work on earth is ended, may the record of each one of us be found worthy of ourselves and of thee. Farewell, dear old Bowdoin and '93.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

Immediately after the close of the literary exercises the class formed a circle and, sitting on the grass, passed around the pipe for the traditional whiffs. Anxious mammas in the surrounding crowd may have had a faint suspicion that their sons showed undue familiarity with the implement and its uses, but, be that as it may, the circuit of the pipe was accomplished and the class joined in singing the class ode, written by G. S. Chapin.

CLASS ODE.

AIR—"Fair Harcard."

To the calm, happy life of our dear college home;
 To the many firm friends, true and tried,
 We bid our farewell, in the wide world to roam,
 Through life's tumult, no more side by side.
 Though years may have passed, ere we meet here again,
 Ever bright will thy memory be;
 We will love thee for aye, and thy glory maintain
 With devotion to thee, 'Ninety-three.

Old Bowdoin, who long with thy fostering care
 Hast taught us in all to be true,
 On ourselves to rely and misfortunes to bear
 With the right kept forever in view.

With loyalty strong, with love deep and warm,
 We will honor and cherish thy name;
 By our actions and lives, in the world's endless storm,
 We will strive e'er to add to thy fame.

CHEERING THE HALLS.

With the band at their head, the class marched to the various buildings and halls, giving three hearty cheers for each. After a rousing cheer for "Old Bowdoin" and the '93 class yell, the procession disbanded.

COMMENCEMENT DANCE.

Tuesday evening, 'Ninety-three held its last dance in the Town Hall, instead of on the green. Although the heat was rather too great for comfortable dancing, and an unusually small number of people were present, the affair was enjoyable and a success. The Salem Cadet Band furnished the music, and Robinson, of Portland, the supper. The following was the order:

1. Waltz.
2. Lanciers.
3. Waltz.
4. Polka.
5. Schottische.
6. Galop.
7. Waltz.
8. Schottische.

INTERMISSION.

9. Waltz.
10. Portland Fancy.
11. Waltz.
12. Schottische.
13. Waltz.
14. Plain Quadrille.
15. Waltz.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Mitchell, and Mrs. Johnson. Among those present from out of town were: Miss Sewall, of Bath; Misses Fabyan, Merry, and Merrill, of Portland; Mrs. Jenks, Misses Hussey, and Page, of Houlton; Miss Chandler, of Boston; Miss Lillian Blackmore, of Augusta; L. J.

Bodge, '89; C. S. Hutchinson, '90, of Portland; W. R. Hunt, '90, Harvard Divinity School; H. L. Chapman, '91; C. S. Wright, '91, Harvard Law School; F. J. Simonton, Jr., '91, and H. DeF. Smith, '91, of Rockland; C. H. Hastings, '91; H. C. Emery, '92, Harvard Post-Graduate School; R. F. Bartlett, '92, F. J. C. Little, '89, Augusta.

Medical School Graduation.

The Commencement exercises of the class of '93, Maine Medical School, drew a large and interested audience to Memorial Hall, at 9 A.M., Wednesday. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.

Prayer. Rev. E. C. Guild, of Brunswick.

MUSIC.

Address. Prof. H. L. Chapman, of Bowdoin College.

MUSIC.

Oration—"The Physician and His Practice."

E. C. Newcomb.

MUSIC.

Presentation of Diplomas.

President W. DeW. Hyde.

MUSIC.

By the courtesy of Professor Chapman we are enabled to present his address in full.

CONSERVATISM.

BY PROF. HENRY LELAND CHAPMAN.

In one of his characteristic chapters of the book which he called *Past and Present*, Mr. Carlyle remarks that "there is a noble conservatism as well as an ignoble." The observation is a luminous one, and yet it plays so unpretentious a part in the rhetorical coruscation of the chapter in which it occurs, that it seems worth while to take it out of its surroundings, and to let it shine before us for a few moments in its single brightness. There is the more excuse, perhaps, for doing this because there is, in these days, so much of intellectual activity and speculation, because invention is so busy and material progress so breathless, because there are so many influences that invite to reconstruction of theory and innovation in practice, that we are apt to become foolishly impatient of the idea, and even of the name of conservatism. To some it seems to carry

with it an imputation of narrowness, or sluggishness, or obstinacy, or, at the very least, of a lack of sympathy with the generous aspirations of the age. There are not a few impulsive spirits who give the impression that they would as soon be exhibited to their fellow-beings in the reminiscent posture and aroma of an Egyptian mummy, as to walk about among them with a simulated air of animation, which is, in their judgment, about all that conservatism can lay claim to. But this is clearly an extreme view of the matter. It may, indeed, be defended on the ground of personal taste, for personal tastes are admitted to be beyond the sphere of argument. So far, however, as it rests upon an intellectual misapprehension, it is capable of being corrected.

It is taking one step toward such a correction to point out that the essential character of conservatism has been in a measure, obscured by the things which have been selected to stand in antithesis to it. Antithetic exposition, whether it be truthful or misleading, has, at all events, the merit of being vivid. We get, or we think we get, a better observation of things in opposition than in conjunction. When the unctuous Mr. Chadband set himself, in the spirit of love, to expound the inmost nature of Truth, he proceeded, with instinctive and practiced art, to inquire if it was *deception*, or *suppression*, or *reservation*, and the sensation caused among his hearers by the mention of these hideous contrasts, showed that the method was, for his immediate purpose, an effective one, even if it did not carry the orator or his listeners very far into the mysteries of his theme. Now what Mr. Chadband did with deliberate art, other men are doing every day with more or less of unconsciousness. It is in this way that conservatism has lost some measure of popular favor, through the terms that have been employed in opposition or contrast to it.

It is used very often, for example, as the antithesis of liberality; and because men instinctively attach a generous and attractive meaning to liberality, they are apt to conceive a correspondingly low opinion of conservatism. To be liberal is, without doubt, to be candid, considerate, magnanimous, and intellectually hospitable, and all men would fain possess these qualities. If, therefore, to be conservative is to lack these shining traits of character, as seems to be implied by the opposition of the terms, we cannot wonder that men resent the imputation of conservatism, and even hold it in contempt.

But it is worth considering if it is not a mistake to set these two things in opposition to one another. To do so may gratify the combative instinct in our

nature, which is a sort of war-horse smelling the battle afar off and saying "Ha, ha!" among the trumpets, but it is doubtless a truer, even if a tamer, view of the matter to regard them as complementary and allied tendencies. Mr. Emerson is probably right when he says that "it may safely be affirmed of these two metaphysical antagonists, that each is a good half, but an impossible whole." If this be so we shall do better to think of them as two wings of an extended army, bent to achieve a common aim, rather than as hostile forces seowling and charging upon each other. And if they be the two wings of an army they must be actuated by one impulse; they must partake in one general movement; they must owe a common allegiance; they must be arrayed under a single flag, even though, at certain crises in the conflict, they face different quarters of the horizon, and are disposed and ordered to withstand different methods of attack.

But one thing that stands in the way of this harmonizing conception of the two principles, is the fact that the names by which they are designated have been adopted as the names, also, of hostile parties in politics and religion.

In England, the two parties which are so bitterly antagonistic to each other in aims and methods, that they make our stirring political campaigns seem, by comparison, like the decorous debates of a peace convention,—these two parties are called the *Conservative* and the *Liberal*. In our own country, at least two great religious denominations are distracted and torn by warring factions which are known as the *Liberals* and *Conservatives*. Accustomed as we are, therefore, to the suggestion of hostility in the use of these words, it is difficult for us to dissociate the idea of hostility from the things themselves. It is only by a distinct and conscious effort of the mind that we can attain to that truer and broader view which looks upon each as a good half, but an impossible whole. It certainly will not help us to the attainment of that broader view to advertise ourselves ostentatiously as *conservatives* or *liberals*, and then to proceed, in the spirit and in the heat of partisanship, to belabor those whom we conceive to be of the adverse party. It will be wiser to display Falstaff's better part of valor, and to exhibit our discretion in trying to discover what it is that makes conservatism and liberality each a good half, that so, by joining them together, we may construct a possible and potent whole.

Let us notice then, in the first place, that conservatism applies itself to the maintenance of established principles,—principles, that is, that have at some

time received the suffrages of men, and been adopted in their convictions. It is not concerned, and cannot be, with theories that are still in controversy, unless the proposed theory challenges an accepted principle. Upon the utterance of that challenge conservatism springs to the defense of the old principle, or creed, or law. It defies the challenging innovation, and refuses to surrender the strong-hold entrenched in the wisdom and faith and practice of successive generations. It says: "This which I defend is a pillar of society, or religion, or government, and must not be thrown down. It has grown out of the experience of the past, and upon it depend the interests of the present and the future. To be feeble or timorous in its defense is, for me, to be false to conviction and to duty."

Now we must not allow our minds to be confused in the present inquiry by any speculation as to where truth is likely to be found in this controversy, whether with the innovator or with the conservative. However our sympathies are enlisted, with the one or with the other, we are well assured that, in the end, Truth will prevail without regard to our prepossessions. As Milton nobly says, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously . . . to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter. Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. . . For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty."

The important point in our present inquiry, therefore, is not to determine, nor even to discuss, whether the conservative or the innovator has the surer insight and apprehension of truth. Sometimes, doubtless, it will be the one, and sometimes the other, for the question is a new one every time it rises, and must be newly decided in each particular case. The essential fact to observe, in estimating the value of conservatism, is that it honors and defends what Burke calls "the early-received and long-continued sense of mankind." It ascribes a weight amounting to authority to opinions which have become imbedded in the convictions and institutions of society. It recognizes and proclaims the fact that *wisdom* is not a discovery, like the power of steam, or the law of gravitation, but partly a divine gift, and partly a growth, like love, or justice, or benevolence; that it is distinct from knowledge, and may exist in a quite developed state where there is comparatively little formal knowledge, so that we may receive it as a gift far inferior to our own in scientific attainment. It welcomes knowledge, indeed, but not as a

pretender to the throne of wisdom. It would say, with Tennyson :

"Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

"But on her forehead sits a fire :
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

"Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, eut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

"Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

"A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child."

In this attitude and doctrine of conservatism it will be noticed, I think, that there is nothing inconsistent with liberality of spirit or of conduct. It assumes that in the garnered and winnowed experience of men there must be much that is of permanent value; that so far as the thought and wisdom of the ages have crystallized into definite forms of belief, or have expressed themselves in the foundation principles of institutions and forms of government, these principles are worthy to be conserved. But the intelligent maintenance of essential doctrine, and the conservation of principle, do not forbid but necessitate frequent readjustment, in form and application, to the changing conditions of society and life. To refuse to make or to accept such readjustments is what Carlyle calls an ignoble conservatism, and what may with even greater exactness be called bigotry. It is not conservatism, but it is the excess or abuse of the conservative tendency. To cling, blindly and doggedly, to the accidents of a principle when they are altogether out of harmony with the conditions to which alone the principle can be applied, is destructive of the principle itself, and not conservative. It makes that injurious or inoperative which was intended to be beneficent, and therefore defeats the very end aimed at.

True conservatism is like a mighty tree that sends its roots ever wider and deeper through the earth, to draw strength and nourishment from the mould of an unmeasured past, and at the same time feels in

every sensitive twig the fresh breath of each returning spring, and answers to it as promptly as the little daisy at its foot, with tender buds that presently unfold themselves to the sunlight, and clothe its spreading branches with a new beauty that is born equally of the past and the present. Or, it is like a ship that fastens itself by its anchor to the solid earth beneath the waves, and is kept thereby from drifting upon the rocks, while yet it swings and tosses in security upon the heaving surface of the sea, yielding to every throb and movement of its restless bosom, sliding gracefully and safely into the trough that threatens to engulf it, and leaning fearlessly and even fondly to the billows that roll in upon it to lift it to their gleaming crests.

And so I proceed to say, in the next place, that not only does conservatism apply itself to the maintenance of established principles, but it recognizes and cherishes the fact that, in the changing and unquiet conditions of life, there are some things that are fixed and unchangeable. While it assents, without complaint or regret, to the removal of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, it steadies itself in the conviction that those things which cannot be shaken will remain. There is no doubt that many people are misled by the startling discoveries of science and the reversal of ancient beliefs, and the bold assertions of speculation, into thinking that nothing remains certain and immovable; that not only may a pleiad be lost from the heavens, but even the pole star may wander from his place. In this distraction of spirit they fail to find content and happiness in their daily round of duty, or a secure footing for their faith in respect to abstract truth. They feel the doubt and unrest and dissatisfaction of Faust, who had explored philosophy, and law, and medicine, and divinity, studying with ardent and laborious zeal, to find himself at last a very fool, cursed with useless learning, and no wiser than at first; for ten years leading his pupils' creed, and, by dexterous words, easily moulding their opinions as he chose, to feel himself, at last, that nothing could be known.

The illusions of the mental sight are as common as those of the physical sight, and far more unfortunate. When we are tossed up and down in doubt and bewilderment, we are apt to think that the great orbs of law, and duty, and providence, are dancing wildly in the firmament. It is in this unhappy frame that a noble conservatism corrects our vision, and helps us to understand that it is we, and not the foundations of the universe, that are perturbed; so that we are able to receive and appreciate the truth

which our own Longfellow has set forth, in a figure that glows with philosophy as well as fancy.

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
 Outward or homeward bound, are we,
 Before, behind, and all around,
 Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
 Seems at its distant rim to rise
 And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
 And then again to turn and sink,
 As if we could slide from its outer brink.
 Ah! it is not the sea,
 It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
 But ourselves
 That rock and rise
 With endless and uneasy motion,
 Now touching the very skies,
 Now sinking into the depths of the ocean.
 Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,
 Ever level and ever true
 To the toil and the task we have to do,
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
 The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
 Will be those of joy and not of fear."

To what has been already said I wish to add one thing further, namely, that conservatism is the condition of all true progress. It holds the secure middle ground between bigotry on the one hand, and radicalism on the other. Nothing in the way of substantial progress is to be expected from either of the two extremes; the one narrow, timid, and intolerant of change; the other bold, erratic, and intolerant of fixedness. But conservatism, because it returns always to first principles, and seeks to maintain their vitality and value by adjusting them to the new instances and aspects of life, is the soul of progress.

In religion, progress can be secured only by a continual return to the first principles of Christianity. Social progress depends upon a constant recurrence to the first principles of kindness and courtesy and honor. Progress in education demands that the first principles of discipline and self-development be kept constantly in view. Progress in the state is accomplished by perfecting its institutions according to the spirit of their founders.

Conservatism, therefore, climbs toward the summit of an ideal perfection as by a spiral stair, so that while the direction and the effort change continually, the principles of progress is maintained about the same center, and towards the same end. Radicalism, aiming at the same ideal, makes a sheer upward leap from the ground, and comes in disastrous collision with the law of gravitation. Bigotry seems to fancy that it is already on the summit, and stays where it is in hopeless self-delusion.

Bacon, whose usual prudence does not fail him when he writes "of Innovations" in his Essays, says that "a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new. . . . It is well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation; and that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect; and, as the Scripture saith, 'That we make a stand upon the *ancient* way, and then look about us, and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it.'"

I commend this subject to you, gentlemen of the graduating class, as one that has definite and important relations to the professional life upon which you are about to enter. So beneficent and sacred is the profession to which you have dedicated yourselves that one feels at liberty only to recognize its nobleness, not to commend it. As far back as we can look into the mists of antiquity we see the gratitude and reverence, sometimes mingled with awe, which have been laid ungrudgingly at the feet of those who have ministered to the ills of life. The revered priest, the mysterious medicine-man, the skillful leech, the wise physician,—by whatever names the members of the healing brotherhood have been known, they have been alike enthroned in the respect and affection of mankind. Into this rich inheritance of universal reverence and regard you enter to-day, with the congratulations and good wishes of your friends, of your teachers, and of this venerable institution. It is in your power, by a faithful use of opportunity and by conscientious discharge of duty, to increase the inheritance which has fallen to you from unknown and unnumbered predecessors. But in order to do this, apart from coveting earnestly the priceless gifts of manhood, you must cultivate both the principles of thought and action of which we have been thinking, each of which is a good and necessary half. It would seem at first thought, perhaps, as if there were little encouragement to conservatism in medical practice. So many and so radical have been the changes both in theory and in practice; so dissimilar and opposed are the phases through which it has passed within its written history; so brilliant are the results that have been wrought by reformed methods within the memory of all of us; that it would seem as if the attitude of the physician must always be that of welcoming the *new*, and not of clinging to the old. But there is another aspect of the case, as important, if not as striking as this. The profession of medicine has made its shining progress, and won its multiplying

triumphs, because it is conservative. It does not drift with the tide, nor does it commit itself to the fickle fancies of the winds, but binds itself, as by a cable, to the

"northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

Its modifications of theory, its changes and even reversals of practice, are not only consistent with the fundamental principles of the profession, but are inseparable from them,—the principles, that is, which it is the part of a noble conservatism stoutly to maintain. And, that I may not seem to be speaking in a vague and thoughtless way, I will refer to two or three of them.

First among them in point of essential dignity and permanence is this,—that the profession is bound to employ every possible agency for the alleviation of human suffering, and for the saving of human life. To lose sight of this obligation, or to ignore it, is to fail of apprehending the genius and glory of the profession; to deny it, in subservience to some dogma of practice, or in deference to popular prejudice, is to be either bigoted or cowardly. To discern the fundamental character of this principle, and with fearless and open mind to honor and defend it, is genuine and worthy conservatism. It is recognizing, truly and steadily, the end for which the profession exists, and insisting that that end shall be kept always in view, and shall not be sacrificed to fancy, or fashion, or custom, or the fear of novelty.

In the sister profession of the ministry it is bigotry to insist upon human definitions and scholastic expositions of doctrines, when thereby the vital aspects of truth are obscured, and the spiritual interests of men are imperilled; but it is the noble conservatism of which Carlyle speaks, to cling tenaciously to the essential doctrines of the divine justice and love, of sin and redemption, of faith and righteousness and immortality, which are revealed to us both in the Scriptures and in our enlightened consciousness.

It is conservatism, that is, to maintain unflinchingly that for which the ministry is ordained, and it is bigotry to insist upon the partial, and accidental, and temporary statements and definitions of it. So in the profession of medicine, it is conservatism to hold fearlessly to the doctrine, the original and permanent doctrine of the profession, that the life is not only more than meat, but that it is more than the *materia medica*, more than the canons of practice, more than the valued results of past study and experiment; and it is bigotry to exalt these to the place of supreme and controlling importance.

It is conservatism, therefore, that makes liberality

and reform not only possible, but inevitable. Innovation follows conservatism as if it were its shadow; or, to repeat the words of Emerson, "each is a good half but an impossible whole." The wonderful and beneficent progress of the healing art, with its new methods and its deepening hold upon the respect of society, has been made because its wisest practitioners have been, consciously or instinctively, conservative of the fundamental principle that they are ordained to relieve suffering and to save life; and because they have been true to their ordination regardless of suspicion or reproach, giving themselves to the practice of their art with equal caution and boldness, with equal deference to the wisdom of the past and hospitality to the indications of the present.

I cannot, in charity to you, or in consideration of the minutes already exhausted, do more than mention two other principles of which the practitioner of medicine must be rigidly conservative. The first is that the profession rests upon a scientific basis. It has no place for the charms, and mummeries, and philtres of superstition; it rejects, in all its canons and practices, the guesses, and pretensions and panaceas of quackery; it refuses credence or fellowship to the speculative and dogmatic theories that would lift assumption to the plane of law. And because it does this, it welcomes, with eager and liberal candor, the results of patient observation and induction, and is alert to transmute the discoveries of science into the gifts of healing.

And the remaining principle is that the profession has no secrets. It holds its ancient treasures and its newest acquisitions, alike, as a trust for suffering humanity. Whatever it discovers it publishes, and scorns the paltry profit that might be won from exclusive use. Other callings and professions may commit the error, of which Bacon speaks, of mistaking the end of knowledge, "as if there were sought in knowledge a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife or contention; or a shop for profit and sale;" but it is a shining distinction of the profession to which you will belong, that it gains and holds its knowledge "as a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

To be inflexibly loyal to these first principles of your profession is to have that *noble consecration* of which Carlyle writes; a conservatism that will make your professional life honored and useful, and will win for you the gratitude and love of your patients, and the respect and pride of your *Alma Mater*.

Mr. E. C. Newcomb, of the graduating class, then delivered the following oration :

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PRACTICE.

By E. C. NEWCOMB.

I am little versed in metaphysical speculations, or in public speaking, and after listening to the brilliant and eloquent address so pregnant with wisdom to which we have been treated, I more fully and painfully feel, than ever before, my lack of training in the art of oratory. Our work during the past three years has not been such as would tend to develop a latent talent for public speaking—even if possessed—and when little is given little can be expected.

The physician when he enters upon his professional career, has many things to take into consideration, which will have great bearing on his future usefulness and prosperity. In selecting a location he must inform himself as to the habits and customs of the people with whom he will have to associate, and compare his ideas and habits of life with theirs. After selecting his location he must next turn his attention to the location of his office. It should be on a prominent street, easy of access, and comfortable in all its appointments. A display of instruments or specimens is not called for, and may injure rather than aid him, by keeping those of a nervous temperament away, and causing the loss of patients that would be desirable and profitable. He should be courteous to all classes of patients, but he need not be on familiar terms with the coarse and ignorant, for by so doing he will surely lose the patronage of the higher class of patients, which every physician is anxious to secure.

He should avoid companionship with quacks and irregulars, as it will detract, both from him and rational medicine, which he represents, and give continuance to delusions and pretenders. He should shun this and every other alliance, which would confound them with him before the world. If asked to consult with them, he should refuse politely and firmly, and if, by any chance he should meet one who had been called to one of his patients without his knowledge, then he should either drop the case or demand and secure the dismissal of said irregular.

If called to a case of emergency in which life is involved, and finds on his arrival that an irregular or quack is in attendance, and is pursuing the proper course and treatment, he should sanction it but have no formal consultation.

The selection of friends and associates may mean success or it may mean failure. The physician

should be especially careful in the selection of his friends and associates. Unfortunate acquaintances have been the downfall of many a promising young physician, therefore, he should select his associates with great care, and should not let his office be the lounging-place, or smoking-room, for those who have nothing to do but to pass away the time in any way, so long as it is not in honest labor, or trying to do something to benefit mankind.

The physician is a public character, and should be an earnest, sober, studious man, with refined tastes and temperate habits; a man socially, mentally, and morally worthy of the esteem of the whole public, from highest to lowest.

The physician who adopts a high standard in all his relations, has the power of casting an influence over those around him that no other position can gain. A kind word, a word of advice or encouragement given in the proper time, may change the whole after life of some poor wayfarer, and give to the world a useful man instead of a discouraged, downfallen wreck.

In fact every habit, speech, action, and circumstance will have its influence either for good or for evil. He should array himself on the side of morality, virtue, and honesty, and never make his religion or irreligion a stepping-stone to practice. The physician who joins a church, or religious society simply for the practice it will bring him, when his honest convictions are exactly opposite, will so manage his patients as to keep them under his care as long as it is possible, and charge them exorbitant fees for services that they would have been better without.

He should banish everything that comes between him and legitimate work, and gain practice, by showing all parties that he is a physician of merit,—one who uses his best efforts for the poor as well as the rich, the low as well as the high.

This will do more to establish a good practice and secure true friends, and in the end pay better than attending solely to some particular sect or religious creed, or resorting to low scheming.

While it is perfectly fair and proper to seek reputation by all legitimate means, and to embrace every fair opportunity to make known his attainments, he should avoid all intriguing and sensational scheming to obtain practice. Trying to puff himself, his cases, his operations, or his skill by driving at break-neck speed through the streets, as though he had no time to drive at an ordinary rate, or telling some local gossip of marvelous cures, or skillful operations which he has performed will not aid, but rather hinder the establishing of a good solid practice.

In medicine, reputation comes easily and goes easily. Accident or trickery may bring one into notice, but they cannot sustain him, and he is finally estimated at his true worth. There are two kinds of reputation which a physician may acquire: A popular one with his patients, and a higher professional one with his brethren. These are based on entirely different grounds. A few with lofty ambition struggle earnestly for the latter, while the mass are striving for the former chiefly because, being altogether practical, it requires less skill, talent, and study to acquire, and also because it is more profitable.

Many such avoid all great, scientific labors and controversies, and, having little or no public life, remain shut up within themselves moving about quietly and almost unobserved, except by those whom they attend, consequently a knowledge of their skill is confined to the narrow circle of their private practice, and the degree of their skill and experience always remains somewhat unknown and mysterious. Without one or the other variety of reputation no physician can reap the honors or rewards which are the objects of his ambitions, whether that be the acquisition of money, the desire for usefulness, or the love of fame. He should strive to acquire both varieties.

The physician is made in college but he is tried in the world. His personality and deportment in the presence of his patients, will have more to do with his success than any or all of the complicated definitions or descriptions which he has had to learn, in order to successfully pass his examinations.

If his manners and conversation are such as to win and conciliate, rather than repel children, it will put many a dollar into his pocket that might have gone to some irregular, who depends on his skill in attracting people toward him, rather than his skill in the use of medicine. The chief event of the sick person's day is the physician's visit, and he should let no ordinary engagement interfere with his punctuality in making it. He must study to acquire an agreeable manner when in the presence of his patients. He should try and make himself popular with his patients; not by the funny and in some cases shady stories that certain physicians resort to, but by his gentlemanly conduct and strict attention to the wants and needs of his patients.

Disease, pain, and death are parts of the plan of creation. Disease is ever afflicting those around us, while death is in our midst. Fear of the former and dread of the latter are parts of human nature. And these (fear and dread) cause mankind to employ physicians. The reliance of humanity on the physi-

cian, skilled to heal wounds, and to cure disease, brings him in contact with all classes and under all conditions. He is intrusted with secrets that would be confided to no other person, and is an honorary member and guardian of every family that he is called on to attend. He will wield a strong influence over husbands, wives, children, and servants, and must lay down laws governing matters of life and death that in many cases will be obeyed implicitly, and his knowledge, skill, and attention will be many and many a one's last earthly hope.

Thus we see that no other men under heaven can do as much good as the honest, upright, conscientious physician.

Citizens of Brunswick and visiting friends, we appreciate your attendance at the graduating exercises of our class, showing by your presence that you have an interest in our welfare and success.

To the citizens I extend the heart-felt thanks of the class of '93, for the many acts of kindness which you have shown us during the three years we have been among you. And we can assure those who are to follow us that they will receive nothing but encouragement and kindness at your hands.

To the president and members of the faculty, we realize to a certain extent the great responsibility which rests with you in keeping this school up to the high standard which it now bears, and in the future, when asked from what school we graduated, we can answer proudly, "From the Medical School of Maine." A school equalled by few and surpassed by none. For your thorough instruction and for your kindness to us as students, I extend the gratitude of my class.

Classmates, we to-day, by these exercises, complete the epoch in our medical career, which marks the beginning of our professional life and the assumption of responsibilities, the gravity of which we at the present time can know nothing.

To my mind these cares and responsibilities are best met by him who, with brain unclouded by excesses, with a keen sense for morality and love for his work, has given himself to earnest preparation for the exacting duties of our grand and noble profession. And yet the present is but the dawn of our student life. By careful and persistent study of the vast and varied field of medical literature, profiting by the knowledge and experience of others, and especially by the thorough instruction which we have received from our most excellent instructors, and with strict regard for our duties as physicians, may we hope to attain success.

We have assembled together for the last time as students of the "Medical School of Maine," and as

we go to our different fields of practice, may that feeling of good will go with each and every one that has ever existed during our student life.

Before presenting the diplomas, President Hyde announced that the four leading men of the class were Thomas H. Ayer, A.M., Eben J. Marston, Ambrose H. Weeks, and Gilman Davis.

The members of the class number twenty-three, as follows:

Herbert Hosea Allen, Thomas Herbert Ayer, A. M., Felix Barrett, Thurlow Weed Brimijion, Seth Davis Chellis, Gilman Davis, William Chase Farley, Henry Elmer Fernald, Pearl Tenney Haskell, Daniel Stevens Latham, Loring Sawyer Lombard, Ralph Hemingway Marsh, B.S., Eben Jordan Marston, Louis Arthur Merritt, Edgar Colson Newcomb, Charles Cushman Pierce, Leland Howard Poor, Frank Leslie Redman, Moses Victor Safford, B.L., Robert Milford Small, Charles Leslie Sweetsir, George Averill Tolman, A.B., Ambrose Herbert Weeks.

The class officers are:

President, Ambrose Herbert Weeks; Vice-President, George Averill Tolman; Secretary, Daniel Stevens Latham; Treasurer, Eben Jordan Marston; Orator, Edgar Colson Newcomb; Marshal, Pearl Tenney Haskell; Executive Committee, Thomas Herbert Ayer, Louis Arthur Merritt, Seth Davis Chellis, Charles Leslie Sweetsir, William Chase Farley.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

Phi Beta Kappa held its annual meeting, as usual, Wednesday, in Adams Hall. The officers elected are the same as last year: President, Hon. Henry Ingalls, '41; Vice-President, Professor Henry L. Chapman, '66; Secretary and Treasurer, Professor Franklin C. Robinson, '73; Literary Committee, Professor G. T. Little, '77, Mr. Galen C. Moses, '56, Rev. E. C. Cummings, '53, Mr. Henry S. Webster, '67, Hon. Herbert M. Heath, '72.

The following members from '93 were admitted:

G. S. Chapin, F. R. Arnold, W. P. Chamberlain, M. S. Clifford, A. S. Haggett, C. H. Howard, A. S.

Hutchinson, G. S. Machan, J. S. May, J. H. Pierce, C. H. Savage.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Maine Historical Society held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon. Thirteen new members were admitted. The most notable event of the meeting was the offer of the old Longfellow house in Portland to be used by the society as a society home, the gift to take effect at the death of the present owner.

The offer is peculiarly appropriate and gratifying on account of the historic memories connected with the house. It was the first brick house to be built in Portland. More than that, it was occupied by Longfellow during all his youth, although not the scene of his birth. Its situation is valuable, being in the heart of the city, immediately adjoining the Preble House.

FRATERNITY REUNIONS.

The annual reunions and banquets of the various fraternities, which took place Wednesday evening, after the concert, were well attended and greatly enjoyed by those participating. Theta Delta Chi had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent oration by Llewellyn Barton, '84. Hon. Herbert M. Heath delivered an oration before the Zeta Psi Fraternity, and E. C. Plummer, of Bath, read a poem.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The Lotus Glee Club, of Boston, assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmands and the Salem Cadet Orchestra, gave a delightful concert, Wednesday, before a large and brilliant audience who were hearty and generous in their applause. The solos were pleasingly rendered, and the singing of the Glee Club was remarkably good.

TRUSTEES AND OVERSEERS.

Business meetings of the Boards of Trustees and Overseers were held Wednesday

and Thursday. Much routine business was transacted and not a little of special importance came before these bodies. The meetings were well attended by the members, and much satisfaction was expressed by all at the annual report of President Hyde and the general condition of the affairs of the college.

It was voted that the Finance Committee consist of Hon. J. W. Bradbury, Hon. W. L. Putnam, Galen C. Moses, and John L. Crosby.

The degree of A.B., out of course, was conferred upon Joel Bean, Jr., and Frank Durgin, both of '92.

Voted that the tuition of six students, instead of four, as heretofore, be remitted for service in the college library.

The degree, out of course, was conferred upon Charles Henry Wardwell, '85, and Franklin Eugene Perham, '83.

Thornton Academy, Saco, was constituted a fitting school for the college upon the usual conditions.

Professor William McDonald, of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, was elected professor of History and Political Economy, and Albert W. Tolman, now instructor in Rhetoric and Elocution, was elected assistant professor in those branches.

It was voted that the President, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, Hon. W. L. Putnam, Hon. J. W. Symonds, Rev. J. B. Sewall, W. E. Spear, Gen. J. M. Brown, Prof. H. L. Chapman, and Dr. Alfred Mitchell be appointed a committee to provide for the college centenary with full powers.

The order of exercises for the centennial is: Wednesday forenoon, Commencement exercises of the academical and medical departments; afternoon, local college celebration; evening, reception by the president and general illumination of the college buildings and grounds; Thursday, oration, poem, banquet, and speeches, the banquet and speeches to be held in a tent.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on W. W. Pendergast, of St. Anthony Park, Minn.

The degree of Master of Arts *pro merito* was conferred on Ralph Hudson Hunt, '91, Harry F. Linscott and A. M. Merriman, '92.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. George A. Gordon, of Boston.

Rev. E. C. Smyth was invited to deliver an address on the religious history of the college, on the Sunday before the ensuing Commencement.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on thirty-one members of the Class of '93.

Hon. Enoch Foster, '64, of Bethel; Hon. F. A. Wilson, '54, of Bangor; and George C. Purington, '78, of Farmington, were elected to fill vacancies on the Board of Overseers.

Commencement Exercises.

Thursday morning, at 10.30, the usual procession, headed by the band and graduating class, formed in front of the chapel under the direction of the marshal, Mr. Geo. C. Purington, '78, and marched to the church, where the programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Practical Value of Astronomy; with Latin Salutatory.

George Scott Chapin, Auburndale, Mass. Heredity as a Social Factor.

Clarence Webster Peabody, Portland. Bimetallism, Its Advantages and Defects.

*Albert Savage Hutchinson, Auburn. Public and Parochial Schools.

Charles Henry Howard, South Paris.

MUSIC.

The Function of Geniuses in the Progress of Civilization. Arthur Sewall Haggatt, Newcastle.

The Housing of the City Poor.

Weston Percival Chamberlain, Bristol. The New and the Old in Education.

Frank Russell Arnold, Braintree, Mass.

MUSIC.

Mirabeau and France.

Augustus Alphonso Hussey, Houlton.

The Russian Extradition Treaty.

*John Shepard May, Boston, Mass.

Individualism in the Social and Political Spheres.

John Higgins Pierce, Portland.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

PRAYER.

BENEDICTION.

* Excused.

The Goodwin Prize for the best written and spoken oration was awarded to A. A. Hussey, whose oration follows:

MIRABEAU AND FRANCE.

By A. A. HUSSEY.

The history of the French Revolution of 1789 records events whose influence has been immeasurable in promoting the moral, intellectual, and political enlightenment which this age enjoys. It came at a period in the history of France when a reformation was impossible, at a period when a radical revolution, alone, could redeem her institutions from the depth of corruption and impotency to which the tyranny of a long line of Bourbon kings had reduced them. Feudalism, long since, had breathed its last. The body lay entombed beneath the rubbish of a thousand battle-fields, but its influence still lingered. The mind of France was wrapt in the deadening folds of the superstition and ignorance which it had fostered. Chilled by its icy touch, the spirit of progress lay torpid. The tribune and press, bound hand and foot, groveled before the throne of despotism. And liberty of conscience and independence of thought and action were only cherished dreams in the minds that were soon to give to them the form and substance of reality.

A century and a half had passed since England, safe from interference in her watery fastness, had flung down the gauntlet to the Past and entered the lists against the "Divine Right" of kings. Scarcely thirteen years before, the American colonies had asserted the principal that Nature and Nature's God enjoin upon no people to acknowledge man as master.

These movements were fraught with the deepest consequence to France. The stirring spectacle of a nation struggling for liberty touched in the hearts of the French people a chord long unused. The spirit of resistance, which had been dormant during years

of oppression, now awoke. And how terrible the awakening! On the most blood-stained pages of history there is no parallel to the tragedy enacted in Paris during the last decade of the eighteenth century. As an exhibition of barbarity, of crime, of all the evil passions of a nation morally and politically diseased, the Reign of Terror stands without a peer. It was the crisis of a disease with which France had long been suffering, and, violent, as it was, was but a faint expression of the abuse that had engendered it.

The misrule of centuries had reduced the French people to the most abject misery. Taxed to their last farthing, to defray the expenses of wars, waged to gratify the ambition of an unscrupulous king, corrupted by the influence of the most shamelessly dissolute court of all Europe, trodden down by an insolent, oppressive nobility, their rights invaded, their hearths desecrated, they inevitably must turn at last against their oppressors. The suffering which they endured could not help producing those reactions, those passions, those crimes, that shook the very foundations of society and arrested, for the moment, the tide of human progress.

The Revolution was violent, indeed, and bloody—fearful, the storm of passion that swept over France, leaving in ruins behind it the structures that centuries had built, overthrowing in its mad course every vestige of monarchy and established order, and doing violence to the most sacred sentiments and associations of the human heart; but by its very awfulness it has taught mankind a lesson that will never be forgotten. The violence and bloodshed amid which it was consummated have tended only to impress the more deeply upon the minds of men the principles which it embodied.

The France of to-day little resembles the France of a century ago. Monarchy, with its arrogant assumption of power from God, lies buried beneath the ruins of its own short-sighted policies. The unjust and obnoxious privileges of the nobility have been wrested from them. The tribune and the press are free. And thought, unfettered by the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, plumes itself to high and noble flights.

That France has escaped moral, intellectual, and political decay and death, that she has not been overtaken by the dark fate of unfortunate Spain, is the direct result of the Revolution.

And yet, though France owes to this movement so much, the remains of the man whose intellect fostered it in the days of its weakness, whose hand guided its tender infancy along its rough, uncertain path, whose genius gave it the impetus that was to bear it on unchecked to its goal, lie unhonored and

uncared for, among the bleaching bones of common criminals.

Misunderstood, hated, calumniated by his contemporaries, Mirabeau has received far more unjust treatment at the hands of posterity. The censoriousness of ignorant, incompetent critics has robbed one of the greatest statesmen of France of the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, and magnified his defects of character until he seems to be the embodiment of corruption, anarchy, and sedition parading in the garb of patriotism.

Mirabeau's character, vast, irregular, incomprehensible, a strange admixture of the noblest virtues and the basest vices, is unique in history. The soul of the Revolution, he embodied all the passion, all the wildness, all the extravagance of that extravagant, wild, and passionate time. All the qualities of a Revolutionary leader were his in a rare degree. A stormy, turbulent spirit, a strong unbending will, tenacity of purpose that overleapt every obstacle, an intellect, clear and profound, eloquence, that in its impassioned flight and fiery burst, resembles the oratory that once quelled the mutinous spirit, or roused the dying patriotism of Rome, combine to make his the most potent character of that period.

From the 4th of May, 1789, when he first took his place in the Assembly at Versailles, an unknown man, until the 4th of April, 1791, when his dead body was borne through the streets of Paris amid the tears of a whole nation, he was the central figure of the Revolution. His presence filled the whole Assembly. His was the will of the whole people. With every movement he was identified. He approached every question of reform, of war, of finance, and before the magic of his transcending genius vanished obstacles insurmountable to a lesser mind.

With the clear eye of a politician, he foresaw the anarchy toward which France was drifting, and he exerted the whole energy of his indomitable will to save her from her impending fate. But the task was beyond the power of human hands.

Reproach and ignominy are the reward of his labor. The Mausoleum of the French kings, where they had laid his body, had scarcely become accustomed to the presence of this strange intruder, when envy and malice raised their cowardly heads to malign the memory of the dead statesman. And Paris, ever prompt to believe evil of the absent, at the first suspicion of disloyalty, deserted Mirabeau. The very men, who, one short week before, had followed his bier with tears in their eyes, now went by night and tore his body from its resting place and cast it out to rot among the bodies of beheaded murderers.

Not content with heaping insults upon his dead body, the calumniators of Mirabeau dragged all his petty vices and defects of character into the glaring light of criticism. To the ill-concealed delight of envious mediocrity, they discovered that the leader of the Revolution was immoral. And the France of Louis XVI., the France of the Reign of Terror, the France of Napoleon, has dared to reproach him with being immoral.

Virtuous France, offended at the immorality of the man whose genius had smoothed the way for reform, whose presence in the Assembly had given that body the power and the courage to redress the crying wrongs of the nation, affixed to his name all the vile adjectives of a language rich in vituperative epithets, and consigned it with its load of obloquy to the roll of anarchy and traitors.

But though France has never appreciated Mirabeau, though censoriousness and envy have dragged his name in the dust, he will live in history as the greatest statesman of the Revolution. When the bitter invectives that envy prompted shall be forgotten, and men shall see clearly what he did for France and for the world, he will take, among the men for whose lives the world is richer, the place that he deserves.

COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the church the procession re-formed and proceeded to the gymnasium, where Robinson, of Portland, had a profusion of good things in readiness. The viands occupied the attention of every one for an hour or more, when President Hyde called upon Professor Chapman to lead the assemblage in singing the grand old college hymn, all remaining standing during the singing. President Hyde then spoke substantially as follows:

Gentlemen of the Alumni,—The long-desired prosperity has at last come to Bowdoin College. While there are still weak points in our equipment, and while we are far from adequately endowed as the report of the Finance Committee, drawn by the venerable chairman, Hon. James Ware Bradbury, conclusively shows, still there are indications on every side that the period of hardship and pinching poverty is at an end. We shall have to do no more begging. We still have urgent and pressing needs, but there is every reason to believe that these needs will be promptly met. Our hope is founded on the

numerous loyal sons and generous friends, all over the land, who are so largely represented here to-day.

We have all the students that we can conveniently take care of. We have no ambition to be large in numbers. This year we have admitted over fifty on the final examination, and twenty on the preliminary examination. On the preliminary and final together we have rejected fifteen applicants. We are slowly changing the character of our entrance examinations, making them slightly more difficult, and aiming to test power rather than particular accomplishments. To raise the quality rather than the quantity of scholarship is now our aim.

The college is under great obligation to the able and busy men who give so generously of their time and strength to the conduct of its affairs. I cannot express the deep sense of gratitude I feel every year to these gentlemen who postpone their courts, neglect their business, and give their days and nights to deliberation concerning the welfare of this college. As a result, there is no institution whose affairs are more wisely and conservatively managed. Not a dollar of invested funds has been lost within the past twenty years. No appeals from faculty or president can induce the boards to depart a hair's breadth from their rigid rule never to appropriate more than the estimated income for the year. Every year I ask for a great many things that I cannot have. Yet I am glad that I do not get them, if running in debt is the only way in which they can be had.

We have had a year of quiet and substantial work. We have seen the beautiful Art Building gradually rise before our eyes, its beauty heightened by the addition of the granite terrace on three sides. Later we have seen the foundation of the Searles Science Building begun. When completed, as they will be before another Commencement, these buildings will have no superior in their respective lines in the United States.

Plans have been made and a committee appointed to provide for a proper observance of the centenary of the college in June, 1894. Every effort will be made to render this one of the grandest celebrations that has ever been witnessed in the State. The acceptance by Chief-Justice Fuller of our invitation to deliver the oration is in itself sufficient to insure a memorable occasion. And the committee, of which General Chamberlain is chairman, will spare no pains to bring the other exercises up to the high level which the occasion demands.

The President:

..... "When two institutions are so closely related as are the college and the State, the connection

should never be forgotten, and accordingly I will call upon Judge Savage of Auburn, who, though a graduate of Dartmouth, shows his interest in Bowdoin College by sending his son here to be educated, to respond for the State."

Judge Savage said:

It is usually customary when called upon to speak on a particular topic to talk on everything else except that topic. I am asked to speak for the State and shall probably prove no exception to the rule. In speaking here before the alumni of Bowdoin College, I am somewhat embarrassed by the fact that this institution is not my *Alma Mater*, but I am, at least, an adopted son of Bowdoin. And I am proud of the fact, that among all the colleges of our land there is none superior to Bowdoin. She is a college which has demonstrated her right to be by the character of the alumni she has sent out. The glittering names which adorn her catalogue, are surpassed by no names in the records of any other institution in our country. They have graced the highest courts in the land; as lawyers, as teachers, as physicians, as business men, the sons of Bowdoin illustrate the old motto of Maine, "I lead." The relation of this college to the State is not a legal one, nor has there been a financial connection between the two, since the college has never received any aid of this sort from the State, but, nevertheless, there is a relation existing between them of the closest character. It is the duty of the State to foster those doing the work for young men that is done by Bowdoin. And, on the other hand, I hope that more and more those sent out by this institution will remain in their native State. Maine has done more than her part in supplying the strong men for other parts of the country. Her sons should stay at home. They should make Maine what she might become, the leader of the States. You are the sons of Bowdoin. I think I never saw so good looking a body of sons. Mr. President, you said your institution was small. And so it is. But in all the galaxy there is no star whose light comes more sweetly, or purely, or brightly than that which comes from Bowdoin College.

President Hyde then introduced Hon. William L. Putnam to speak for the Board of Trustees. We regret that we are unable to give his full speech which was replete with bright remarks as well as earnest feeling.

As I considered what I should say this afternoon it seemed to me that the Commencement programme

was a good place to look for a topic. There I looked, and the first subject was concerning the practical use of astronomy. This, however, helped me but little, as the acquaintance I made with the heavens in my college days was so slight that the only practical use I made of the stars was to guide me from a ramble in Topsham to No. 1 Appleton Hall.

The next subject concerned heredity, but after Mr. Peabody's masterly oration I hesitate to speak upon this. Just now it would appear that the most noticeable thing we have inherited is a very large appetite. It is to be observed that this is a very conservative dinner, and one that will not be likely to leave as a result a pain in the front of our backs. Bimetallism might be discussed, for here every gold dollar is worth a silver dollar, and every silver dollar is worth a gold dollar.

The fourth subject on the programme concerned the public and parochial school, and presents a very broad topic, and one of importance to every person in the land. Bowdoin, as it were, is the parochial school of the leading religious sect of the State. To bring up and develop our public schools we need the rivalry of parochial and denominational schools. By a clause in the constitution Bowdoin cannot receive aid from the State, and thus its independence is assured. In the early history of Maine's statehood the question of aid was agitated, and aid would have been given if the college would give up its independence and come under the political influence of the State. But the bribe was spurned, and to-day Bowdoin is free and independent and does its duty by every man.

But I was introduced as the one who should respond for the trustees of Bowdoin. My remarks are like the letter of the college boy. He wrote a long letter to his father, and covered many pages without saying much, and then in the postscript put the pith of the whole thing thus: "Please send me a little money."

In behalf of the trustees I can say that they try to do their duty to the college. They rejoice in the report given by the President, and they hope that the college will ever have for its motto that noble word of its immortal poet, "Excelsior."

Hon. Charles F. Libby, of Portland, was then called upon to represent the Board of Overseers. Mr. Libby said:

I must confess to some embarrassment at being detained from the train in order to speak for the overseers at this dinner. None should represent Bowdoin unprepared, or without chosen words. In the presence of this assembly of the intelligence and

vigor of Maine I am unprepared to represent the dignity and learning of the board of overseers. But I will follow my text and speak as an overseer. The overseers are, as President Hyde says, a body appointed to disagree, but I find they are quite disposed to agree. With the trustees we have had few deferences, with the academical faculty, none. The report of the President shows the present condition of the college. This year there have been no great gifts as there were last, but there have been great results from those gifts, as the condition of the campus shows, and the pride of Bowdoin is being gratified. I have tried to sit on the platform and look dignified, fellow-alumni, but I cannot. As I look over these young men, I share your pride in the quality of our graduates, a quality well known in my profession. The grade of the character and intellect of Bowdoin's sons is acknowledged to be high. These young men will take the places of those who have won fame for Bowdoin. Let them compete with those who have won success in the past. As men the alumni feel an affection and pride for Bowdoin. There is for me a satisfaction each year to come back and renew my youth by contact with young men filled with enthusiasm and strength for the fight of life. As we gather round the board let us renew our allegiance to Bowdoin and hope to emulate the lives and deeds of those who have gone before.

President Hyde:

Judge Putnam's remark about the postscript of the son's letter to his father, reminds me of the fact that there is a building away there on the campus which is the pith of the whole college,—that is the treasurer's office. Gentlemen, I am glad to present to you to-day the treasurer of the college, Mr. Stephen J. Young, and I am sure you will all be glad to listen to him.

Mr. Young:

Brethren of the Alumni,—When the President spoke to me about addressing this assemblage I tried to convince him that the audience would not be particularly desirous of hearing me, for I never yet met with any one who wanted to hear from a treasurer.

"I pass like night from land to land,
I have strange power of speech,
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me,
To him my tale I teach."

I can assure you that this is not the average condition of a treasurer of any institution, but it resem-

bles more that of the man in the Testament who carried the bag and was supposed to be inclined to keep a large proportion of its contents. (In taking out my wallet, I do not mean to indicate that you must take out yours, but it happens that I have my notes therein.) I have a balance sheet to present you to-day, the first balance sheet, not to show what I have done in my office but merely to illustrate the material prosperity of the college. When I assumed charge in 1874, the total assets of the college, including invested funds, grounds, buildings, etc., was \$277,365; the present year its assets are \$778,360, this sum not including the buildings which are now being erected through the munificence of friends, at a cost of about \$300,000. So that the wealth of the college is a little in advance of a million dollars. The productive funds are \$401,645, in addition, we have for special purposes, prizes, etc., about \$63,000, and a scholarship fund of about \$68,000. Nevertheless this is a very small sum in comparison with what we need. Colleges spend money as rapidly as they can obtain it, and their wants are ever increasing. In 1874 our income was \$30,000, next year it will be \$45,000.

But this advance in material prosperity is by no means the full measure of accomplishment. We have a faculty as good as that of any in the United States, and I have an opportunity for making unprejudiced observations, not now being a member of that body. I have the greatest faith in the small college, it has its functions as well as the larger institution; colleges of moderate size, where students meet in close connection with the professors; where individual predilections are observed and noted, these have important functions and I should be very sorry to see the small college disappear.

I am sure that the fathers whose sons go forth from this institution cannot say, like the Israelites of old, "We have put so much money in the fire and behold, here comes this calf."

I have been in a position to hear the most flattering commendation of Bowdoin College, its mission and worth. I do not ask you to give your money merely, not every one has money to give, but every one has influence, and you can through your influence for the college (and more is often accomplished by those who have brains than money).

In response to the President's request Father Seleinger, of the Brunswick Catholic Church, spoke pleasingly of the college; its influence, its liberality, and its broadness, especially under the present administration.

"I can vouch," he said, "for the interest of those students of my faith, in their chosen *Alma Mater*."

President Hyde:

You are nearly all alumni here. I will call upon Mr. James McKean, of New York, to speak for the alumni.

James McKean said that he rose for the purpose of saying that he could make no speech. He would, however, give himself the opportunity to supplement the splendid address made yesterday on "Conservatism." He heard a lady who was opposed to the spread of liberalism say, "Modern liberality has deprived sin of all its pleasure." And now he would take the liberty to ask President Hyde to permit Mr. William P. Drew, '53, to respond in his place for the Alumni of Bowdoin College.

Mr. Drew responded in a witty, yet earnest speech, eliciting frequent hearty applause. He called attention to the good work the college is doing, and praised the present efficient management.

Rt. Rev. J. S. Spaulding, Bishop of Colorado, another member of the class of '53, was the next speaker. He said:

I wish the duty that falls on me to-day might be discharged by my illustrious classmate, Chief Justice Fuller, whom I expected to be here. I am indeed glad to be here to-day and meet nine of the fifteen surviving members of the class of '53, at this, our fortieth anniversary, and also to meet the large body of alumni present. It is very pleasant to be here again after over twenty years of absence from these scenes. I came because it was my duty, and a duty I could not but discharge. As I come to this campus, and see these beautiful new buildings, and the many changes, my mind wanders back over all these years, and I see once more the venerable men who guided us in our course. "There were giants in those days." The President was Leonard Woods, Jr., one of the greatest college presidents this land ever had. We cannot express how much we feel indebted to him for what we have become in life. Tender memories we have also, of the other members of the faculty. Bowdoin College has been spoken of as a Christian college and I wish to emphasize that feature of it as I knew it. Though not obtrusive, its Christian influence has been mighty in our lives. One time, in our Freshman year, a recitation room was somehow filled during the night

with new mown hay, as a result of which no recitation was held the next morning. For some reason they thought I was concerned in it, and I was asked to call on Professor Upham. Never will I forget the kind Christian talk that noble man gave me. That same year my chum, Adams here, now the venerable Dr. Adams, was the college bell-ringer, and performed one of the most risky and hazardous feats I ever knew. Sophomores pulled down the bell-rope one night, but in some way, having been once a sailor, he climbed to the top of that lofty tower, and to the unconcealed chagrin of the rope thieves, the peal of the bell called them to morning chapel as usual. He was the only man I knew who steadily refused to take part in class cuts, and yet had the highest respect of all.

The power of the Christian influence around us was great, and helped us. Now the boys of those old days are scattered far and wide, thousands of miles apart, many have gone from us forever; but we, the living, wherever we are, endeavor to maintain and carry forward the principles and precepts of our college. In the great and growing state of Colorado, we meet with difficulties you do not have here. I hope Bowdoin will always reject the tendency towards co-education; not because men should have a higher education, but because the sexes are so totally different, because women can never be made men, and their education should be carried on apart.

Dear *Alma Mater*, fair and free,
Honoring ourselves, we honor thee,
As royal sons thy glory share,
Thy royal robes are ours to wear.
Let thy pure light our lives inspire
Our hearts enkindle with thy fire,
From all our wanderings let thy reign
Our scattered ranks draw back again,
And let thy benediction fall
On this, thy own sweet Festival!

As veteran Knights, in days of yore,
Through the long years thy banners bore,
May their successors onward hare
The trust committed to their care.
May patriot valor from the field
With equal honor hold thy shield,
And on thy front in beauty twine
Athena's crown, Peucinia's pine!

Hon. Charles U. Bell spoke for the Class of '63 as follows:

Mr. President and Fellow Alumni,—I feel unworthy to speak for a class that graduated thirty years ago, but I will tell you a story that may throw some light on my position. A woman came into the

office of a friend of mine some time ago, and wished him to manage a suit for a divorce from her husband. The ground which she assigned for the action, was, that he was absolutely uninteresting. The connection of this will be seen later. In these days we are turning history into myths, and correcting errors. I wish to attack one here. I think I can upset the calendar. It cannot be thirty years since I graduated. The fact that I am in the third generation of men receiving degrees from the college, shows that I must be toward the last of the list. When the march by order of classes was taken up, too, I found that '63 came in towards the rear of the line. When I look upon the faces of my seven surviving classmates they are young and vigorous. There must be some mistake in the figures. It cannot be thirty years since. I will say one thing more. Of late years I am impressed with the duty of citizens to sustain and increase the strength of American sentiment and devotion to our historical institutions. At our meeting here let us unite in common feelings of patriotism, that great influence in keeping this country happy, free, and united.

The President next introduced the representative of the class of '68, Rev. G. M. Bodge, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President,—I am very proud to represent the class of '68. There is one thing I can say about my class, that they are in a vigorous state of health, wonderfully so; the philosopher Billings has remarked that the best thing possible to be said about some people is that they are healthy, but I can assure you that this is not all that can be said about the class of '68. There are not many of us here. I presume many of you have heard the story of the old Methodist minister who had preached in many circuits, and had many wives who had died in one place or another, on being asked if the last wife was to be buried with the others, remarked that the "heft of his wives was buried over in Shirley," the "Heft of '68" is not here. I have but a word to say, only to mention the glory of the past. As we look back upon those days the men of old seem to us of larger mould. Some one has said that the men of former days become as myths to us, but I am sure that Professor Smyth is not a myth, and he has left an enduring monument behind him.

However long a line of illustrious men have been graduated, whatever the glory of the past, we can be always sure that Bowdoin is ever growing, not in wealth alone, that would be a poor story, but the men who are instructors here to-day are worthy successors of those of former days. One of the strong-

est reasons we have for confidence in Bowdoin's future is that we have such a man at its head, one who possesses that rarest of gifts,—common sense. He stands more and more in the fore-front of thought throughout our land, in deep abstruse reasoning, in popular, readable, understandable, subjects that touch us all heart to heart. I am confident that we have no better indication of Bowdoin's continued prosperity than his guidance.

Dr. Robinson, '73, was the next called upon. He said:

I should feel deeply embarrassed at thus being called on to address you, if it were not in the line of my profession to take life easily. My classmates have done well in life. Indeed, several of them are now judges on the bench "dispensing with justice." They are all modest men, but I—came from Bangor. Dr. Robinson spoke earnestly of the loyalty due the old college, and of the true spirit of interest and constant effort for her which should animate every graduate.

Mr. George C. Purington, principal of the Farmington Normal School, and a newly elected member of the Board of Overseers, spoke for the class of '78. He said:

Modesty is the characteristic of the class of '78. In fact there used to be but one man in it who would make good recitations, the rest were all so retiring and modest. It is hardly time yet for my class to indulge in reminiscences, but I have one little story to show the present college boys how much we did to make the ranking system more lenient. One fellow, X, never had time to write out his Greek prose, spending most of his time at the station. He would copy from Z's paper, or even read from it in recitation. One time the worthy professor noticed this, and asked him about it. "Oh, we were pressed for time," said X, "and worked out our sentences together." "In that case," remarked the professor, "I will divide the rank between you, and give you each half rank."

The members of '78 are still young men, and now, at the fifteenth anniversary of our graduation, we are still facing the East, but our shadows are extending less far toward the West. We want to express constantly our appreciation of our debt to Bowdoin. We can never repay her for what she has done for us, but we hope we shall never be found lacking in devotion and loyalty to our *Alma Mater*.

Mr. John E. Dinsmore spoke briefly for '83. He said:

I had the pleasure last year of being across the water, and there I realized more than ever my love and appreciation for the United States, for Maine in the United States, for Bowdoin College in Maine. In Athens I received the annual catalogue through the kindness of Professor Little, and felt great interest in the progress of the college, in buildings and men. In the changes in the Faculty since our day, '83 has now a representative in Professor Hutchins.

W. W. Woodman, '88, was the last speaker and responded for his class in a few well-chosen words.

Class Reunions.

CLASS OF '43.

The class of '43 celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on Thursday, June 22d, by a dinner at the Falmouth Hotel in Portland, and eight members of this famous class were present. The dinner was served in the small dining-room of the hotel, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion. The floral ornaments of the tables were handsome and in excellent taste. The menu was carefully selected and fully appreciated. The evening was pleasantly passed in reminiscences of an informal character.

The following members of the class were present: Dr. A. H. Burbank, Monmouth; Hon. W. Dummer Northend, Salem; C. M. Cumston, Yarmouth; William A. Goodwin, Portland; J. M. Hagar, Richmond; Hon. W. R. Porter, Boston; G. F. Sargent, Boston; Dr. L. W. Johnson, Bristol.

Out of forty-eight members of the class at graduation, twenty-three now remain alive.

CLASS OF '53.

The class of '53, always so remarkable for class spirit and loyalty, held its reunion at the Tontine in Brunswick, Wednesday of Commencement week at 9 o'clock. Judge Henry C. Goodenow of Bangor, the class secretary, had succeeded in getting information of the proposed reunion to fourteen of the fifteen surviving members of the class, and nine of this number were present, some in spite of many difficulties. Bishop Spaulding had come across the continent from Denver, and Dr. Foss had not been in Brunswick for forty years, ever since his graduation.

tion. Chief Justice Fuller was prevented at the last moment from being present.

The following members were on hand: Bishop John Franklin Spaulding, D.D., Denver; Judge Henry Clay Goodenow, Bangor; Rev. Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., Bangor; William Paley Drew, Philadelphia; Rev. Ephraim C. Cummings, Portland; John Leland Crosby, Bangor; Thaddeus R. Simonton, Camden; David Marks Place, Chelsea; Stephen Foss, M.D., Brooklyn.

The evening was passed pleasantly in recalling college days and incidents. The pretty programme contained two odes, several appropriate quotations in Latin and English, a list of the class, living and deceased, with residences, and the following poem by Mr. Crosby of Bangor:

If I were a poet (as Ephraim said)
I would sing you a song (which no poet refuses),
But alas! there is no such a thing in my head,
Nor am I related at all to the Muses.
Yet brothers, no one of you, more than myself,
Delights at this banquet Apician to meet you;
And long may it be ere I'm laid on the shelf,
And lose opportunity gladly to greet you.
'Tis hard to believe when I see these young fellows,
That forty full years have gone by since we parted,
And if we accept what the almanacs tell us
We must have been awfully young when we started.
Why look in the glass (or perhaps in the glasses!)
See Adams, God bless him, the bright-eyed D.D.;
It only befalls to the luckiest classes
To show their religion in such men as he.
Here is Eph., well we know him, his cherry complexion
Lights up this whole room full of jolly old boys,
In his den up in Park Street in tracing connection
'Twixt "Religion and Nature" his hours he employs.
And here right beside him another, no older,
With his bright flashing humor and welcome so true,
An athlete who knows to strike straight from the shoulder,
The eloquent, hearty, delightful young Drew.
Not far down the seat which we formerly sat in
Was one who now writes on his sign D.D.S.,
Employing his leisure reviewing his Latin,
An angel of mercy to dental distress.
With awe I approach him now clad in the ermine,
But still he must stand it, along with the rest;
Escaped from the problems which jurists determine
He's young as the youngest and good as the best!
And seeing he's "Chief" we will give him two verses,
Not by him is John Chinaman forced from our shores,
Nor will we condemn him with Puritan curses
That for one Sunday only be opened the doors.
If one of our number old age can be nearing,
He must be the earliest "Judge" in the clan,
Mature at his birth, with a title endearing,
We always revere him, "the little old man."
Now next comes Wood Langdon, none like on this planet,
(An artist in whitewash in days long gone by!)
A friend as enduring as mountains of granite—

The mountains which pierce with their summits the sky.
Who is me for McArthur! he "wanted" to greet us,
"A fellow of infinite jest"—also thrifty;
At forty, he writes us, he really can't meet us,
But promises, *Sartin*, to come when we're fifty!
And here is the gallant, perennial David,
Who never was known to surrender or run,
We will love him while loving the country he saved,
And be sure to keep out of the range of his gun.
As for Thad., the discourses on "wine and its evils,"
Who will shortly be "out" (can't the Chief keep
him "in"?),
Just capturing bravely those free-trading devils,
He returns with his booty of contraband tin.
Dear John, he's so fine in his surplice and band,
How dare I approach this Right Reverend Bishop.
As he scatters the bread of life wide o'er the land.
Does he mind the baked beans he and Downes used to
dish up?

Ah! here's Billy Todd, our beloved physician,
He is all but a Yankee—just over the bay.
Should the viands to-night put us out of condition
His prescription should right us—and nothing to pay!
Nor will we forget in this happy reunion
The boys who are absent, but only in flesh;
Their spirits with ours shall this night hold communion,
And hearts in response shall these moments refresh.
There is Jim, down in Texas, the loyal old boy,
Whose heart is enlarged with a grandfather's joy,
And William, the parson; his words, said or sung,
Recall the "good Scotchman" "who must be caught
young,"

And Kidder, the prelate, "established" in faith,
Nathaniel, the guileless, whose love is no wrath,
And last, yet the first, I will name in a word,
Our Tucker, his holy craft that of our Lord!
Perhaps it's not fair, in this rattling verse,
That one, even one of our crowd should be spared,
His history, eventless, if asked to rehearse,
He responds (as to "Ferox" of old) "unprepared."
Yet never more grateful and happy man felt,
Although of some sorrows he truly might tell,
Sincerely he signs himself (not with the belt)
Your classmate and true hearted comrade, "John L."
And now, brothers dear, as we draw to a close,
Let us tenderly think of the boys that are gone,
As our memory calls them, what one of us knows,
But they hover round us, yes every one?
How we mourned these dear comrades who loved us so
well,

From the boys who were blighted in youth's early flower.
To the men who toiled longer, in battle who fell,
To those who, appointed to sorrow's dark hour,
Uncomplaining, and faithful, and loving, and true,
Surrendered their trust to the Father above;
Yes, they all are beside us, our numbers not few,
And we grasped hand in hand in our limitless love!

CLASS OF '63.

Although it is thirty years since this class graduated, eight members came together at the Tontine,

Wednesday evening, for the reunion. Their names will be found in the list of alumni present at Commencement. Mr. Isaiah Trufant gave a history of the class, and the members present indulged in many pleasant recollections of thirty years ago. The length of time since graduating from college is, as Mr. Bell said, one of those things which does not measure the same both ways, looking forward it is thirty years, looking backward, only yesterday.

CLASS of '67.

Wednesday afternoon '67 held its reunion in the Gymnasium. Although it is an off year for this class, its twenty-sixth anniversary, seven members were present and all had a delightful time. The following was the list of those present: George T. Sewall, Stanley A. Plummer, Winfield Scott Hutchinson, Judge Henry S. Webster, J. W. MacDonald, George P. Davenport, Isaac S. Curtis, M.D.

Through the kindness of W. S. Hutchinson, Esq., the class secretary, we are able to give the poem, which was written by Judge Webster.

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

(Class Reunion—1893).

Once more with rhymes I greet your patient ears;
And as I scan the vista of the years,
Not unremembered they who wore the bays—
Or tried to wear them—in our college days.
Another Chapman followed him of old,
And Newman charmed us with his lyre of gold;
To Summer's strains we lent a willing ear;
McClintock's Muse was caustic and severe;
And like a trumpet soaring to the sky
Was Bodge's peal of glory and Phi Chi.

Oh, for the spirit of those vanished days,
When such as these we learned to love and praise!
Oh, for the frenzy of that long-lost time,
To fill with fervor my reluctant rhyme!
Oh, for that age of transport and desire
When thoughts are armed men, and words are fire!
When youth thinks lightly of the lot it owns,
Rich in the empire of unconquered zones.

For one brief moment may I not essay
To yield myself to Memory's magic sway,
Desert awhile the beaten paths of truth,
And think once more the vagrant thoughts of youth?

It is Horace who tells us in honey-sweet numbers
How Time, never ceasing, speeds on in his flight;
Yet he paints not his swiftness in blacks or in numbers,
But bids us pursue him with hearts gay and light.

There is dew on the flowers—let us smell their sweet savor,
There is rapture on lips—let us taste of their bloom,
Every moment of pleasure or joyous endeavor
Will twine a bright thread into Memory's loom.

We are dust, we are shade, when the Fates shall assign us
Our place in the ranks of the dumb and the dead:
So we journey with mirth toward the kingdom of Minos
And scatter with roses the paths that we tread.

But perhaps you will tell me the sentiment's pagan,
Unmet save for mention with jesting and jeers;
That such follies and fancies are dead as old Dagon,
And dry with the dust of the long-vanished years.

What! Did laughter depart with the gods and the graces?
Was there failure of frolic or death of desire
When the piping of Pan ceased in perilous places,
And the flames of the Vestals were left to expire?

Would you proffer me, then, a religion ascetic?
Would you make me a quaffer at Marah's dark rill?
And persuade me its brine is Jehovah's emetic
To east from my bosom some burdens of ill?

You may hold to your creed and your practice so moral:
I spurn not your faith and I scorn not your fears;
For our lives are too short for disputing and quarrel,
Too short, too, for moanings and groanings and tears.

Since we press toward a day which shall claim us as
tenants

Of realms that to doubt and to darkness belong,
Who shall say whether you with your prayers and your
penance
Are wiser, or I with my laughter and song.

CLASS OF '68.

Eight members of the class of '68 met in Portland on Wednesday, at the house of Dr. C. A. Ring, to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary, and passed the time informally in recalling pleasant stories of class doings. In the afternoon several members of the class took an enjoyable trip down Casco Bay. A list of those present will be found in another column. Rev. George M. Bodge spoke for the class at the Commencement Dinner.

CLASS OF '78.

The class of '78 held their reunion on the Kennebec River, on Friday following Commencement, which, in spite of the rain, was a most enjoyable affair. By invitation of their classmate, Hartley C. Baxter, of Brunswick, they took a trip from Bath to Gardiner and back in his beautiful steam yacht Papoose. Their host served an elegant dinner on board.

The following members of the class were present: Clarence A. Baker, M.D., Portland; Hartley C. Baxter, Brunswick; John F. Hall, editor and proprietor *Atlantic Times, Democrat, and Daily Union*, Atlantic City, N. J.; Geo. C. Purington, Principal State Normal School, Farmington; Barrett Potter,

Esq., Brunswick; William E. Sargent, Principal Hebron Academy; Edwin F. Stetson, M.D., Damariscotta; Geo. C. Purington, Jr., Class Boy.

CLASS OF '83.

On account of the greater convenience of next year and the desire of members of the class to be present then, '83 decided to put off its reunion until the centennial of the college. Mr. John I. Dinsmore spoke for the class at the dinner.

CLASS OF '88.

Professor Tolman, the class secretary and the resident member of '88 was unable to arrange a reunion of the class, or be present at Commencement himself, on account of his illness. His classmates therefore decided to hold their celebration next year.

CLASS OF '90.

Although '90 had a number of men present they decided to put off their reunion until next year.

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

President Hyde's annual reception to the alumni and friends of the college attracted a large and brilliant gathering to Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, in spite of the unfavorable weather. The occasion was a thoroughly enjoyable one.

During the evening refreshments were served by Robinson, of Portland.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

Friday morning some fifteen sub-Freshmen took their examinations in Massachusetts Hall. Up to date some eighty have taken the entrance examinations, of whom about sixty-five have passed. About twenty more have taken preliminary examinations. The outlook for a good-sized class is very favorable, as quite a number more will take examinations in the fall.

APPOINTMENTS AND PRIZES.

Following is a list of the honorary Commencement appointments of '93, based upon each man's work for the course:

Salutatory Oration.—George Scott Chapin, Andover, Mass.

English Orations.—Frank Russell Arnold, Brain-

tree, Mass.; Weston Percival Chamberlain, Bristol; Arthur Sewall Haggett, Newcastle; Charles Henry Howard, South Paris; Albert Savage Hutchinson, Auburn; John Higgins Pierce, Portland.

Philosophical Disquisitions.—Milton Sherburne Clifford, Bangor; George Stover Maehan, Argenta, Ill.; John Shepard May, Augusta; Charles Hale Savage, Auburn.

Literary Disquisitions.—Sanford Oscar Baldwin, Topsham; Byron Fuller Barker, Bath; Charles Calvin Bucknam, Eastport; Harry Clifton Fabyan, Portland; Reginald Rusden Goodell, Cumberland Mills; Augustus Alphonso Hussey, Houlton; Alley Rea Jenks, Houlton; Jesse White Lambert, Wiscasset; Herbert Lindsay McCann, South Norridgewock; Herbert Augustine Owen, Buxton Center; Richard Conant Payson, Portland; Clarence Webster Peabody, Portland; George Wilder Shay, Albion.

Disquisitions.—Elmer Howard Carleton, Dresden; Harry Smith Emery, Buxton Center; Albert Marshall Jones, Gorham; Frederick Milton Shaw, Gorham; Philip Morton Shaw, Gorham.

Discussions.—George Wood McArthur, Biddeford; Henry Merrill Wilder, Brownville.

Following is a list of the prizes and awards announced during the spring term:

Goodwin Prize.—Augustus Alphonso Hussey.

English Composition.—Clarence Webster Peabody, Byron Fuller Barker, first prizes; Harry Clifton Fabyan, Charles Henry Howard, second prizes.

Pray English Prize.—Arthur Sewall Haggett.

Brown Prizes.—Clarence Webster Peabody, first prize; George Scott Chapin, second prize.

Junior Declamation.—George Anthony Merrill, first prize; Harry Edwin Andrews, second prize.

Sewall Latin Prize.—Louis Clinton Hatch; honorable mention, Gorham Henry Wood.

Sewall Greek Prize.—Harvey Waterman Thayer; honorable mention, Gorham Henry Wood.

Smyth Mathematical Prize.—Harlan Page Small.

Goodwin French Prize.—Charles Mayberry Brown.

Brown Memorial Scholarships.—'93, Clarence Webster Peabody; '94, Frank Herbert Knight; '95, George D. Foster; '96, Henry Hill Pierce.

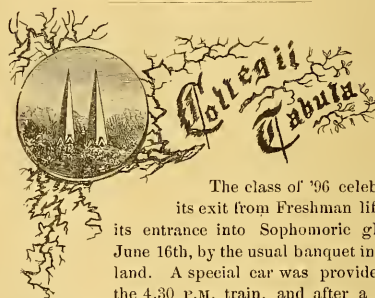
ALUMNI LIST.

Owing to the difficulty of ascertaining the names of all present Commencement week, the following list is probably somewhat incomplete:

Ex-Senator James Ware Bradbury, '25; B. E. Potter, Henry Ingalls, '41; Dummer Northend,

James M. Hagar, '43; G. M. Adams, '44; Rev. E. B. Webb, W. W. Rice, '46; John Dinsmore, H. E. Eastman, Guilford S. Newcomb, '48; Wm. P. Frye, '50; Ex-President Joshua L. Chamberlain, Lewis Pierce, '52; Bishop John F. Spaulding, Judge Henry Clay Goodenow, Rev. J. E. Adams, D.D., Stephen Foss, M.D., Rev. Ephraim Cummings, David M. Place, T. R. Simonton, John L. Crosby, Wm. P. Drew, '53; Wm. L. Putnam, B. P. Snow, '55; E. B. Palmer, Galen C. Moses, '56; Henry Newbegin, James C. Strout, S. Clifford Belcher, C. L. Nichols, B. B. Kingsbury, '57; F. M. Drew, Col. E. B. Nealley, '58; Judge Joseph W. Symonds, Gen. John Marshall Brown, F. G. Clifford, E. A. Harlow, '60; C. F. Hunt, Judge L. A. Emery, Edward Stanwood, George B. Kenniston, '61; J. E. Pierce, F. O. Thayer, '62; Isaiah Trufant, A. R. G. Smith, T. M. Givens, Charles U. Bell, George A. Emery, Henry Kimball, Cyrus B. Varney, A. B. Dearborn, '63; Charles F. Libby, James McKean, '64; Joseph A. Locke, Charles Fish, '65; C. K. Hinkley, '66; J. W. MacDonald, Stanley Plummer, Henry S. Webster, Curtis, Davenport, George T. Sewall, Winfield S. Hutchinson, '67; C. A. Ring, M.D., L. W. Rundlett, J. A. Hinkley, C. G. Holyoke, G. M. Bodge, T. F. Emery, W. F. Shepard, '68; Judge John B. Redman, E. C. Woodward, '70; Herbert Harris, Rev. J. L. Richards, Hon. Herbert M. Heath, '72; D. A. Robinson, M.D., Clarke, Cram, F. A. Wilson, Hendricks, A. F. Richardson, '73; T. W. Hawthorne, H. H. Emery, William H. Moulton, Augustus F. Moulton, '74; S. C. Whitmore, '75; Oliver Crocker Stevens, J. A. Morrell, O. C. Stearns, C. H. Clark, '76; C. E. Cobb, G. L. Thompson, H. V. Stackpole, '77; G. C. Purington, Barrett Potter, Samuel E. Smith, C. A. Baker, J. F. Hall, '78; O. D. Castner, Thos. Scott, S. S. Stearns, '79; Perkins, A. H. Holmes, John Scott, '80; H. S. Payson, Wm. King, E. E. Briry, '81; A. F. Belcher, J. F. Libby, '82; Dr. Gibson, Corliss, H. E. Cole, C. C. Hutchinson, J. D. Lenman, J. B. Reed, John I. Dinsmore, '83; F. P. Knight, L. Barton, W. K. Hilton, Jr., '84; F. N. Whittier, Eugene Thomas, Eben W. Freeman, A. W. Rogers, '85; George M. Norris, Levi Turner, Jr., W. V. Wentworth, A. R. Butler, G. S. Berry, Jr., '86; Dr. F. C. Moulton, E. C. Plummer, M. L. Kimball, F. D. Dearth, Little, Kimball, W. L. Gahan, Clarence B. Burleigh, J. V. Lane, Arthur W. Merrill, Perkins, '87; A. L. Tolman, Meserve, Marston, Ayer, R. S. Thomas, W. W. Woodman, J. L. Doolittle, '88; G. L. Rogers, Little, George Thwing, L. J. Bodge, F. L. Staples, '89; Charles Lyman Hutchinson, Walter R. Hunt, O. B. Humphrey, Blanchard, Weeks, Victor V. Thompson,

Weeks, Alexander, A. V. Smith, Ridley, Spinney, W. T. Dunn, George E. Tolman, M.D., Thomas C. Spillane, '90; Charles Sias Wright, B. D. Ridlon, Fred J. Simonton, E. C. Drew, R. W. Hunt, H. S. Chapman, Hastings, Porter, Algenon S. Dyer, Mallett, H. DeF. Smith, F. M. Tukey, G. C. Mahoney, Harry CUTTS, Minot, '91; H. C. Emery, Leon F. Fobes, Charles S. Rich, Roy F. Bartlett, Earl B. Wood, Pennell, Wilson, Hull, Sumner, Gummer, Merriman, Abbott, C. A. Hodgkins, '92.



The class of '96 celebrated its exit from Freshman life and its entrance into Sophomore glories June 16th, by the usual banquet in Portland. A special car was provided on the 4.30 P.M. train, and after a little excitement at the station the start was made. The crowd formed in line at the Union Station and marched up to the Preble House. At the Longfellow monument a circle was formed and with uncovered heads the boys cheered the great poet, the class, and college. Songs and cheers enlivened the whole line of march. Canes and colors were at once purchased, and until 9 o'clock the time was spent in looking around the city. At that hour a descent was made upon the dining room, where an elaborate banquet was served to which, for two hours, the appetites of the new Sophomores did ample justice. After the banquet the following literary programme was carried out under the direction of Toast-Master Sterling Fessenden:

TOASTS.

"Bowdoin,"	Homer R. Blodgett.
"Ninety-Six,"	J. Clair Minot.
"Prof. Johnson,"	Francis O. Peaks.
"Athletics,"	Geo. T. Ordway.
"Ninety-Seven,"	Harry H. Pierce.
Opening Address,	Robert Newbegin.
Ode,	Words by J. Clair Minot.
History,	Philip Dana.
Poem,	H. W. Owen, Jr.
Oration,	Harry Oakes.
Prophecy,	J. W. Haskell.
Ode,	Words by Harry H. Pierce.

The parts were all carefully prepared and reflected much credit on the various speakers. The festivities

were kept up until an early hour, and then the remainder of the night was spent at the hotel, and the return to Brunswick made the next forenoon. It was a most successful and enjoyable occasion throughout, and one '96 will not soon forget. F. H. Swan, J. H. Libby, and W. Robinson formed the efficient committee of arrangements.

Wardwell, '85, passed through town last week.

The alumni ball game was omitted this year, the old ball-tossers not feeling equal to the occasion.

Perkins, '80, spent Commencement week in town, his sixteenth consecutive appearance at the annual festivities.

Reed took some good pictures of the Junior class, after the Ivy exercises. He also snapped the Seniors after their Class-Day exercises.

Ex-U. S. Senator James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, the sole surviving member of the immortal class of '25, attended Commencement as usual, and it was a remarkable and impressive sight to see this gray-haired old statesman, over 90 years of age, march with uncovered head among the alumni before the ranks of the new graduates.

"The Bates team are gentlemen and ball players; the M. S. C. team are gentlemen; the Bowdoin team are ball players"; says the *Colby Echo*. The temptation to complete the characterization of the four teams of the league by adding the Colby team are neither gentlemen nor ball players is almost irresistible, but we refrain.

Rev. Edward Beaman Palmer, D.D., '56, of Boston, is the holder of a remarkable record which has doubtless never been equaled in the history of Bowdoin, and perhaps is without parallel elsewhere. Last week he attended his 38th consecutive Commencement of Bowdoin. He is now in the flush of active manhood, and expects to attend at least a score more of Commencements here.

Gradually but surely the standard of admission to Bowdoin is being raised and quite a large number of candidates were refused admission this year. Between 50 and 60 passed on the final examination papers sent away to different schools, and between 20 and 30 the preliminaries. Also many were here to be examined Commencement week. 'Ninety-seven promises to be a large and fine class.

The three cups won by Bowdoin in the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament have been received from the engraver, and are now in the library. The new cup purchased this year by the College Association has also been received and placed in the library. This latter cup will remain the property of the col-

lege, the winner of the college tournament each year having his name engraved upon it. Dana, '94, heads the lists.

We have received from Mr. J. L. Harrison, of Albany, N. Y., his neat little volume entitled "Cap and Gown," made up of selections from the various college periodicals, several of them from the *ORIENT*. The book should be in every college man's library. From D. C. Heath we have received "La Mere Michel et son Chat," the latest volume in their French series. It is uniform in appearance and price with the others of the series, and contains beside the text, ample notes and a concise vocabulary.

When Jewett's train reached here from the east, Wednesday afternoon, the graduating class was gathered at the Depot to receive Charles A. Parker of Good Will Home, Fairfield, whom '93 has undertaken to send through Bowdoin. Charlie is a fine looking lad of 13 years, and he fully appreciates the great favor that has been done to him. He is an orphan from Medford, Mass., and has always had a great desire to receive an education, but when his mother died and left him alone in the world, a year ago, he about abandoned the idea. A kind lady got him into Good Will Home. Soon after the Senior class at Bowdoin asked Mr. Hinkley to designate one of his boys for them to educate, and young Parker was selected. In two years he expects to enter Bowdoin. The students paid him a good deal of attention on Thursday and at night escorted him to the train on his return to Good Will.



'34.—The college has recently received from its author, the Rev. Henry Theodore Cheever, D.D., a copy of his recent work entitled, "Bible Eschatology, Its Relation to the Current Presbyterian Standards and the Basal Principles that must Underlie Revision." Worcester. F. S. Blanchard and Company, 1893. An admirable portrait of the author forms a frontispiece to the volume.

'37.—News has recently come to the college of the death of Rev. Ebenezer Stockbridge, which took place July 6, 1892. He was born in Freeport, Octo-

ber 15, 1807, the son of Micah and Mary (Pinkham) Stockbridge, and fitted for college in district schools and later at Readfield Academy. After graduation he taught school for a few months each at Falmouth, Me., in New Hampshire, and in Connecticut. In 1838 he went to Georgia, where he remained twelve years, teaching school in various places. He was hampered in his work by sectional prejudice, not infrequently causing him considerable annoyance. During his teaching he studied law, medicine, and theology extensively, his object being the last. In 1850 he was called to the presidency of what was called Holston College, in Tennessee, and held the position five years, meanwhile continuing his study of Hebrew and theology. In 1857 he preached a circuit in Virginia, having been licensed to preach in 1831, ordained deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1846, and elder in 1850. Since 1858 he taught in the common schools of Green County, Tenn., until 1887, when he removed to Texas. During the War of the Rebellion he maintained his allegiance to the Union, and in consequence he and his family suffered many troubles, and he was once thrown into prison at Richmond. He married, first, Sarah Fellows, in 1842, at Jackson, Ga. After her death he married Mary Caroline Goodwin, of Green County, Tenn., by whom he had three sons and three daughters. Up to the time of his death he retained his mental powers to a remarkable degree, reading several languages with great versatility.

'42.—Rev. George Gannett, D.D., of Boston, died at Englewood, Ill., on Sunday, June 11th. He was born at East Bridgewater in 1819. His family moved, in 1820, to Belfast, where he fitted for college, re-

ceiving a Phi Beta Kappa election at graduation. He has also had the degree of A.M. from Bowdoin. Immediately after graduation he was principal of the academy at Stafford, N. H., but, after two years, entered Bangor Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1847. He was soon settled over the Congregational Church at Boothbay Harbor, but was compelled to resign in the middle of a most successful pastorate there, on account of ill health. In 1850 he opened a private school for young ladies at Arlington, and seven years later, removing to Boston, he founded the famous Gannett Institute, the first school to enter upon collegiate work for women. Dr. Gannett has here had several thousand women under his tuition, and the institute still maintains its high rank. In 1864 Dr. Gannett was chosen one of the examining committee of Harvard, serving seven years. In 1887 he received the degree of D.D. from Middlebury College. He was the author of a large number of educational and other magazine articles, beside many lectures and essays. In 1847 he married Mary Jane Shaw, of Wolfeborough, N. H., and, after her death, in 1876, married Georgiana Butterworth, of Warren, Mass.

'53.—The class of '53 has recently presented the library with a set of Chamber's Encyclopedia, in ten volumes, and a copy of Rodolfo Lanciani's Ancient Rome, as "a loving remembrance of the class."

'91.—E. H. Newbegin, who has for some time been studying law, has just been admitted to the bar in Ohio. He is the first man of his class to enter upon a professional career.

'93.—George S. Machan is to be assistant in Biology next year. During the coming summer he will occupy the Bowdoin table at Wood's Hall, Mass.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 4, 1893.

No. 6.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The ORIENT extends its heartiest greetings to all of its old friends, and an equally hearty welcome to the incoming Freshman class. The new college term finds more names enrolled on the catalogue than for many years. The class of '93, small though it was in numbers, exerted a strong influence in many ways—an influence which will be more appreciated, now that it is removed. Moreover, on the diamond, on the river, on the foot-ball field, and on the track, familiar faces, long associated with victory, will be missing.

Upon '94 devolves the task of guiding the policy of the undergraduates. The strong college and class feeling which three years of college life have developed in the class are guarantees that their duties will be properly and consistently fulfilled.

The class of '95 enters upon their Junior year strong in numbers, strong in allegiance to class, and thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the college. 'Ninety-five is an athletic class, and upon them Bowdoin will depend largely this year, as she did last, for material for foot-ball and track athletic teams, and '95 will undoubtedly respond to the call.

Sophomore year is a trying period in the history of a class, and never more so than when the spirit of old Phi Chi is frowned upon by Faculty and upper classes alike, to

make no mention of that terror to evil doers—the Jury. But we are sure that '96 will bow gracefully to the inevitable and still keep the animal spirits of the Freshmen within bounds, even if unable to brush off their greenness by personal contact.

The Freshman class gives promise of taking a prominent part in our college life when familiarity with the new surroundings and conditions into which they have come shall have smoothed down the rough edges, and made them an integral part of the undergraduate body. Perchance they may rather dislike the process, but when they, in their turn, emerge into Sophomore year, they will more readily perceive that even the disagreeable things incident upon Freshman life are not without their beneficial effect.

We wish to particularly impress upon '97 that the sentiment of the students is strongly opposed to hazing in its objectionable forms, and that it is for this reason that they have escaped so lightly. But they are Freshmen, nevertheless, and Freshmen they will remain to the end of the year. It is incumbent on them to accept their position with good grace and not endeavor to usurp Senior dignity and power before they have graduated from required mathematics.

It is to be hoped that the athletic element in '97 will be an aid to the college teams, and to that end we request every Freshman who can play, or wishes to play, foot-ball to try his hand. Even if there is little or no chance to secure a position on the first eleven, it is none the less a clear duty of all to play regularly, and by so doing not only aid the team in its practice, but become prepared for better work and, it may well be, a position on the team at some future time.

FOLLOWING the general custom we send this number of the ORIENT to every member of the Freshman class and will continue to do so unless a request to dis-

continue the paper is received. The ORIENT needs and should receive the hearty and consistent support of every member of the college, and a subscription is the least that one should expect to do toward making it what it is intended to be—a representative college publication.

We still have a number of copies of the Commencement number, which will be supplied at 25 cents each to any who may apply for them.

THE spirit of foot-ball is rampant in the land. College, high school, and academy have alike succumbed to its all-conquering progress.

Our own season has now fairly commenced. Saturday's game at Exeter furnishes us with the first criterion of our team. On the whole we think the outlook for a successful season is a favorable one, even though at this writing it seems unlikely that we shall equal the fine record of last year.

So far this year the lack of team work has been painfully apparent; the backs have not run well together and the line men have not got into the play as they should. Of course the absence of four of last year's men from the line makes a great deal of difference, yet the men now playing are capable of better work, and we confidently expect a marked improvement in the next two weeks.

The large number of men out for practice each day is an extremely encouraging sign. Foot-ball enthusiasm was never at a higher point than now, and with a team in each of the three other colleges of the state, the game should make great advancement in Maine.

We hope that the enthusiasm of the college will manifest itself in the shape of a liberal subscription. Foot-ball costs money, and considerable money at that. But if every man will give something, no matter how small a sum, provided it be as much as he

can afford to subscribe, Bowdoin can support her team as it deserves to be supported.

The management should see that as many games as possible are played in Brunswick. Few really good teams have ever appeared here, and it is but fair to those who contribute to the support of the team that they be enabled to see a fair share of the games. We are glad to note that games with Harvard, Brown, Amherst, and Tufts are under consideration, for it is only by meeting teams whose strength is approximately equal to ours, or even, as in the case of Harvard, decidedly greater, that progress can be made.

The appearance of Colby, Bates, and M. S. C. in the foot-ball arena does those colleges credit. Bowdoin is ready to meet them, and hopes to show that her prowess on the foot-ball field is fully equal if not superior to her ability on the diamond.

THE Y. M. C. A. issued its annual handbook just at the close of the summer term, and a very neat and handy pocket companion it is. Copies may be had free of charge upon application to G. A. Merrill, '94, chairman of the committee.

RATHER more than the usual number of changes have taken place in the Faculty this year. Professor William MacDonald comes to us from Worcester Polytechnic Institute to the chair of History and Political Economy. He has already won the good opinion of his classes and will undoubtedly prove a valuable addition to the Faculty.

Professor Files, who has been studying in Germany the past two years, and who recently received the degree of Ph.D., *cum laude*, from the University of Leipzig, assumes charge of the German department.

The continued illness of Mr. Tolman, Assistant Professor of English Literature, necessitates his absence for another year.

His position will be filled by Mr. W. B. Mitchell, '90, who has been engaged in teaching since his graduation, and has made a specialty of Rhetoric and English. Mr. G. S. Machan, '93, will succeed Mr. Hunt as assistant in Biology.

WE WISH to remind the college in general, and '97 in particular, that members of all classes will be eligible to election on the ORIENT Board at the end of the winter term. The columns of the ORIENT are always open to any articles on topics of college interests, and purely literary matter in the form of stories, sketches, or contributions to "Rhyme and Reason" will be gladly received.

For the benefit of the Freshmen we reprint the list of prizes offered last term:

For the best story published in this volume of the ORIENT, five dollars.

For the second best story, three dollars.

For the largest number of poems published, five dollars.

For the best poem published, two dollars.

The above prizes are open to the competition of all students of the college except the present ORIENT editors. All contributions are subject to revision by the editors, and will be submitted to the judges only as they appear in print. Stories should not exceed 1,500 words in length, and poems should not exceed forty lines.

After Five Years.

"GOOD afternoon," he said, as she came into the pretty little drawing-room that looked out on the avenue. "I'm only in town for the day, and, as we are ordered away again directly, I thought I must call and see you, if only for a moment or two."

How sweet she was as she stood there just inside the door, the light of mingled surprise and gladness flowing up in her soft

blue eyes, and just the faintest wave of rosy color tinging her dainty cheeks. He thought she looked more beautiful than ever before, and as she greeted him with warm words, and extended her hand almost timidly, he felt that she was all the world to him.

He had sailed away on the quarter-deck of one of Uncle Sam's smart cruisers just five years ago to-day, and every minute of those five years, in calm and storm, afloat and ashore, the sweet face that was now so near him had haunted his vision, and when he read the orders that sent the "Columbian" home for repairs, his heart had beat hard as he thought of meeting her again. And just a week ago she had read in the *Herald*, "Arrived, June 15th, U. S. S. Columbian, from the Mediterranean," and she knew that, barring accidents (for she had not heard from him during his absence), a certain tall lieutenant, handsome, gay, and athletic, would soon be ashore, and then—would he come to her? She feared so; feared so because—but wait!

And so at last he had met her. At last he could see her face to face, and could watch the sparkle of her eyes, and could listen to the sound of her voice. How inexpressibly happy it made him! His messmates in the wardroom had said that he was sober and quiet and not much at conversation, but now, under the inspiration of her presence, he talked as never before, telling her fascinating stories of his life afloat, and of the beautiful things of Italy and the Great Sea. She was content to listen, and he was more than satisfied to be able to talk to her thus, and watch her smile, and hear her light laughter as he made some boyish sally of wit. He would talk commonplace now, he thought, and then, after tea (of course she would bid him stay as of old), in the quiet dimness of the summer twilight he would tell her of his long-kept love, and would take her to his heart, his own. He

had no doubt of his success, for when he went away every one had said that she was nearly heart-broken, and that if he had had eyes in his head he would have seen it and claimed her then and there. But he had been a bit timid and wanted time to think it over, and as the "Columbian" was to be absent only "six months," why—he would wait.

But the months had lengthened into years, and he had almost despaired of seeing her again, and now that he was back in her sight once more, he felt that her heart must throb in tune with his own, and that with her, as with him, time had but strengthened the bond between them.

He had been talking joyously and incessantly for an hour, and she had only listened, answering here and there in monosyllables. So now, fearing that she would weary, and longing to know if he had been missed, he asked her to tell him about her own life of the past five years, and she paled a little, he thought, as she began to speak, and her voice trembled curiously. He noted this with beating pulses, thinking that she was much moved at their meeting, and that it argued well for his success in the attack on her heart's citadel.

She told him that she had lived quietly at home looking after her house, and then, hesitating and coloring painfully, was about to give utterance to something that seemed to trouble her, when there was a quick step on the floor of the hall outside; a deep, gentle voice calling softly, "Nell," and then, as the *portière* was thrown nervously back, he saw a tall form filling the doorway, while she was saying, "Lieutenant Stone, my husband."

Miss Julia Stevenson, daughter of Vice-President Stevenson, is a member of the entering Freshman class at Wellesley college. Miss Stevenson's younger sister is attending the Dana Hall Preparatory School in Wellesley.

Arrangement of the Library.

THE Bowdoin College Library grants the privilege, a rare one in case of collections of fifty thousand volumes, of unrestricted access to the shelves. This circumstance leads most borrowers to select books without the aid of an attendant, and renders a knowledge of the arrangement of the library of great importance to all.

The entrance room on the north side of the Chapel contains the charging desk, at which a signed receipt must be left for each volume taken from the building; the "New Books" shelves, where recent accessions are temporarily placed and a list of them posted each month; the "Selected Books" shelves, where volumes relating to particular subjects, or reserved for special classes, are kept. The room is also intended to serve as an inquiry and conversation room so that, as far as practicable, silence may be observed in the other rooms.

By the door on the west the North Wing is reached through the small apartment known as the Study Room. The first case at the end of this wing is devoted to books on philosophy in which the class numbers range from 100 to 199. For instance, 170 is the class number for ethics. President Hyde's Practical Ethics is marked 170: H99, and placed with a score or two of other works on that subject in its numerical order in this case. Works on logic, numbered 160, precede; and those on ancient philosophy, numbered 180, follow.

As a rule, each book in the library has a class number of three or more figures and a book number, consisting of the initial of the author's name and two figures. The latter device results in an alphabetical arrangement by authors in each class. When the class number consists of more than three figures, all save the first three are regarded as a decimal in the arrangement of classes: *e. g.*, 170.9 follows 170 and precedes 171; 822.33 precedes 823.

Books on religion, bearing numbers 200-299 inclusive, occupy the next three and a half cases. The large division known as sociology comes next. This includes statistics, 310-319; political science, 320-329; political economy, 330-339; law and constitutional history, 340-349; administration, 350-359; education, 370-379; commerce, 380-389; manners and customs, 390-399. The extensive collection of Congressional documents, numbering nearly three thousand volumes, belongs to this division, but has a special class number, U.S., and is arranged chronologically on the high shelves in the South Wing. The remainder of the North

Wing is given up to science. This begins in the eighth case with the Smyth Mathematical Library, the gift of Henry J. Furber, of the class of 1861. Several sets of scientific periodicals, numbered 505, are placed in the Study Room adjacent. The cases on the upper floor of this room are occupied by the division of useful arts, numbered 600 to 699, and by rarely-used works of reference; those on the lower floor by the division of fine arts, 700 to 789. Books on games and athletic sports, 790 to 799, are also located here.

From the entrance room the visitor enters by the door to the east, Banister Hall, the main room of the library, which contains the card catalogue, the current periodicals, the works of reference, and all books on history. The arrangement of this large division begins on the west side with the volumes numbered 900 to 909, which treat of history in general. Near the entrance door are books on geography (910) and archæology (913). The north and a portion of the east side are occupied by works of travel and description, arranged by countries; for instance, travels in England are marked 914.2; description of New England, 917.4. The rapidly-growing class of biography occupies the central portion of the east side. These books have a special class number, B, and are arranged alphabetically by subjects. A life of Burr is marked B: B941, one of Darwin, B: D253. As a convenience to students of history and literature, lives of rulers are placed with the history of their respective nations, and lives of literary men with their writings: *e. g.*, a life of Alexander is marked 938.1 and is placed with histories of Greece, and a life of Tennyson will be found in 821.81, the class number for his poems. The remainder of the room is occupied by works on the history of different countries. English history (942) is in the southeast corner, United States history (973) in the west central portion, while New England local history and the extensive collection on Maine are arranged in the west galleries.

The librarian's office, corresponding in size and position with the entrance room, is on the south side of the building. Here assistance and instruction in the use of the library is freely given, the librarian being especially at the disposal of inquirers from two to four o'clock each afternoon save Saturday. Here, also, are arranged the writings of the alumni and many college records and publications.

The South Wing is entered from the librarian's office, and contains, beginning with the shelves at the left, the classes of rhetoric (808), American

literature (810-818), English literature (820-828), German and French (830-849), Italian and Spanish (850-869), Latin and Greek (870-889), philology (400-499), and 4,700 volumes of periodicals indexed in "Poole." These much-used sets of magazines are arranged alphabetically by titles in nine cases, the arrangement starting from the west. A list of them is posted for reference on the table near the radiator in the center, where are kept the various index volumes. English drama (822) begins the line of books on the north side, and Scandinavian literature (839) closes it at the east end.

In each literature, books are arranged by groups, viz., poetry, drama, fiction, essays, oratory, satire, miscellany. These groups are chronologically subdivided and prominent authors given a special number. This permits of the keeping together of all books relating to a distinguished writer. For instance, Longfellow's number is 811.34; biographies of him are marked 811.34: B1, B2, etc.; complete sets of his works with notes, 811.34: J1, J2, etc., while other letters are assigned to his separately published books: *e. g.*, "Ontre Mer," 811.34: P1.

It is not necessary, however, to master the scheme of classification in order to find a book of which the class mark is known. If one remembers merely that class marks beginning with the letters M or B or the number 9 are in Banister Hall, those with 8 and 4 in the South Wing, and all others in the North Wing, ordinary care in noting the shelf labels will lead him to the volume sought.

The Pessioptimist.

BACK from sea-shore or World's Fair, down from farm and town and a host of homes that form parts of many commonwealths, have come the aggregation of mortals forming the student-body of Bowdoin College. To every one the Pessioptimist extends greeting. To the upper-classmen, with hopes of profitable study in the pleasant courses of Junior and Senior years; to the Sophomores, with congratulations on the attainment of the much-coveted position of the censors of '97; and to the Freshmen, with the hope that their life at Bowdoin will

be as happy as a college man's existence ought to be, and with the hearty assurance that failure to walk in the paths of the righteous will call forth quarts of red-hued ink from this well-worn pen.

* * * *

Is the old-fashioned feeling of boyish enthusiasm, once so pleasantly characteristic of college men, dying out?

Look at this, Bowdoin men, and see if such is the case. Don't be afraid to let your animal spirits find vent in some of the good old college glees or popular melodies which only college men can sing in the ringing, vigorous style that starts one's heart a-beating in sympathy with every note. Don't be afraid to let class, society, or college cheer roll out at every proper opportunity; don't get in the way of thinking that you will be any the less manly and dignified by letting in a bit of sentiment once in a while.

The class of 1894 stands out prominently amongst those of recent years as helping to keep alive the well-nigh dead spirit of college song, and its hearty, wholesome choruses ring out daily on the campus and delta. Stoical indifference to enthusiasm and sentiment may be all right, but such feelings should be relegated to the attic, along with other useless articles, when the college man leaves home for his *Alma Mater*.

* * * *

What am I, in so far as my relations to my college course is concerned? Am I a hearer of the truth or a seeker after it? Am I content to listen to the exposition of certain principles by the professor, or am I eager to take his suggestions as a clue and, with the vast resources of the world of books at my disposal, follow out our conjoined thought to the end of logical conclusion and profitable information? Am I willing to allow my ideas to be confined within the bounds of the daily assigned lessons, or am I giving play

to the thoughts of my brain and deducting great principles of life and action from what, with a little perseverance, I may read between the printed lines? How about this; am I a "listener" or a "seeker"?

Rhyme and Reason.

Answered.

"Thou beauteous star of brightest gleam,
Thou lily of fairest hue,
How shall I woo thee, precious one?"
"By proxy," answered Sue.

A Thought.

The purple mountains darker turn,
And purple cloud-lands downward bend.
Our blinded sight cannot discern—
We live where earth and heaven blend.

In Eden meadows year by year
We roam, but weary human eyes
Are dim, and fail to find how near
They are—our world and Paradise.

Bowdoin Days.

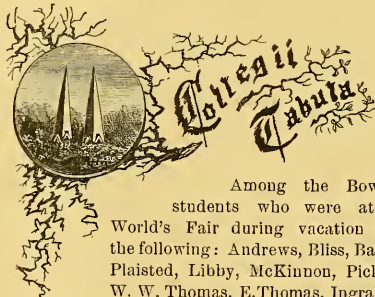
When student life is past in gliding days or years,
And lingering feet must leave the dear old halls,
May mem'ry fond abiding with our college home,
Take sunshine from its grim old walls;
Still in our recollection the campus changeless be,
Yet green as once in happy by-gone days,
And Bowdoin, young forever 'neath the arching
elms,
Receive from faithful hearts her wonted praise.

The graceful chapel gray, with ivy climbing o'er,
Still shall upward point with tap'ring towers twain,
The organ's music pealing thro' the lofty nave
Shall swell its sacred notes of old again.
Massachusetts, mem'ry-hallowed, time-stained and
quaint,

Shall hold the loyal homage of her sons,
And Memorial's roll of honor, blazoned on her walls,
Have worth more lasting far than stone or bronze.

Each year unto her feet a priceless treasure brings,
Fair youthful minds with purpose strong.

Her hundred years of crowded life are numbered
now
With statesman praise, with soldiers' deeds, with
song.
Old Bowdoin, fondly still, where'er thy sons may
roam,
Shall hearts look back upon thy classic halls;
For sunny hours are those that glide with winged
feet
Beneath the elms, within thy dear old walls.



Among the Bowdoin students who were at the World's Fair during vacation were the following: Andrews, Bliss, Baxter, Plaisted, Libby, McKinnon, Pickard, W. W. Thomas, E. Thomas, Ingraham, Whitecomb, '94; French, Fairbanks, Hatch, Roberts, Foster, Mitchell, Wiley, '95; Bass, Eastman, Kyes, Dana, Newbegin, Warren, Pierce, Stone, '96.

Parker, '95, has left college.

Moore, '90, was at the college last week.

Kennison and Mann, '92, were back recently.

Oakes, '96, will not return to college this year.

Simpson, '94, is engaged in teaching this term.

Gummer, '92, is seen on the campus occasionally.

Webber, '95, presides over the reading-room this year.

F. M. Drew, '91, visited old friends in the college recently.

Downs, '92, called on friends on the campus last week.

Ridley, formerly of '93, will probably join '94 in the winter term.

Carleton, '93, is playing fullback on the Dartmouth eleven.

An unusually large number of Sophomores have elected mathematics.

Ralph W. Crosman, of South Framingham, Mass., has joined '96.

Dr. Whittier is using a new kind of anthropometric chart this year.

Merrill, '96, is in a bank at Farmington, but will be back later in the term.

Stearns, '90, now a lawyer at Lovell, Me., called on old friends early in the term.

Hastings, '91, now of Johns Hopkins, spent the opening weeks of the term here.

C. A. Brown, '96, has left his class, and entered the Sophomore class in Harvard.

Rumors are in the air that the immortal Kermis will be repeated at Bath, this winter.

French, '96, will not return this term, but will probably be back later in the year.

Coach Doring and Professor Whittier accompanied the team on their Exeter trip.

Machan, '93, is back as assistant in biology. He has entered upon a course at the Medical School.

Every one of the forty-seven members of '94 is back, or will be back, for the work of Senior year.

Haines, Koehan, and White, '97, are new men who have been doing good work in the Chapel Choir.

Elbridge Bond, of Taylorville, Ill., is a new special in college, most of his studies being with '96.

Machau, the new assistant in Biology, has joined the Faculty Tennis Club, of which he is an active member.

Hussey and McArthur, '93, were among the recent graduates who visited college at the opening of the term.

All but seven of the Senior class have elected English Literature, and all but twelve elect Political Science.

President Hyde has announced in chapel that new recitation rooms will be fitted up at once in Adams Hall.

Quite a large party of students went on the excursion to Farmington and Rangeley, Saturday, September 30th.

Owing to the abundance of Freshmen and the scarcity of rooms, the majority of '97 are domiciled in private houses.

The Topsham Fair will be held October 10th, 11th, and 12th. Triangle is being trained for a fast exhibition mile.

Wiley, '95, who has been employed in the Department of Awards at Chicago this summer, returned to college last Saturday.

'Ninety-five loses a star scholar and popular

member in G. H. Wood, who will go into business with his father in Bangor.

Several graduates were mistaken for Freshmen during the early days and nights of the term by the enterprising Sophomores.

Driving sharp bargains with Freshmen in second-hand books and furniture has been a favorite pastime with upper-classmen lately.

Haggett, '93, was here Sunday, September 24th, on his way to Baltimore, where he will take a course at Johns Hopkins University.

One afternoon last week thirty-six men assembled on the delta for foot-ball practice, the largest number in the history of the game at Bowdoin.

Professors Johnson and Robinson have recently returned from a visit to the World's Fair. Several other professors were in Chicago during the summer.

There was the usual gauntlet of sophomoreic canes, and the usual stern command, "Hats off, Freshie!" after the first chapel exercise of the term.

Linscott, '92, and Smith, '90, were on the campus last week. Both will return to Chicago University. Smith has just received his degree of A.M., here.

Moore, '94, preached most successfully in the Saco Congregational Church all summer. He will probably occupy its pulpit permanently after graduation.

This is the time when the far-famed beautiful campus of old Bowdoin is the most glorious of the year, as the October sunshine falls on the many-tinted leaves.

All will be glad to know that an improved system of ventilation, in connection with that of the Searles Scientific Building, will be introduced into Memorial Hall.

The assistants in the Library for this year have been appointed. They are Currier, Flagg, and Merrill, '94; Thayer, '95; Swan and Thompson, '96; Vining, '97.

The various class officers will this year have entire control of the matter of church and chapel absences, relieving the registrar of one of his heaviest duties.

During the summer the capacity of the library has been enlarged by 7,000 volumes. The principal entrance now is at the north side door, over which a portico has been erected.

Professor George T. Files, who is in charge of the German department, after a two years' absence in Europe, recently received the degree of Ph.D., *cum laude*, at Leipsic University.

One of the latest changes made in the courses of study is the extension of the course in French, so that now the student is able to follow the study of this language four years in college if he desires.

Talking over the wonders of the World's Fair and the Midway Plaisance has been a favorite occupation with students. Much regret has been expressed that the Bowdoin exhibit was not more extensive.

The *Boston Herald* of last Sunday states that Colby's team hopes to lower Bowdoin's colors this fall. The same issue gives the score of Colby's first game—Portland High School, 0; Colby, 0. Have their hopes vanished?

Professors Chapman, Robinson, Johnson, Woodruff, Little, and Moody were at the World's Fair during the summer. President Hyde goes this week for a two-weeks' trip. He is to deliver an address before the World's Evangelical Alliance.

Some changes have been made in the regulations of the college, and a new edition of the hand-book of rules is now in print. Those who desire to see the changes made will find an amended copy of the regulations on the Librarian's desk.

The rubbish and refuse around the Walker Art Building is nearly all cleared away, and the beauty and grandeur of this noble structure and its surroundings are becoming more apparent than ever. Everything will be ready, outside and in, for the dedication next June.

"Where can I find Prof. Woodruff?" asked a '97 man on the opening day, of a group of loungers. "His headquarters are always in the Gymnasium," promptly answered one, and all kept their faces straight while the Freshman hurried over to the Gym., and hunted high and low for the Greek professor.

The '97 pea-nut drunk was not a brilliant success from the Freshman point of view. At the suggestion of upper-classmen a small party attempted to celebrate the occasion, on Wednesday night of the first week, at a late hour. The Sophomores, in a body, were waiting in ambush, and when the jug was broken on the chapel steps there ensued a scene of consternation and devastation and rout which defies description.

For some years the time-honored horn concert has been going out of favor, and indications are not a few that the one celebrated on Thursday night of the opening week, by '96, will be the last. The occasion has lost all of its early significance, and

has become an out-and-out "scrapping" match between the Sophomores and the two upper classes, with all the odds against the Sophomores. This year the procession started out earlier than usual, but with the aid of the hose and the other usual accessories it was broken up when about a two-thirds circuit of the balls had been made.

The first themes of the term are due Wednesday, October 4th. The following subjects are given out: Juniors—"The Free Coinage of Silver," "Should Attendance on College Religious Exercises be Compulsory?" and "The Essentials of a Good Newspaper." Sophomores—"A Trip to the World's Fair," "Do the Societies of Bowdoin Need Chapter Houses?" and "George Eliot's 'Silas Marner.'" "

Old Phi Chi, or at least its ghost, made merry on the early nights of the term, and a large proportion of '97 were honored with calls. Pleasing and varied entertainment was furnished on the various occasions. The dangerous old-time hazing spirit is now safely dead at Bowdoin, but the new-fledged Sophomores each year have to enjoy a little funny business, which the Freshman, if he is wise, will enjoy also. This year the upper-classmen were unusually coltish in participating in the fun.

Of the 87 young men who passed the entrance examinations this year, the following are now members of the Freshman class. There are 66 now here, and the list may be lengthened. It is an unusually large class, and promises well in all departments of college work. Those who are now pledged to the various fraternities are indicated in the list:

S. O. Andros, F. Y.,	Gardiner.
G. S. Bean, A. Y.,	Saco.
C. L. Blake,	Yarmouth.
E. L. Bodge, O. A. X.,	North Bridgton.
F. D. Booker,	Brunswick.
George Brett, A. A. Φ.,	Auburn.
— Carmichael,	—
M. S. Coggan, Z. Ψ.,	Malden, Mass.
R. H. Clark,	Limerick.
J. Condon, A. Y.,	Berlin Falls, N. H.
A. P. Cook, F. Y.,	Portland.
P. W. Davis, F. Y.,	Portland.
E. C. Davis, A. A. Φ.,	Auburn.
F. H. Dole,	Gorham.
C. B. Eastman, A. A. Φ.,	Westbrook.
D. W. Elliot, A. A. Φ.,	Brunswick.
B. J. Fitz, O. A. X.,	North Bridgton.
J. H. B. Fogg,	Freeport.
H. E. Griffin, F. Y.,	Portland.
R. S. Hagar, A. A. Φ.,	Richmond.

O. L. Hanlon, Δ. Y.,
 J. G. Haines, Δ. K. E.,
 A. S. Harriman,
 A. V. Hatch,
 H. M. Heald, Δ. K. E.,
 J. L. Hewett,
 John Horne, Δ. Y.,
 C. H. Holmes, Δ. K. E.,
 R. L. Hull, Θ. Δ. X.,
 T. C. Koohan, Θ. Δ. X.,
 F. G. Kneeland, Θ. Δ. X.,
 C. B. Lamb,
 D. C. Linscott,
 H. D. Lord, Δ. Δ. Φ.,
 D. B. McMillan,
 W. C. Merrill, Δ. K. E.,
 J. H. Morse, Θ. Δ. X.,
 Frederic Parker, Δ. Y.,
 O. E. Pease,
 E. F. Pratt,
 E. G. Pratt, Ψ. Y.,
 C. W. Procter,
 W. A. Purnell, Δ. Y.,
 R. S. Randall,
 E. B. Remick, Z. Ψ.,
 H. B. Rhines,
 J. E. Rhodes,
 J. P. Russell, Δ. K. E.,
 H. H. Sawyer,
 C. S. Sewall, Δ. K. E.,
 N. C. Shorden,
 F. A. Stearnes, Θ. Δ. X.,
 J. M. Shute,
 F. J. Small, Φ. Y.,
 D. D. Spear,
 A. Strickland, Δ. K. E.,
 R. W. Smith,
 J. S. Stetson,
 E. K. Tapley, Δ. Y.,
 —Taylor,
 Frank Thompson, Z. Ψ.,
 H. W. Varrell, Δ. K. E.,
 E. B. Vining,
 H. S. Warren, Ψ. Y.,
 W. F. White, Δ. Δ. Φ.,
 E. Williams,
 D. L. Wormwood,

Berlin Falls, N. H.
 Patterson, N. Y.
 Bucksport.
 Newcastle.
 Buckfield.
 Woodford's.
 Berlin Falls, N. H.
 Bangor.
 Woodford's.
 Westbrook.
 Lovell.
 Saco.
 Boston.
 Biddeford.
 Freeport.
 Portland.
 Bath.
 Sherman's Mills.
 Farmington.
 Wilton.
 Belfast.
 North Windham.
 Gardiner.
 Freeport.
 West Trenton.
 Wiscasset.
 Rockland.
 Rockland.
 Gardiner.
 Wiscasset.
 Burton.
 Lovell Center.
 Ellsworth.
 Old Town.
 Freeport.
 Houlton.
 Turner Center.
 Brunswick.
 Saco.
 Bristol.
 Wells.
 Auburn.
 Bangor.
 Lewiston.
 Auburn.
 Crawford.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL RUSH.

The annual Sophomore foot-ball rush came off Friday morning as usual. Newbegin secured the ball in the Chapel, but soon lost it, and it was slowly forced toward Appleton, Libby holding it the greater part of the time. Good work by Bates, aided by several upper-classmen, took the ball to South Appleton, but it was soon rushed to the other end of the building. Thence it was rapidly driven toward the pines and soon reached the open space between Maine and Winthrop, where there was a long struggle. Finally the crowd moved toward Appleton again, where, after a lively scrimmage, the ball was thrown through an open window to Swan, who reached his room with the trophy.

Throughout the rush Seniors and Juniors were in the thickest of the fight, and at times it seemed more like a college than a class rush. The time was unusually long—1 hour and 25 minutes.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN FOOT-BALL.

The foot-ball game Friday afternoon was marked by the usual amount of interference and fouls by the upper-classmen, and the usual kicking and delays on the part of the Sophomores, who appeared in all the glory of their war-paint about three o'clock, to find the Freshmen in complacent possession of the mound in the center of the field, and guarding two banners contributed by some enterprising Juniors. After the Freshmen had been induced to rise it was suddenly discovered that no one had procured a ball. When this omission was remedied Referee Bagley called the game.

The Freshmen started out well, and after ten minutes' play, forced the ball to '95's goal, only to be called to the center of the field on account of a foul. This was soon repeated, after which '97 seemed to lose courage and was slowly but steadily forced back until Ordway succeeded in kicking the ball over the line. It was immediately sent back, but Fessenden and Bates took it over again and carried it from the field. '97 did not turn out in force, but many of her men did good work.

ROPE PULL.

Sixty-five Freshmen on one end of a rope and only forty Sophomores on the other end made the tug-o'-war, Saturday, rather devoid of interest as a contest, though the futile attempts of '97 to pull out

The new Yerkes telescope, belonging to the University of Chicago, has attracted much attention in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the Fair.

the hydrant and various trees, to which the Sophomores attached the rope, caused considerable amusement for the crowd. After numerous fouls '97 succeeded in securing three pulls, to one for '96. Bagley, '94, umpired acceptably, "roasting" both sides with delightful impartiality.

BASE-BALL.

Sophomores, 7; Freshmen, 2.

The closing event of the ever-eventful first week of the term was the Sophomore-Freshman ball game on the Delta, Saturday afternoon. The usual large crowd was present, and coaches were numerous. It was a remarkably pretty and close-fought game, all things considered, and was one of the best class games for years.

The '96 boys kept up their good ball record, made by defeating '95 in their Freshman game and also the several teams they met last spring; while the stiff fight put up by the '97 boys, without practice together, shows that the class has some fine ball material. Until the seventh inning neither side could claim the game, the score being 2 to 2, but a bunching of their hits, aided by several errors, gave the Sophomores five runs. Neither side scored again.

For '96 the best work was done by Coborn at the bat and in the field, and by Soule, Dana, and Swan in the field. Williams pitched a star game. For '97 the features were the work of Sawyer and Haines in the points, of White at the bat and in center field, of Bodge on first, and of McMillan on third. It was a very interesting game to watch, and shows that there is plenty of new material for the Varsity next spring. The score in detail tells the story of the game, which was short and full of snap on both sides.

SOPHOMORE, '96.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coborn, 2b.,	3	3	3	3	3	3	0
Warren, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Willard, 1b.,	3	1	1	2	9	0	1
Williams, p.,	4	0	1	3	1	5	0
Soule, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	4	1	0
Dana, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Swan, c.,	3	1	0	0	6	1	0
Dane, r.f.,	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Bailey, l.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	32	7	7	10	27	11	1

FRESHMEN, '97.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	2	0	0	0	7	1	0
Warren, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	2	2	2
Bodge, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	6	0	0
McMillan, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	1	2	1
Hull, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sawyer, p.,	4	0	0	0	3	2	1
Hanlon, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
White, c.f.,	2	1	1	2	3	0	0
Randall, r.f.,	3	1	0	0	1	1	0
Totals,	30	2	3	4	24	8	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Sophomores,	1	0	1	0	0	5	0	x	7
Freshmen,	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2

Struck out—by Williams, 6; by Sawyer, 6. Bases on balls—by Williams, 3; by Sawyer, 2. Three-base hit—Williams. Two-base hits—Willard, White. Sacrifice hit—Willard. Left on bases—Sophomores, 4; Freshmen, 4. Time of game—1h. 30m. Umpire—Fairbanks, '95. Scorer—Minot, '96.

FOOT-BALL.

About twenty-five men are at present practicing daily, and much new and promising material is being developed. The loss of Chapman, '94, at end, will, however, seriously cripple the team, and it now seems probable that neither Quimby nor Stevens will play through the season. Should these three men retire it is hard to see where substitutes capable of filling their places could be found.

Dewey, '95, will doubtless fill his old position at center. Thomas, '94, and Stone, '96, are the most promising candidates for guards, though the lightness of the former and the inexperience of the latter are against them. Stevens, '94, and Kimball, '95, will be the tackles unless Stevens should not play. Unless Chapman and Quimby play, Ross, '94, Hicks, and Mitchell, '95, will probably cover the ends. Captain Fairbanks, Sykes, Stubbs, and Bates will play behind the line, and several other men, among them Knowlton, Mitchell, '95, and Buck, '94, will be tried during the season.

Games have been arranged as follows:

October 4th,	Andover,	at Andover.
October 11th,	Harvard,	at Cambridge.
October 14th,	Colby,	at Brunswick.
October 21st,	B. A. A.,	at Boston.

Another game with Colby, and games with Brown, Tufts, Bates, and M. S. C. will probably be played, several of them in Brunswick.

Bowdoin, 10; Exeter, 0.

The opening game of the foot-ball season was played with Exeter, September 30th. Last year, Bowdoin won by a score of 26 to 4, but, considering the inexperience of several of our men, this year's score of 10 to 0 is, on the whole, encouraging. The teams lined up as follows:

BOWDOIN.

	Left End.	P. E. A.
Ross.		{ Ambercrombie.
		{ Hurley.
Kimball.	Left Tackle.	{ Holmes.
Thomas.	Left Guard.	{ Malone.
Dewey.	Center.	{ Squires.
		{ Twombly.
Hicks.	Right End.	{ Doe.
Stevens.	Right Tackle.	{ Scannell.
Stone.	Right Guard.	{ Richards.
Fairbanks.	Quarterbacks.	{ Graham.
Sykes.		{ Leahy.
Stubbs. }	Halfback.	{ Harris.
Bates.	Fullback.	{ McLane.
		{ Bias.

Score — Bowdoin, 10. Touchdowns — Fairbanks, 2. Goal from touchdown — Fairbanks. Umpire — Mr. Doring. Referee — Mr. Jackson. Time — 40m.

Bowdoin had the ball and made four yards on the V. Bucking the center repeatedly moved the ball steadily down the field, where the ball was lost on downs not far from the line. Exeter failed to advance the requisite five yards, and Bowdoin soon had the ball over the line, Fairbanks scoring the touchdown, but failing to kick the goal. After five minutes' play, Fairbanks, by a brilliant run of sixty yards, scored Bowdoin's second touchdown and made the goal. Score: Bowdoin, 10; Exeter, 0. The remainder of the half was indecisive.

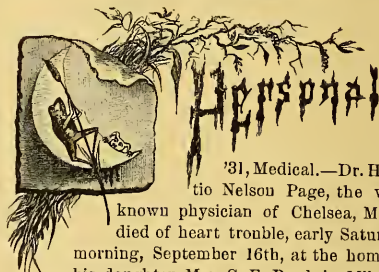
Exeter started with the ball in the second half, and carried it to Bowdoin's ten-yard line, where it remained for several minutes, both teams playing a stubborn game and winning and losing the ball on downs. Finally, Bowdoin rushed the ball into Exeter's territory, only to lose it and be in turn forced back. Throughout this half, the playing was very even and neither side scored, though twice Exeter was dangerously near our line.

For Exeter, Bias and Doe put up a strong game. Fairbanks made most of the long runs for Bowdoin, and scored both touchdowns. Bowdoin's team work was weak, and the interference was at times decidedly ragged. Confusion of signals also caused one or two losses, though there was but little fumbling.

Y. M. C. A.

Once more it is with bright anticipations that the Association enters on its year's work. All present indications point to a prosperous year. In the first place we had two men at the great North-field Conference this summer, who have come back full of ideas and enthusiasm. Then, too, our annual reception last week was a marked success. About a hundred were present, including a large number from the Freshman class, and many of the members of the Faculty. Each of the latter made a short speech, pithy and impressive, commending the work of the Association to all and giving cogent reasons why all should have a part in it. Their hearty encouragement, as expressed in their brief remarks, added needed vigor to the enthusiasm of the members, which was further strengthened by the visit of Mr. Roots, the College Secretary of the International Committee. He held a Cabinet Meeting, consisting

of the officers and chairmen of committees soon after his arrival, and on Thursday gave a talk on the work in other colleges before a good audience in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. But this is not all that we have had to arouse us. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the Annual State Convention was held in Auburn, and about twenty-five delegates were present from Bowdoin. On Saturday evening the College Session came off, in which addresses were delivered by L. H. Roots and L. Wilber Messer, and reports made by delegates from the Maine colleges. Here enthusiasm could but be obtained and a determination to do the best we can is prevalent throughout the Association. A large addition to the membership is expected from the Freshman class in place of the two or three that graduated last year. The organization is good. The best of feeling prevails. The standing of the Association in college is high. Altogether the prospects of a useful year are unusually bright.



'31, Medical.—Dr. Horatio Nelson Page, the well-known physician of Chelsea, Mass., died of heart trouble, early Saturday morning, September 16th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Reed, in Milwaukee, Wis., at the advanced age of 87 years and 3 months. He was one of the earliest graduates of the Medical School. He was born at Fryeburg, June 10, 1806, and practiced in Brewer before his removal to Chelsea. Two children survive him.

'35, Medical.—Joseph H. North, formerly a well-known West Waterville physician, died at Atlantic City, N. J., recently, at the age of 82 years. He was born in Clinton, and practiced his profession in Belgrade for some years. A wife and seven children survive his death, which was the first break in the family.

'41.—George A. Thomas, of Portland, gave a reception on September 22d, in honor of the birthday of his guest, Parker Pillsbury. The house was prettily decorated with flowers and a fine collation was served.

'42.—Rev. Dr. Hosea H. Smith, of Atlanta, Ga., accompanied his son, Secretary Hoke Smith, of the Interior Department, on the annual inspection trip, in July last, to the Indian tribes. Dr. Smith, in his journey and at Washington, D. C., saw quite a number of Bowdoin graduates and expressed a strong desire that he might be able to attend the Bowdoin centennial, in company with his son.

'44.—In the Supreme Court at Portland, August 10th, a memorial service in honor of Judge Wm. Wirt Virgin was held, at which Chief Justice Peters and Judge Joseph W. Symonds, '60, were among the speakers.

'47.—Walter Bingham Alden, son of Hon. Hiram O. Alden, died in Belfast, his native town, on September 9th. He was born April 4, 1827. In 1849 he was admitted to the Waldo County bar, and practiced law in company with J. G. Dickerson, and later with W. G. Crosby until 1853, when he removed to New York, continuing in his profession there and in Boston for several years. Later he returned to Belfast, where he has resided many years at the home of his sister, Miss Emily Alden, on Court Street. Mr. Alden was a great reader, a ready talker, and one of the best informed men in the State, but was an invalid for many years, and his bodily infirmities caused him to withdraw from active life.

'48.—Professor Thomas Hill Rich, of Lewiston, died suddenly in that city, July 6th. He was born in Bangor in September, 1822, the son of Hosea Rich, M.D., of that place, a man eminent in his profession. After graduation, Prof. Rich entered Bangor Theological School, graduating in 1852. He was at once made assistant in Hebrew at the Bangor Seminary, but afterwards taught in the Eastern Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport, and at the Portland High School. Returning to Bangor, he was for six years assistant in Hebrew at the seminary there. In 1872 he was called to the Hebrew professorship at the Cobb Divinity School at Lewiston, and had been in continuous service there for twenty-one years. He was enthusiastic and indefatigable as a Hebrew scholar, and earnest and successful as a teacher; having published various translations from the scriptures with exhaustive expositions of the text. He was a member of the American Oriental Society, of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, and of the Maine Historical Society.

'49.—Dr. Z. B. Adams, of Framingham, Mass., who enjoys a very high reputation as a medical practitioner and writer, was, though a pronounced

Republican, one of the four physicians selected by Governor Russell to represent the State at the great Pan-American Medical Congress in Washington, in September.

'52.—Ex-President J. L. Chamberlain spent a portion of the summer in cruising along the Maine coast in his yacht.

'54.—The class of '54 has issued a circular, under date of July 29th, containing a list of the class, living and dead, a reminder of the fortieth anniversary of its graduation, and the following notice of the late Charles F. Todd, a member of the class: "Charles Frederick Todd, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, died at his home on the thirteenth inst., aged 57 years. His last illness was long and painful. Our late brother was born at St. Stephen in the year 1834, and received his preparation for college in part at North Yarmouth Academy in this State. He married Miss Anna M. Porter, of St. Stephen, on the fifth day of August, A. D. 1855, and she now survives him, as do several children, all of whom had the privilege of being with their father at the close of his life. Brother Todd is remembered by his classmates as a Christian gentleman during his student life, and after graduation his work in life was within the same noble lines. Married the year after graduation, he at once entered actively upon a business career as a manufacturer of lumber, owner of timber lands, farmer, and stock raiser at the North, and had also an extensive property at St. James City, on the Gulf of Mexico, in the State of Florida. The wealth which his intelligent labors gave him he expended freely for the development of the country and for the moral and intellectual advancement of his fellowmen. Brother Todd's record is a precious legacy to his family and friends."

'58.—The success of the splendid celebration in Washington, September 18th, on the occasion of celebrating the centennial of the laying of the corner-stone of the capitol, was due in a very large degree to General Ellis Spear, who is held in high esteem as one of the foremost citizens in our national capital.

'65.—Hon. J. A. Locke was admitted to the chapter of the Royal Order of Scotland for the United States, at its meeting in Chicago, on Monday, September 18th.

'68 and '89.—Ex-Attorney-General Orville D. Baker, of Augusta, and Frank L. Staples, of Bath, have formed a law partnership, with an office in Augusta.

'72.—Judge A. P. Wiswell is holding a term of court at Alfred.

'73.—The Class of '73 celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its graduation, Thursday evening, June 22d, from 8.30 to 12.30. Caterer Robinson, of Portland, served an elegant supper in Room 20, Maine Hall, and the following sat down to it: N. D. A. Clark, E. J. Cram, J. L. Elder, J. F. Elliot, F. A. Floyd, F. W. Hawthorne, A. E. Herrick, G. E. Hughes, A. F. Moulton, D. A. Robinson, F. C. Robinson, D. W. Snow, F. S. Waterhouse, F. A. Wilson. The evening was passed in pleasant recollection of college days, and was much enjoyed by all. Twenty years had whitened and removed the hair from many heads, but in feelings all were as young as ever. It was voted to have another reunion next year in connection with the celebration of the college centennial. The following is the list of living members, and their places of residence, and occupation: L. F. Berry, Ottumwa, Iowa, clergyman; A. J. Boardman, Minneapolis, Minn., broker; J. M. Boothby, Dubuque, Iowa, physician; H. W. Chapman, Lakeport, Cal., clergyman; N. D. A. Clark, Lynn, Mass., lawyer; E. J. Cram, Biddeford, Me., Judge of Municipal Court; A. L. Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn., steam engineering; B. T. Deering, Paris, France, physician; J. L. Elder, Deering, Me., lawyer and judge; J. F. Elliot, Hyde Park, Mass., teacher; F. A. Floyd, Brewer, Me., lawyer; R. E. Gould, Biddeford, Me., superintendent public schools; F. M. Hatch, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, lawyer; Frank W. Hawthorne, Jacksonville, Fla., editor; A. E. Herrick, Bethel, Me., lawyer; H. B. Hill, Augusta, Me., physician; G. E. Hughes, Bath, Me., lawyer; A. G. Ladd, Great Falls, Mont., physician; J. N. Lowell, Haverhill, Mass., clergyman; A. F. Moulton, Portland, Me., lawyer; G. S. Mower, Newberry, S. C., lawyer; W. G. Reed, Holliston, Mass., physician; A. F. Richardson, Castine, Me., principal Castine Normal School; D. A. Robinson, Bangor, Me., physician; F. C. Robinson, Brunswick, Me., professor Chemistry, Bowdoin College; C. C. Sampson, Tilton, N. H., clergyman; D. W. Snow, Portland, Me., lawyer; C. M. Walker, San Francisco, Cal., teacher; F. S. Waterhouse, Portland, Me., lawyer; F. E. Whitney, Oakland, Cal., lawyer; F. A. Wilson, Andover, Mass., clergyman; A. P. Wiswell, Ellsworth, Me., Judge Supreme Court of Maine.

'75.—William E. Hatch, superintendent of schools at New Bedford, Mass., met with a sad bereavement August 2d, at Niagara Falls. With his wife and two step-daughters he was driving across the

New York Central Railroad track, when the carriage was struck by a train and the occupants were thrown out, Mrs. Hatch being killed almost instantly, and the others severely injured. The party was on a return trip from the World's Fair at the time.

'76.—Arlo Bates, whose appointment to the professorship of English Literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was recently announced, has resigned the editorship of the *Boston Courier*.

'83.—J. I. Dinsmore, who has recently returned from studying in Greece, is now principal of Lincoln Academy.

'85.—John A. Waterman and Miss Emma C. Shirley were married in Portland, July 29th. They will make their home in Gorham, Me.

'89.—Lincoln J. Bodge and Miss Josephine F. King were married at South Paris, July 18th.

'89.—Frank L. Staples, of Bath, has been appointed one of the commissioners of the Richmond Savings Bank.

'91.—S. H. Erskine is teaching, Rutland (Vt.), Academy.

'91.—F. W. Dudley is teaching in Hollis, N. H.

'91.—E. H. Newbegin, of Defiance, O., who was admitted to the bar last spring, will enter the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., this fall.

'92.—H. W. Poore is teaching in a family school at Concord, Mass.

'92.—Wm. B. Kenniston is coming to the Bowdoin Medical School this winter.

'93.—F. R. Arnold is teaching in Southbridge, Mass.

'93.—S. O. Baldwin is in business in Boston.

'93.—B. F. Barker will enter the Bowdoin Medical School this year.

'93.—Charles C. Bucknam is studying law with Judge Cleaves, Portland.

'93.—Elmer H. Carleton is physical director at Dartmouth.

'93.—W. P. Chamberlain has entered Harvard Medical School.

'93.—George S. Chapin is at his home in Auburndale, Mass.

'93.—M. S. Clifford is assistant editor of the *Bangor Commercial*.

'93.—H. C. Fabyan is studying law with Symonds, Cook & Snow, Portland.

'93.—H. S. Emery is at his home in Buxton.

'93.—R. R. Goodell is about to go to France for study of the French language.

'93.—A. S. Haggett has entered on a four years' course in Greek, Latin, and Sanscrit, at Johns Hopkins.

'93.—C. H. Howard has entered Andover Theological Seminary.

'93.—A. A. Hussey has entered Columbia Medical School.

'93.—A. S. Hutchinson is teaching in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'93.—Alley R. Jenks is studying law in Wilson's office in Houlton.

'93.—A. M. Jones is principal of the Cornish High School.

'93.—J. W. Lambert is principal of an intermediate school in Bath.

'93.—G. W. McArthur is now at the World's Fair. On his return he will be at his home in Biddeford.

'93.—Herbert L. McCann has been preaching at Pittston and South Gardiner this summer, and now returns to Bangor Theological Seminary to complete his course.

'93.—George S. Machan has been at Wood's Hall this summer and is to be assistant in Biology this year.

'93.—John Shepard May is at his home in Augusta. He is to go into the shoe business with his father and brother.

'93.—H. A. Owen is receiving clerk for McDonald & Co., Water Street, Chicago, Ill.

'93.—Richard C. Payson is at his home in Portland.

'93.—Clarence W. Peabody is studying law with his father in Portland.

'93.—J. H. Pierce has entered the Harvard Law School.

'93.—Charles H. Savage is reading law with his father in Auburn.

'93.—Fred M. Shaw is teaching at White Rock.

'93.—Philip M. Shaw is at his home in Gorham.

'93.—George W. Shay is teaching in Patten Academy.

'93.—Henry M. Wilder is taking a course in electrical engineering at Maine State College.

College World.

Engraved on his cuffs

Were the Furies and Fates,

And a delicate map of the Dorian states,

And they found in his palms, which were hollow,

What is frequent in palms,—that is, dates.

—University.

Cornell University will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary this month.

There are 430 colleges in the United States with 122,523 students.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 18, 1893.

No. 7.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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It was our pleasure a few days ago to escort about the campus a gentleman who graduated from Bowdoin in the early seventies, and who had not visited the college since the summer of 'eighty-nine. Those of us who have spent several years in Brunswick, and who have seen the completion of the Observatory, the renovation of Maine Hall, the erecting of the Walker Art Building, the beginnings of the Searles Building, and the numerous minor changes constantly being made in the campus and buildings, can have but little idea of the effect of the whole series of improvements on one who views them all at once for the first time. Our friend chatted pleasantly of the college as it was in his day, but for all his happy humor we could not but feel glad that our good fortune brought us to Bowdoin in the days of her added prosperity.

IN VIEW of the present dilapidated appearance of the reading-room, the annual editorial scoring the students in general, and the manager of the delinquent institution in particular, seems about done. It may be putting it too strongly to say that the condition of affairs is worse than ever before, but it is certainly far worse than it should be. The "swiping" element seems to have full con-

trol, and illustrated papers which are placed on file in the morning are sure to be missing by noon. *Harper's Weekly*, one of the most popular of the papers taken, we have been able to find exactly once this term, and *Puck* and *Judge* seldom survive more than a day.

We say nothing of the discomfort and lack of arrangement of the reading-room itself, as that is a minor evil compared to the annoyance of searching for papers that have been unceremoniously carried off, and of finding the few that are left in such a mutilated condition that before commencing an article one must assure himself that the latter part is not missing. We trust that a decided improvement is close at hand.

FRATERNITY houses are one of the few distinctive features of college life which are not found at Bowdoin. Thus far the various chapters have not been compelled to erect* or lease houses simply because no fraternity cared to initiate the custom, which naturally would entail a large outlay. Two brief articles appear in this number in regard to the desirability of chapter-houses, one writer expressing himself as opposed to their introduction, the other qualifiedly in favor. The question is a live one. Every fraternity represented here looks forward to the day when it shall own its own house, and all realize that as soon as the ice is broken by one society others are bound to follow the example. Later in the term we shall have more to say on this subject, and now merely suggest that if any of our readers have decided ideas on the matter we should be glad to hear from them, especially if the ideas are in any degree novel.

OLD Bowdoin's steady growth during the past few years has gladdened the hearts of her alumni, her faculty, and her numberless friends alike. A comparison of the

college as it is to-day with the Bowdoin of ten years ago makes her growth in buildings, funds, and students very apparent. The mere statement of the numbers in the various classes well merits attention. The following figures are taken from the catalogues of 1883-4 and 1893-4:

	1883-4.	1893-4.
Academical Faculty,	13	17
Seniors,	25	47
Juniors,	26	52
Sophomores,	22	51
Freshmen,	34	66
Special students,	1	4
Total,	108	220
Medical students,	94	97
Total,	202	317

From the above it will be seen that ten years has witnessed an increase of over one hundred per cent. in the academical department, while the Medical School has more than held its own.

FOOT-BALL has come to Bowdoin to stay. As the athletic feature of the fall term it is without a rival and will remain so. But before we can improve sufficiently to cope with the larger colleges on even terms, we must make a considerable improvement. The game cannot be learned in a year, and a green man, even carefully coached, is proverbially unreliable. Now, Bowdoin has had very few years' experience, but she showed conclusively last year that she has made good use of her limited opportunities.

Nothing will help along the cause like class games. Once let the classes take hold of the matter and double the number of men now at work will appear for practice, and more or less future 'Varsity men may be developed. At least, the games would be interesting and exciting.

But the number of men brought out who would subsequently make the first or second eleven is merely one of the advantages to be

looked at. One great trouble is that the Freshman candidates know nothing of the game, and to obviate this difficulty involves introducing the game into the high schools and academies of the State. If, by means of class games, double the number of men now playing acquire a practical knowledge of the game, so that when they (as many of them will) are teaching they can organize and systematically coach a school team, the desired end will be attained and Bowdoin will have the chief obstacle to her foot-ball success effectually removed.

The question of winning or losing should not be considered. It is an honor to win, but it is no disgrace to lose. If a man plays well he gets due credit for it, whether he be on the winning or losing side.

THE foot-ball management has been successful in its attempt to secure Mr. Henry H. Ragan, the well-known lecturer, for Thursday evening. Mr. Ragan's ability as a lecturer is too well known in Brunswick to need comment from us. We trust that every man in college will attend, and we can assure all that they will not regret it. The subscriptions to foot-ball this year are not what they should be, and the financial result of this lecture may determine whether two games or three will be played in Brunswick this fall.

Bowdoin's Foot-Ball Record.

THE fall of 1889 saw Bowdoin's first systematic attempt at foot-ball. Early in the fall term a mass-meeting of the students was held in Memorial, officers were elected, and a subscription paper circulated. Two weeks after, the team met Tufts's experienced eleven, at Portland, and played a strong, plucky game, losing 8 to 4. Both of Tufts's touchdowns were scored in the first ten

minutes, after which time Bowdoin's play steadily improved until W. Hilton, '91, scored a touchdown in the latter part of the half. During the second half neither side scored, though Bowdoin had the ball on Tufts's ten-yard line when time was called. Haskell captained the team. November 2d, a game was played on the delta with the Boston Latin School eleven, who were easily defeated, 44 to 0. Mackie, now guard on the Harvard eleven, did the best work for the Boston boys. On the following Saturday, Bates sent down a team of which Garcelon, now one of Harvard's crack sprinters and hurdlers, was the star. The game was a veritable picnic for Bowdoin, and a score of 62 points was easily run up. Packard, E. Hilton, and Downes did the best work for our men. This closed the season, as a snow-storm prevented a game on Thanksgiving Day with Andover.

SUMMARY OF THE SEASON.

	Games Won.	Points Won.
Bowdoin,	2	110
Opponents,	1	8

Emerson Hilton, '91, was elected captain of the team the succeeding year. The season was opened auspiciously by the admission of Bowdoin to the New England Intercollegiate Foot-Ball Association. A game with the West Roxburys, on October 15th, resulted in an easy victory for Bowdoin, 44-6. On October 25th, we met Harvard and were defeated 54-0, putting up a game that was creditable to college and team. Indeed it was current talk in Cambridge that physically the Bowdoin eleven was decidedly superior. At one time in the game, Bowdoin had the ball on Harvard's five-yard line, but lost it there through inability of the line to hold their men.

The league games were disastrous. Dartmouth defeated us, 42-0, and Williams repeated the dose in an even worse way, 50-0. Bowdoin showed no team play and did not tackle sharply. The Amherst game was for-

feited, as Manager Bangs did not have sufficient funds at his disposal to make another trip, but Tech., in turn, forfeited to us, thus giving Bowdoin fourth place, as Tech. did not win a game.

Shortly after the close of the league season, a game was played with a picked team, mostly made up of Boston players, which Bowdoin won, 30-10. The final game was the closest and, in some respects, the best of the year. The Andover team was our opponent, and was defeated, 12-0. In the second half neither side scored.

SUMMARY.

	Games Won.	Points Won.
Bowdoin,	3	86
Opponents,	3	162

The season of 1891 opened gloomily. We were dropped from the league, we had lost many of our best players, and there seemed to be but little first-class foot-ball material in college. Bartlett, '92, was elected captain, and Young, '92, manager. The opening game with Exeter we lost, 24-10, Fairbanks and Stacey carrying off the honors for Bowdoin, but hopes of a winning team were revived by the defeat of Brown at Portland, the next Saturday, 22-18, after an intensely exciting game. But we were not allowed to exult long over our victory as, October 24th, Brown beat us, 18-0, at Providence. The game with Harvard, October 28th, was a revelation of poor playing and accidents. Harvard easily ran up a score of 78, and only once did Bowdoin have a possible chance to score. Carleton alone seemed to be able to make gains, though in the second half our rush line played pluckily. The last game was played with Tufts, and for a second time the Massachusetts men were victors, this time by a score of 18 to 16. Haskell and Chapman put up a beautiful game for Bowdoin, and Carleton and Bartlett excelled behind the line. There was plenty of slug-

ging throughout and the contest was exciting in the extreme. The lead kept alternating, but with the score 16-12 in our favor, and only twelve minutes to play, it seemed like a victory; but, four minutes before time was called, Tufts pushed the ball over the line and Bowdoin's season had ended in a defeat.

SUMMARY.

	Games Won.	Points Won.
Bowdoin,	1	48
Opponents,	4	156

After the season of the regular team was finished, class games were suggested and two games were played. '92 and '93 played in a heavy rain storm, November 11th, and, after a fierce struggle, Carleton succeeded in taking the ball over twice, tying the score, 16-16. The game between '94 and '95 also resulted in a tie, although Chapman, Ross, and Stevens, '94's best men, were unable to play. Hinkley, Fairbanks, and Kimball did the most brilliant work.

The grand record made by our last year's eleven is still fresh in all our minds. Exeter, on October 1st, proved easy victims for the team, 26-4. A game with Westbrook Seminary resulted in a score of 56-0 in our favor. Colby sent her team to Brunswick, October 15th, only to return defeated, 56-0, and West Roxbury was unable to score while Bowdoin was piling up 38 points.

On October 22d, Bowdoin added another to her list of victories, defeating Andover, 36-0, and on October 25th met the B. A. A. team in Boston in a tie game, 10-10, a substantial victory for our men and one approached by few college teams during the season.

The second game with Colby resulted 24-4 in our favor after thirty minutes' play. The final game of the season, played at Providence with Brown University, was won by our team, 8-0, after a stubborn contest, a

fitting end to Bowdoin's most successful foot-ball season.

SUMMARY.

	Games Won.	Points Won.	Tie Games.
Bowdoin, . . .	7	252	1
Opponents, . . .	0	18	1

Do the Societies at Bowdoin Need Chapter-Houses?

MY IDEAL of a chapter-house is a building where the members of the society owning it may find rooming accommodations, meals, and the other requisites which go with a four-years' course in college; where the society may have a hall; and where the alumni of the fraternity may stay if visiting the college. Such a house would be very convenient, and, to the society member, much more homelike than the present manner of living. But is such accommodation needed at Bowdoin?

At the present time the members of the different societies occupy rooms furnished by the college. The several societies are more or less settled in the different "ends" of the college dormitories, but their men are not all able to get rooms where the majority of the fraternity is, and consequently are scattered through the other "ends." For the sake of being together at meal time, each society has boarding quarters where board is obtained on the club system by the members. The alumni are welcomed to whatever accommodations their society furnishes its members.

Situated thus, all the men in the college are associated with each other much more than they would be if each society had its chapter house; and the chance of nourishing society prejudices is much less than it could be with the separation from the other men which such houses would bring. The benefit derived from social chat at table is as great under the present system as it would be in a chapter-house dining-hall.

In summing up these three features of the question, the accommodation to be furnished the visiting alumni is the only one that would be improved materially by chapter-houses.

So far, I have considered only the advantages which chapter-houses would be to the society men. There is another side. The bulk of the money which passes from the student to the college is for rent of the rooms. Non-society men constitute but a small proportion of the students here. If all the others were settled in the chapter-houses of their respective fraternities there would be no need of all the dormitory room that we have, and a very considerable part of the cash receipts of the college would go into other hands.

When I consider that Bowdoin's men are not the richest class of college students, and that the alumni would have to bear, in a great measure, the expense of building the chapter-houses; when I bear in mind the fact that one of the greatest benefits derived from an education in a small college is the advantage of being on familiar terms with half, or even two-thirds, of all its students, I do not believe that Bowdoin needs chapter-houses. Society feeling runs high enough now; we do not want anything that will increase it. For Harvard or Yale, society chapter-houses are all right; for Bowdoin they should be thought of only together with a Freshman class of two hundred men.

Are Chapter-Houses Desirable?

DO WE need chapter-houses at Bowdoin? has been many times asked and much discussed. While at first there would seem to be but one answer, yet upon closer examination it appears that there are to this, as to all questions, two sides. At first thought every society man would say emphatically that it would be better if each

of the different fraternities had a chapter-house; and there is much to uphold this view.

It is natural for bodies of men closely united to wish to be by themselves, safe from the intrusion of outsiders, and this applies well to the Greek-letter fraternities. To be sure, each society has come to feel that it has almost an exclusive right to some one of the "ends" of the college dormitories, and most of the members of that society are grouped together in that "end." But this is not wholly the case, and while each society intends to hold and occupy all the rooms in its "end," accidents will happen, and men of other societies, or non-society men, will get in. This makes it unpleasant in a certain measure for all concerned.

All men and all societies do not wish, nor are they satisfied with, the same degree of comfort. Now if each society lived in its own chapter-house it could build and fit up the house according to its own means and desires, while in college dormitories every man must take things about as he finds them, and in those buildings which have not been remodeled the rooms can hardly be called comfortable during the cold months of the year. Again, in the unrepaired "ends" there are none of the conveniences, such as water and steam heat, while in a chapter-house these things could be regulated by the desires of the occupants.

On the other hand, there is less responsibility and bother about living in the dormitories. If a window is broken, a door smashed, or the plastering shaken down, there is no one responsible for it, but each member of the college pays his share towards repairing the damage.

If each society lived by itself in a chapter-house the tendency would be for the men to associate more exclusively than now with the members of their own society, and this might be a detriment to college spirit.

Besides, when each society had removed to its own house the non-society men would feel rather alone and deserted. So it seems really to be a question whether it would be better for each society to have a chapter-house; with the weight of evidence perhaps a little on the side of the answer "Yes."

Proposed Yells.

WE GIVE below a few yells which have been proposed in response to oft-repeated requests for a college yell:

LONG.

B-o-w-d-o-i-n, Rah, Rah, Rah,
B-o-w-d-o-i-n, Rah, Rah, Rah,
B-o-w-d-o-i-n, Rah, Rah, Rah.

FAST AND SHARP.

Brachy Ko Aeks,
Ko rah, Ko rah,
Bowdoin, Bowdoin,
Rah, Rah, Rah.

SHARP.

Bowdoin, Bowdoin, Bowdoin,
Bowdoin, Bowdoin, Bowdoin,
Bowdoin, Bowdoin, Bowdoin.

FAST AND SHARP.

Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Bowdoin.

FAST.

Hoop 'er up, Hoop 'er up,
Hoop 'er up to date,
Hoop 'er up for Bowdoin,
In the Pine Tree State.

Ha! Ha!! Hah!!! Bowdoin!

Rah—rah—rah! 'Rah—rah—rah!
Bowdoin! Bowdoin!
Orient! Bugle! Brunswick! Bowdoin!

T'ik-töl. T'ik-töl.

A—yin waw,
Bowdoin—Bowdoin,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

The Pessimist.

WILL the coming winter be a "social" one is the question already beginning to agitate the minds of those students who enjoy the delights of reception and dance, and the company of the fair maids of Brunswick and the adjacent municipalities. Last winter was one of almost absolute quiet in so far as social events were concerned, and while everybody bewailed the lack of life, and talked about the happy times when such and such a class was in college, that was about as far as the thing went and the students and the F. M. of B., etc., above mentioned, kept to their dens in Quaker-like sobriety, while the orchestras and ice-cream men went broke and swore sapphire streaks in sheer despair. Now nobody wants to see a repetition of that awful state, and it is to be hoped that the Thanksgiving recess will see plenty of "sassiety" events on the list of probabilities, and that the Pessimist may have a chance at last to wear the 29-cent red neck-scarf that has wasted its double-forte redness in a bottom bureau drawer for simple lack of opportunity to be sprung.

* * * *

Thinking people of Maine and New England watch with interest the progress of the various institutions of learning within their borders, and are quick to note any change of course or policy on the part of students or faculty. They are enabled to do this through the medium of the daily and weekly newspapers, which now reach every home as regularly as does the sunlight. It is probable that many Bowdoin men are on the correspondent list of various New England journals, and that they are expected to "send in" all matters of interest pertaining to the college life. Well, let them be sure they do it. They have a duty to per-

form to the college as well as to the managing editor. Keep Bowdoin in the papers, let the people know that we are alive, the best college in the State, with a course of study that is far ahead of many so-called "universities"; tell them about our new buildings, and the foot-ball work, and the new courses; give them all they'll stand, keep the pot a-boiling—and watch the result.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Passing of Summer.

Fair Summer lingers in the woodlands,
And bathes the heights in ruddy glow.
Far on the sunny, piercing summits,
She standeth wavering, loath to go.

With tender eyes and tearful longing
She sees the paths where once she strayed,
And now with clear, sad voice is calling
The winds with which her childhood played.

But they are dead and heed no longer
The loving voice which for them grieves;
Her ears but catch a plaintive music,
The melody of falling leaves.

She sees the verdure withering, dying,
That found its being in her smile.
The trees that blossomed 'neath her fingers
Are slumbering for a little while.

The birds have, days ago, fled southward,
Their nests deserted, lonely hang,
Still keeping in their dainty weaving
The memory of the songs they sang.

She folds her mantle close about her
As chilling northern breezes blow,
And whispers, as she glances backward,
"The world is dying, I will go."

Different.

'Twixt Bartlett pears and bridal pairs
The difference soon is seen.
The latter kind, time out of mind,
Are softest when they're green.

Gloom.

I.

Midnight gloom;
In dismal tomb
Freshmen stand,
Their hearts quaking
And knees shaking;
Death at hand!

II.

Twilight gloom
In Senior room;
Comes command:
"For such raising
Of cain, hazing,
Flee the land!"

III.

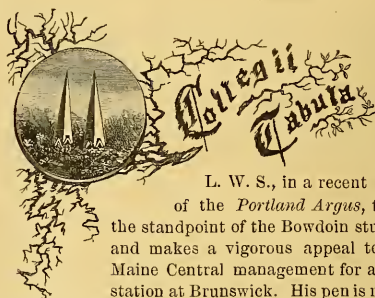
Evening gloom
In Sophomore's room;
Hazers stand
Their trunks packing
And brains racking;
Home at hand!

On the Shore.

I stand and list to the water's roar,
Or watch the flakes of foam
That float, the splashing waves before,
And with each ripple come:
And as I gaze I can but feel
A hidden power that makes me thrill;
While listening, I seem to hear,
Half wasted ere they reach my ear,
Whispers from the ages gone.

For, long as time is known to be,
This same resistless tide
Has rolled and tossed, as now we see,
Along each nation's side;
Has seen great cities rise and fall,
And heard the ancient spearman's call;
Has flowed when mighty deeds were done,
And swelled when victories were won,
And ebbed when heroes died.

And still again I bend my ear
To the heaving waters cold,
To see, indeed, if I may hear
The tales they would unfold.
And still there comes that endless moan,
The fretting of the waves alone,
That glances through the angry chime,
Like echoes down the gulf of time
From the immortal deeds of old.



L. W. S., in a recent issue of the *Portland Argus*, takes the standpoint of the Bowdoin student and makes a vigorous appeal to the Maine Central management for a new station at Brunswick. His pen is never gently used, and in this article he brings up some novel and convincing arguments. Every Bowdoin man will heartily second his plea for a new station.

Thompson, '94, is on a trip to the World's Fair.

Webber has snapped some good groups of the foot-ball men.

All the eating clubs are situated at the same places as last year with the exception of the $\Theta \Delta X$ Club, which is now on Cleveland Street.

French, '95, is teaching at Norway. He will return in two or three weeks.

President Hyde started Saturday, October 7th, for a two weeks' trip to Chicago.

Isn't it about time for '96 and '97 to commence practice for their foot-ball game?

Several of '94's star geologists have been journeying to the Topsham quarries recently.

The annual catalogue is now in the hands of the printer and will be out in a few weeks.

There was the usual wholesale cut on the Saturday morning after the society initiations.

The Seniors are preparing abstracts of Berkeley, Locke and Descartes for President Hyde.

A box filled with Bowdoin boys was a feature of the recent presentation of "The Fencing Master" at Lewiston.

Dana, '94, who has been suffering from a badly injured foot, came back last week, still being obliged to use a cane.

Ex-President General J. L. Chamberlain, who was on the campus last week, is the most distinguished of recent visitors.

Hinkley, '94, is on a three weeks' trip to Minneapolis, where he represents Theta Chapter at the annual national convention of the $\Delta K E$ fraternity.

'Ninety-three is greatly missed on the tennis courts, and for the most part quantity rather than

quality seems to be the rule in the tennis line this fall.

It was rather rough on the Bowdoin Junior who, during a Saturday night visit to Lewiston and Auburn, was arrested on the suspicion of being an Armenian.

The campus trees are now well divested of their foliage, and the annual harvest and cremation of the leaves by Professor Booker and his assistants is under way.

Eastman, '96, entertained a party of Portland friends very pleasantly last Saturday. A Portland caterer was on hand and in all respects it was a delightful social affair.

Frequent extemporaneous composition work by the Sophomores in connection with the study of Rhetoric is an innovation with most pleasing results, made by Mr. Mitchell.

The enthusiasm in tennis is unusually high for the fall season, and nearly every day the courts are well occupied. It is thought that '97 will develop some experts in this line.

The Sophomore French division, which includes nearly the whole class, is at work upon Fontaine's "Les Prosateurs Français du XIX^e Siècle," and is doing considerable outside reading.

Professor Chapman was away most of last week in attendance upon the American Board of Foreign Missions. His place in conducting the chapel exercises was ably filled by Professor McDonald.

Bryant, '94, has been elected leader of the Banjo and Guitar Club. The outlook for this organization is good, as there is a large number of able candidates, and the necessary enthusiasm is not lacking.

Treasurer Young intends to start for Europe soon with his family, and his informal reception last Friday evening was the opening social event of the season. Quite a number of the students were honored with invitations.

About a dozen Bowdoin men saw Colby defeat the Portland High School team in Portland last Saturday. The score, 4-2, shows that the light school team played good foot-ball. Their first game with Colby resulted in a tie, 0-0.

A new Bowdoin pin has appeared. This time it is of the pennant style. There seems to be a demand in college for either a new pin or for more of the old kind, as the supply seems to have given out. The suggestion of a white pennant with gold letters is a good one.

The Thanksgiving recess is quite far ahead, but the Freshmen are already setting the wheels of their brains to work to grind out a good yell for permanent use during their course. They are in search of something rattling and racy, and containing a good rhyme for 'ninety-seven.

At the annual meeting of the Democratic club last week the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Bagley, '94; Vice-President, G. L. Kimball, '95; Secretary, Holmes, '95; Treasurer, Bates, '96; Executive Committee, Bagley, '94; Holmes, '95; Haskell, '95; Dewey, '95; and Pierce, '96.

The second themes of the term are due to-day. The following subjects were given out: Juniors: The Labor Troubles at Auburn. Should French be Required in the Examinations for Bowdoin? Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." Sophomores: A New England Fair. Should the College Library be Open on Sunday? Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh."

Much unfavorable comment has been made on the unsportsmanlike conduct of the Bates team in refusing to play here, after their manager had arranged a game for October 11th, and after the advertising and other preparations had been made for it. The doughty athletes of Bates refused to play, so the announcement was made because they were afraid the Bowdoin boys would be rough and hurt them.

The Y. Y. initiation was held Friday night, October 6th, a week before that of the other five fraternities. The following men from '97 were taken in: S. O. Andros, Gardiner; A. P. Cook, Portland; P. W. Davis, Portland; E. G. Pratt, Belfast; F. J. Small, Old Town; and H. S. Warren, Bangor. The following alumni were present: Professor Houghton, Yale, '72; Thomas Leigh, Jr., '85; E. W. Freeman, '85; G. T. Files, '89; Ralph Hunt, '91; Ernest Young, '92; R. W. Mann, '92; G. S. Machan, '93; H. C. Fabyan, '93; and C. W. Peabody, '93.

"Home, Sweet Home," was one of several suggestive airs recently sung for a few days by the Sophomore class. At one time it seemed probable that thirteen Sophomoric trunks would be packed at the suggestion of the President and Jury. The occasion of the disturbance was some objection by the powers that be to the manner in which '96 was looking after the welfare of '97. The Freshmen themselves seemed to realize that all things were for their own good, as

was shown by their refusal to vote to deprive next year's Freshmen of the same beneficial treatment. At last the troubles subsided, and a truce was declared. The Sophomores are still here, but are a little more negligent of their traditional duties as regards Freshmen than they were for the first two or three weeks.

The famous Topsham Fair came off Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week, and was as ever one of the great occasions of the term. The college was well represented on the first two days, but on Thursday afternoon Bowdoin turned out *en masse* and took possession of the whole fair, running it with a high degree of success. Cuts were kindly given in the various recitations of the afternoon. Triangle, much advertised and talked about as the leading attraction, failed to appear on the track, much to the disappointment of the expectant Freshman, and also of the upper-classmen with whom this well-known trotter had been a great favorite before the race. It is said Triangle did not trot this year because he was not properly prepared for the race, Professor Moody having to devote so much of his time to his unusually large classes in Sophomore and Freshman mathematics. It is announced that another year this favorite old campaigner will be sent to lower his mark.

Following is a list of the alumni and visitors present at the various fraternity initiations last Friday night: A Δ Φ, Ex-President Chamberlain, '52; Rev. Mr. Guild, Harvard, '53; Dr. Gerrish, '66; Professor Robinson, '73; Professor Purrington, '78; Chamberlain, '81; Professor Hutchinson, '83; Morse, '90; Ridley, '90; Gummer, '92; Baldwin, '93; Ridley, '93; and Burnham, ex-'96. Δ K E, Dr. Whittier, '85; Williamson, '88; Rogers, '89; Cummings, '90, and the following members of the Colby chapter: Harthorn, L'Amereux, and Whitman, '94; Bearce and Hansen, '95, and Hanscomb, Hubbard, and Paddelford, '96. Z Φ, Wentworth, '86; Rideout, '89; Bean, '92; and McLellan and Hardy of Colby. Θ Δ X, Cole, '83; Card, '88; Hill, '88; Little, '89; Mitchell, '90; Ridlon, '91; Hodgdon, '92; Hull, '92; Bucknam, '93; Howard, '93; and Peterson, Tufts, '92. Δ Υ, Professor Anthony, a Brown graduate; and the following men from the Colby chapter: Merrill, Tuthill, Welch, Metcalf, and Getchell.

Last Friday night the goat was abroad and it was an occasion that will live long in the memories of a large part of the Freshman class. On that night the following new men were initiated into the mysteries of the various societies: A. Δ. Φ.—George

Brett, Auburn; E. C. Davis, Auburn; C. B. Eastman, Westbrook; D. W. Elliot, Brunswick; R. S. Hager, Richmond; H. D. Lord, Biddeford; E. B. Vining, Auburn, and W. F. White, Lewiston, all from '97. Δ K E.—C. A. Flagg, Boston, '94; L. C. Hatch, Bangor, '95; and J. G. Haines, Paterson, N. J.; H. M. Heald, Buckfield; C. H. Holmes, Brewer; W. C. Merrill, Portland; H. B. Rhines, Wiscasset; J. P. Russell, Rockland; C. S. Sewall, Wiscasset; J. M. Shute, Ellsworth; A. H. Strickland, Houlton, and H. W. Varrell, Wells, all from '97. Z Φ.—M. S. Coggau, Malden, Mass.; E. B. Remick, West Trenton, and Frank Thompson, Bristol, all from '97. Θ Δ X.—E. L. Bodge, North Bridgton; B. J. Fitz, North Bridgton; R. L. Hull, Woodfords; T. S. Koehan, Westbrook; F. G. Kneeland, Lovell; J. H. Morse, Bath; D. B. McMillan, Freeport, and F. A. Stearnes, Lovell Center, all from '97. Δ Υ.—J. Condon, Berlin Falls, N. H.; G. S. Bean, Saco; O. L. Hanlon, Berlin Falls, N. H.; John Horne, Berlin Falls, N. H.; Frederick Parker, Sherman's Mills, and E. K. Tapley, Saco, all from '97. Nearly thirty of the Freshmen are not members of any fraternity.

Professor Little is sending out his annual report as Librarian. From it we learn that the number of volumes now in the library, inclusive of 3,600 books belonging to the Medical School, is 51,119. The accessions for the past twelve months have been 2,152. Of these, 1,178 were purchased at an average cost of \$1.53, 130 were obtained by binding periodicals, 49 by exchange of duplicates, and 795 were presented by various donors. Professor Little has held his present position for ten years, and the following statements speak eloquently of his efficient service. In 1883 the college library proper numbered 20,000 volumes; the libraries of the Athenæum and Peucinian Societies and of the Medical School, together estimated at 17,000, but reduced by the withdrawal of duplicates from the former, and a recount of the latter, made the total number of books available a little over 35,000. To-day there are upwards of 51,000. The average annual increase for these intervening years is five times that of the preceding ten years. The funds, the income of which is to be used for the purchase of books, were then \$4,500; they are now \$18,500. Instead of fourteen hours, the library is now open sixty hours a week. The number of books circulated is five times as great, while the use of the library as a literary workshop has grown up almost entirely since that date.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Andover, 16; Bowdoin, 0.

The Phillips-Andover foot-ball eleven defeated Bowdoin on the Andover campus, October 4th, by a score of 16 to 0. Bowdoin started with the ball and by good rushing carried it to Andover's 30-yard line, where it was lost on downs. Andover then carried the ball up the field about fifteen yards, but soon lost it. Bowdoin's interference was very weak and her backs made no good gains. Andover soon had the ball again and seemed to have no trouble in pushing the ball steadily toward Bowdoin's goal. She scored twice before time was called, kicking the second, but missing the first goal. In the second half Andover carried the ball within two yards of Bowdoin's goal. After the third down they tried to force it over the line. A Bowdoin player tackled the back and shouted "held," but the umpire did not hear him and the ball was forced over. The features of the first half were the bucking of Branch of Andover, a rush around the right end of forty yards by Manning, and the tackling of Fairbanks. In the second, Letton's rush through Bowdoin's line and Manning's rushes around left end, stopping Bowdoin's kicking twice, were the best plays. The teams lined up as follows:

ANDOVER.		BOWDOIN.
Greenway.	Left End.	Hicks.
Gould.	Left Tackle.	Stevens.
Murray.	Left Guard.	Stone.
Pierson.	Center.	Dewey.
Holt.	Right Guard.	Thomas.
Rogers.	Right Tackle.	Kimball.
Hayen.	Right End.	Ross.
Glynn.	Quarterback.	Fairbanks.
Manning. }	Halfbacks.	{ Knowlton.
Branch. }		{ Stubbs.
Letton.	Fullback.	Bates.

Score—Andover, 16; Bowdoin, 0. Touchdowns—Manning, 2; Letton. Goals from touchdowns—Letton, 2. Umpire—Durand. Referee—Jones.

Second Eleven, 34; Lewiston High School, 0.

The Lewiston High School foot-ball eleven played with Bowdoin's second eleven, Wednesday afternoon, at Lewiston, and were evidently no match for them. Bowdoin opened the game with a flying wedge, which was not a marked success. They soon made a brilliant rush, however, and carried the ball within fifteen yards of L. H. S. goal, but there lost the ball on a fumble. The High School team made a gain by Murphy's rush, but soon lost

the ball. Bowdoin had little trouble in scoring. Lewiston came very near scoring in the first half. Merrill wedged through the line and gained a few yards, then Stanley made a good run, gaining twenty-five yards and carrying the ball within a yard of Bowdoin's goal, but there lost it on a fumble. Bodge made a brilliant run, carrying the ball almost the whole length of the field. After this Bowdoin had the game all her own way. The features of the game were the brilliant rush of Stanley and the playing of Bodge and McMillan. The game ended with a score of 34 to 0. Leighton kicked every goal but one. The teams lined up as follows:

L. H. S.		BOWDOIN.
Putnam.	Left End.	Coggan.
Brown.	Left Tackle.	Plumstead.
Talbot.	Left Guard.	Rhines.
Waite.	Center.	Eastman.
Bowers.	Right Guard.	Jackson.
Green.	Right Tackle.	Newbegin.
Grant.	Right End.	Libby.
McCarthy.	Quarterback.	Leighton.
Murphy }	Halfbacks.	{ Bodge.
Stanley }		{ Baker.
Murphy.	Fullback.	Buck.

Ridley was referee, and Stevens umpire.

NOTES.

The foot-ball practice is decidedly ragged. The backs are fumbling badly and the line men are slow in getting into the play. Captain Fairbanks, who is now laid off by an injury received in practice, has been striving to instill life into the team, but the task seems a hard one. To make matters worse, two or three of the men are shirking, come out late to the practice, occasionally do not come out at all, and apparently rely on their past reputation to carry them through the season. The ends are getting very little practice, as the second eleven depends entirely on center plays. Individually, the men, with one or two exceptions, do not seem to improve greatly. The tackles, Stevens and Kimball, are strong and active, but are not breaking through quickly enough to tackle the backs sharply. Stone, at guard, plays too high. Denison and Dewey are playing their usual game. The ends do not get enough practice to keep them in form and several times have been caught napping. The frequent changes behind the line cause more or less confusion. On the whole, the backs are perhaps playing rather better than a week ago. The interference is improving, but is not up to that of last year. The second eleven shows more life than the first, and is being able

managed by Captain Buck. Their game at Lewiston was sharp and the men showed up very well. In their games against the first eleven, Baker and Bodge are showing themselves improving men, and Newbegin is playing a steady and at times a brilliant game. Thomas and Wilbur also get into the game well and keep their opponents hard at work.

The games now arranged for are as follows:

October 18th,	Colby,	at Brunswick.
October 21st,	B. A. A.,	at Boston.
October 28th,	Colby,	at Waterville.

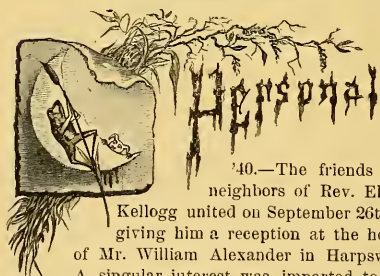
Games with Tufts and at least one other strong team will also be arranged to be played in Brunswick during November.

The game scheduled for October 11th, with Harvard, was canceled by Bowdoin, owing to the physical condition of some of the team. The Colby game, advertised for October 14th, will be played on the 18th.

Bates decided not to venture a game with our men, October 11th, and it now appears doubtful if we meet them during the season.

Exeter made arrangements with us for a game on the delta, last Saturday, but were unable to come.

The Portland High School team has been doing good work this season. It is hoped that a game with them will be arranged for the second eleven.



'40.—The friends and neighbors of Rev. Elijah

Kellogg united on September 26th in giving him a reception at the house of Mr. William Alexander in Harpswell.

A singular interest was imparted to the occasion by many gifts from the children and grandchildren of dearly loved but departed friends.

'51.—Philip H. Brown, Esq., who has been seriously ill, is now improving rapidly.

'60.—On the night of October 11th, Ex-Speaker Reed addressed a crowd of many thousand people at Cincinnati, O., in aid of the campaign of McKinley for Governor. He made a telling speech in his best vein, and great enthusiasm was mani-

fested. The current number of *McClure's Magazine* contains an entertaining article on Thomas B. Reed, from the pen of Mr. Robert Porter. The short account of his college life is particularly interesting to Bowdoin men. The article contains pictures of Mr. Reed's Portland home, his study, and a number of portraits of himself. His Bowdoin class picture is especially noticeable.

'61.—The board of trade of New London, Conn., is anxious to induce Gen. Thomas W. Hyde to remove his iron works to that place. The Bath people hope that the General will decide to remain there. General Hyde is now in Washington, D. C., attending the bidding on the three 1,300-ton gunboats, which are to be built for the government.

'62.—Gen. Charles P. Mattocks, World's Fair Commissioner from Maine, has arrived in Portland and reports that the pomological and agricultural exhibits of Maine have attained a highly gratifying volume. The attendance of Maine people at the exposition is increasing rapidly, Gen. Mattocks says.

'68.—Rev. George M. Bodge, of Leominster, Mass., painted a very pretty picture of early New England life at the meeting of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society in Boston, Wednesday, October 11th. The topic of his paper was: "A Representative New England Church in its Genesis and Growth."

'69.—Oscar Scott Williams died at his home in Dedham, Mass., October 11th, of Bright's disease. He was born in Durham, July 2, 1844, and, since graduation, has devoted himself to teaching. He was principal of the Presque Isle Academy, taught in Auburn, and in 1872 went to Haverhill. Here he was sub-master in the high school, and then became principal of a grammar school. He has since been superintendent of schools in Nashua and Dedham. He enjoyed great respect in the community in which he lived. He had a wife and four sons.

'75.—Professor Edwin H. Hall, of Harvard, has an article in the October number of the *Educational Review* on "Grammar School Physics."

'76.—By far the most elaborate class history yet issued is the new book of 182 large pages which '76 has just brought out. The committee on publication were A. T. Parker, class secretary and treasurer, F. V. Wright, E. H. Kimball, George Parsons, chairman of the literary committee, W. A. Robinson, O. C. Stevens, G. F. Pratt, and Bion Wilson. The book contains sketches of the college, its officers, President Chamberlain, the course of study, etc., and interesting class history, full of anecdotes,

a complete biography of each member of the class, an account of meetings since graduation, class literary work, musicians, and statistics. It appears that 60 men entered the college, 4 died, 55 began work, 43 graduated. The average age of the class at graduation was $22\frac{1}{2}$ years. They came from 5 states, 7 married Brunswick young ladies, and they are now scattered over 14 states and Australia. 18 of the class are in business, 9 are teaching, 3 engineers, 2 editors, 1 chemist, 11 lawyers, 3 ministers, 2 physicians, 1 mariner, and 1 has no business. The book has good pictures of the college buildings, athletic teams, class, etc. On the whole it is a splendid book, and a great credit to its compiler.

'81.—The marriage of Dr. H. L. Johnson, of Augusta, and Miss Emma Hammond, of Fairfield, occurred at Augusta, Thursday, October 5th.

'84.—John A. Waterman, Esq., of Gorham, was married at Portland, August 2d, to Miss Emma C. Shirley of that city.

'89.—The engagement is announced of Fremont J. C. Little to Miss Lillian Blackman of Augusta. Mr. Little is one of the most prominent of Augusta's younger lawyers. The ORIENT extends congratulations.

'90.—Dr. George A. Tolman, who graduated at the Medical School in June, has gone to Columbia to continue his studies.

'92.—Samuel L. Parcher is engaged in teaching this fall.

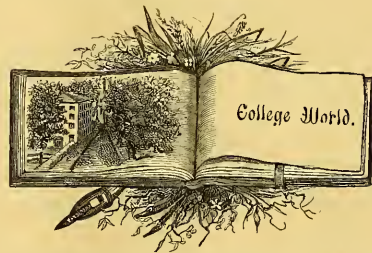
'93.—George Wood McArthur is to take an extensive tour through the South and West during the coming winter.

life made an outward mechanical enforcement of disconnected facts, taken in unwillingly and forgotten quickly. That the child must see for himself, should be forced upon the mind of every teacher, and for bringing about this end this volume has taken an advanced step in the right direction.

(*La Prise de la Bastille* par J. Michelet. Edited by Jules Laquiens, Ph.D. Ginn & Co.) A short selection in French prose with notes for school use.

(*History and Literature in Grammar Grade*. Heath & Co.) A paper read before the Department of Superintendence at Brooklyn, by J. H. Phillips, Ph.D.

(*Collar's Shorter Eysenbach*. Mrs. Clara S. Curtis. Ginn & Co.) There are now in this country a rapidly increasing number of German students who can give but a year or two to the language. This increase has made a demand for a book, short and concise in its methods and contents. To supply this want the above work has been issued. The aim and method of Eysenbach has been kept, but the less essential parts eliminated.



Book Reviews.

(*Apperception*. By Dr. Carl Lange. Heath & Co.) This "Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy" is translated from the German, and presented to the American teacher by the members of the Herbart club. Every effort to further the progress of teaching along scientific lines should be heartily welcomed by all. The children should be studied, they should not be treated like so many "jugs" sent to be filled with words and ideas transmitted directly from the teacher, but their young minds should early be trained to do their own thinking. The duty of the teacher is to stir up their thoughts to the greatest activity and keep them centered upon the matter in hand. Too often is the school,

Professor Turner, of Edinburgh, receives \$20,000 salary, which is the largest remuneration of any college professor in the world.

Wellesley College secured \$5,000 by the will of Mrs. Hannah B. Goodwin, to found a scholarship and for painting of "A Russian Village in Winter," by Schwartz. The money will found the "Goodwin" scholarship.

The Faculty of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., has voted to give the students a voice in the college government.

During President Dwight's seven years of administration, Yale has received \$4,000,000 in gifts.

Leland Stanford University is the heaviest endowed educational institution in the United States. Columbia College stands second.

A BROKEN VOW.

Over her lover she pleadingly leaned,
And he promised for her dear sake,
As he lay in the hammock and saw her tears,
Not another drop to take.

With a thrill of joy the fair girl sprang
To his side, with a loving look.

The vow was broken—likewise the rope,
For another drop he took.

—Brunonian.

The only college in Scotland for the education of women is Queen Margaret College, founded in 1883. The buildings are the gift of Mrs. Elder.

Twenty-two men entered Yale, '97, from Andover without conditions.

The college library at Dartmouth is open to students on Sunday afternoons.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., University has an enrollment of about 800.

The problem of how to put a stop to gambling and betting at university games is under discussion by the faculty of Yale.

Last spring a prize of \$50 was offered for the best Princeton song. "Princeton Day," with words by a member of '92 and music by a member of '95, won the prize.

The University of Michigan graduated the largest class ever sent from an American college this year. It numbered 731, 32 more than the class of '92.

The library collected at Goettingen, by the deceased orientalist Lagarde, has been bought for the University of the City of New York. This is a valuable library containing a large number of rare volumes.

Women have taken two of the three special fellowships offered by the Chicago University this year. Cora A. Stewart, a Vassar girl, has become a fellow in history; Alice F. Pratt, of the Chicago University, has become a fellow in English literature.—*Ex.*

A new rule has been adopted by the athletic association of De Pauw University. It declares that a member of any athletic team using improper language, or conducting himself in a manner unbecoming a gentleman in public, or playing under an assumed name, shall forfeit membership on the team.

Old Dartmouth has a new "Prex," a new lectureship, and large plans for new buildings; new water-works, new professorships, and new

ideas generally. Dartmouth's face is set to the future.—*Dartmouth.*

D. C. Wells, professor of sociology, comes to Dartmouth from Bowdoin. He is a graduate of Yale in the class of '83, and his election to the chair of sociology was the result of a close investigation by President Tucker, himself a high authority on this subject. Professor Wells was very highly thought of at Bowdoin, and his departure was deeply regretted.—*Dartmouth.*

A school of journalism is to be established at the University of Pennsylvania.



CHARLES L. YORK.

Old College Barber,

118 MAIN STREET.



FOR THE PIPE.

Made by MARBURG BROS.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

No. 8.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 6, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 140, Brunswick, Me.

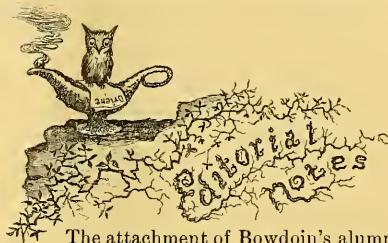
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The attachment of Bowdoin's alumni to their *Alma Mater* is well known to all of us, and we all look forward to the day when we too shall be in a position to praise her past and aid her in her future work. But in the meantime, while we are still undergraduates, are we fully mindful of what we owe to the college? To define the exact relations which the institution and students should bear to each other is well-nigh impossible, but one or two principles seem to stand out with sufficient clearness. First of all we owe the college our warm-hearted allegiance and our constant and hearty support. These are general terms, but they should apply in each particular instance. A college rule should be respected because it *is* a college rule. A new departure should be thoroughly and cheerfully tried before it is condemned, and all senseless mistreatment of college property should be done away with once for all.

Our zeal for the good name of Bowdoin and an anxiety to have her stand high in the public esteem should be fervent and constant. We should lose no opportunity of sounding her praises and of denying any misleading report which may be current concerning her. Above all we should be careful to do nothing which, if made public, could work her harm.

One other subject merits our attention. Every man owes to Bowdoin College his best sustained effort in the recitation room and the athletic field alike. No man who can be one of the best scholars of his class has a right to rank among the lowest. A man who can play ball, foot-ball, or tennis, who can row, run, or jump, has, under ordinary circumstances, no right to neglect these gifts. If it is in our power to reflect credit on our college in any way, we are injuring her if we do not exert ourselves to the utmost.

NO ONE of all the living alumni of Bowdoin is nearer or dearer to the undergraduate heart than Rev. Elijah Kellogg, '40. Most of us were thrilled in boyhood by his stories of early frontier life, and many of us learned of Bowdoin and Brunswick from his writings when the dawn of our own college life was still far in the future. His sincere, unpretentious, self-sacrificing life has served to endear him still more to us all. Yet we venture to assert that not half of us have ever seen his face or heard his voice. Cannot some arrangement be made by which he can preach in the college church some Sabbath, or at least, address us in the chapel?

AT LAST there is a prospect of having a well-arranged and well-kept Reading-Room. At meetings held last week officers were elected and a committee appointed to supervise the changes proposed, and if nothing hinders, the present week will see a great improvement made. It is hardly necessary to say that these changes will be of no value whatever if the students do not treat the Reading-Room as they should and co-operate with the management in making the improvement a permanent one.

FOR the work of the foot-ball team during the two weeks just passed we have nothing but praise. They have been playing a

steady, careful game, and the effect of their great improvement is clearly shown by the scores made by them in the four games played since the last issue of the ORIENT. The continued absence of two of the best men on the team is of course felt, but the eleven and the college have just reason for pride in the record made by the team thus far this season. The defensive work of the line in the last four games has been remarkable when the weight of their opponents is taken into account, and the backs, though not yet striking the line with sufficient momentum, are running lower and improving in their blocking and interference. The kicking alone is poor. The games thus far have necessitated little punting, but the way the easiest chances for kicking goals were missed last Saturday was exasperating in the extreme.

We hope before the season is over to see our team pitted against college teams of their own strength. Games with Amherst, Williams, Wesleyan, Trinity or Tufts would be welcomed equally by team and college. As far as the financial condition of the association is concerned we feel confident that the students will respond to an additional appeal for funds if good games are assured.

WE COMMEND the article entitled "A Suggestion" to the earnest attention of all. The writer has stated the case exactly as it is, and the few lines he quotes from preceding volumes of the ORIENT show clearly what style of verse would be especially acceptable to the editors. There is no lack of talent among us, but there is a decided lack of effort.

The Faculty of the Boston University have voted to permit work on the college paper to count as work in the regular course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two to each of his assistants.

A Suggestion.

ONE of the most pleasing and popular features of our many college publications is the so-called poetry which they contain. Some editors devote a page to rhyme, others lengthen out a column here and there with a witty stanza, and lighten the labor of the compiler of locals by inserting in his space a well-turned parody or rondeau.

The recent publication of "Cap and Gown," a charming collection of characteristic college verse, again brings to mind the fact that our own representative in the literary arena lacks decidedly this class of literature. In this book, page after page is filled with selections from the publications of colleges standing not so high as our own. Five stanzas from an old ORIENT represent the talent of Bowdoin. Is this because among us there are none with ability to write verse worthy of such a publication? I fancy not. It is simply due to a lack of spirit. Want of time has nothing to do with it.

"*Tempus fugit!*" said the Roman.

Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;

Ever coming,

Ever going,

Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,

Poring o'er these lessons huge,

Ever harder,

Ever longer,

All I say is, 'Let her flee!'"

Regardless of class every man should be willing to do what he can. Even the Freshman need not be afraid to attempt airy flights. Witness the following from one soon after his admission to college:

"I illustrate my manly upper lip

Each blessed time when shaving,

For every gash from the razor's slip

Is a steel cut or engraving."

If you do not wish to have your identity known, send your production through the mail, but do not waste your sweetness by

keeping it to yourself. There is an urgent need of poetry, but do not take this as a general invitation to fill the ORIENT sanctum with long epics and touching effusions about Bowdoin's classic halls, the majestic chapel towers and the gently murmuring pines. Forbear to expatiate on the unrivaled charms of the fair maids of Brunswick and Bath, and, if you must indulge in a joke, keep up to the reputable New England standard by remembering that—

"A German joke is devoid of point,

An English joke is neat;

A Yankee joke is often told,

But it has a peculiar

Faculty of arriving at its

Destination with the

Contemporaneous advent

Of both of its feet."

Bright, short poems are wanted, not of the nature of grinds (save them for the *Bugle*), but pointed and vivacious. Half of the charm of the verse is in knowing that it is original. Do not hesitate to express thought in a new light.

"How doth the little downy Fresh

Improve each shining hour?

He plugs his dry old lexicon,

With gloomy visage sour.

Meanwhile the more experienced Soph

Enjoys his cards and pipe,

He learns his Greek from Harper's text,

His intellect is ripe."

Many of the students, while in the fitting school, were connected with the school paper. Some took active parts as editors, while many others were regular contributors. Why drop out of such work as soon as you enter college? We have a paper worthy of the hearty support of every student, and its continued success largely depends upon the individual work of the students. The ORIENT board is not a machine to manufacture so much reading matter every fortnight; its function is rather to sift the material presented to it, and give to the students only

that which will interest the majority. Hence, all ought to see that the editors have abundant material from which to select the best; they will be found to be lenient critics.

"2-night 2 the beautiful \$u\$ie\$ I'll go,"

Young Solomon \$kinflint \$aid,

"And u\$e every \$ophistry that I may know
To induce the young beire\$\$ to wed."

He begged the fair maid hi\$ hand 2 Xcept

(There'\$ alway\$ a way when a will),

And 1 her con\$ent, when in Pater \$tepped,
And in\$tantly V-toed the Bill."

Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention.

THE forty-seventh annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity met in Minneapolis on Thursday, October the 11th, and remained in session throughout the week.

A reception was tendered the delegates on Wednesday evening, at the the parlors of the West Hotel. Thursday morning the convention met in secret session. On the afternoon of that day the delegates enjoyed a buckboard ride, followed by a reception given in honor of the visitors, by the young ladies of the Alpha Phi Chapter of the University of Minnesota. A ball in the evening ended Thursday's festivities. The secret session continued all day Friday. The petition to revive the Delta Delta Chapter of Chicago University was granted, while petitions for charters from Northwestern University and several smaller institutions were refused. The banquet on Friday evening ended in a delightful way the regular duties of the convention.

The University of Chicago cleared about \$40,000 this summer by renting its dormitories to the World's Fair visitors.

Over \$80,000 has been subscribed for the Phillips Brooks memorial at Harvard.

Lehigh University intends to build a laboratory that will have no equal in the college world. The cost is estimated at about \$200,000.

The Pessioptimist.

HOW many Bowdoin students are in the habit of reading the daily newspapers of the state or country with a view to an intelligent knowledge of the world and its affairs? The Pessioptimist fears not many. Too many men pick up a newspaper listlessly, gaze languidly at the news columns, read a bit of sensational stuff here and there, peruse eagerly the "Personal" or "Table Talk" departments, and, ignoring the editorial page entirely, lay down the sheet with the sage remark that "there's nothing in the paper this morning." Charles A. Dana, editor-in-chief of the *New York Sun*, in a recent address to Cornell students, said: "The young man who takes a newspaper and turns to its political page has good intellectual symptoms. If he turns to read a love story first you cannot make a good newspaper man of him," and he might have added, or anything else either.

* * * * *

Such a study of the political page of any great representative journal is one of the best educators within reach of the men of this century. To the business man it gives a practical knowledge of the state of affairs in his community; to the college man it is one of the best of helps in the study of Political Science, perhaps one of the essential parts of a man's education. Few students realize the need and the benefit of a course of study in Political Science such as Bowdoin College gives; it may be years before they will see the necessity for a thorough knowledge of the conditions, organization, and methods of American government, but the time will come when probably 'tis late to mend. A more or less close acquaintance with the history and principles of the American constitution, and an up-to-date knowledge of our national politics, is absolutely neces-

sary in the molding of a well-balanced mind and the making of a truly good and useful citizen.

* * * * *

With the Art Building nearing completion, the splendid new Scientific Building well under process of construction, a foot-ball team with a shining record, a course of study and a board of instructors that place her far in advance of all other Maine colleges, Bowdoin has certainly well-founded cause for self-congratulation at this auspicious opening of a new year. The large Freshman class which, notwithstanding fear of compulsory bathing and required mathematics, came to our doors this fall, is itself sufficient proof that Bowdoin College is the coming college of the state, and the quality of men, and the general sentiment expressed in many ways, shows a growing feeling of favor toward small but high-grade schools by the good people of the Pine Tree State.

* * * * *

The advantage of the small college over its greater sister institutions is apparent in several ways. In the larger schools, where a single class numbers more than three hundred, there cannot be the warm class feeling, the fraternal sentiment, the delightful sensation of "knowing everybody" that is a characteristic of small institutions. Then, too, in the great universities an, in any way, intimate acquaintance with one's instructors is simply impossible, and thus one of the most valuable advantages of the smaller school is entirely wanting. There is altogether too much nonsense in many colleges in the matter known as "chinning the Professor," and the sooner this dies out and leaves an earnest student free to establish friendly and helpful relation with the instructors, the better for all concerned. The professors are eager to help, and will complain only at the lack of the begging.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Priceless Boon.

In ancient days, the olden legends say,
A wizard wandered, withered, bent, and gray.
Deep versed was he in every canning part
And skilled in knowledge of the chemist's art.
One day, with footsteps weak in age,
He sought the dwelling of a Grecian sage.
He bore a golden phial in his hand,
And clapsed about it clung a shining band,
And thereon words, in curious letters spelled,
That told the wine of memory it held.

"I bring thee here," he said, "a priceless store,
For he who quaffs of this, forevermore
Shall hold the mem'ry of the past secure.
Its joys, its triumphs, shall alway endure,
And learning's prize shall linger at thy feet.
Thy mind shall never fail its tasks to meet
Till death shall come." "Ah, no," the sage replied,
"Oh, take it far from me, I fain would hide
The bygone years, their pain and wild regret.
I need thy power to teach me to forget."

Wonders of Modern Science.

O, have you heard
If you triturate with hydro-carbon gas, chopped fine,
A drop or so of H_2O dissolved in brine,
And draw it from the crucible with hand-made twine
It emerges as electric light?
That 'tis true may be averred.

And do you know
That when Peary was in northern lands, I don't
know where,
He found a castle wholly built of frozen air,
With hydrogen for atmosphere, and winding stair
Constructed out of spectrum lines?
I'm assured that this is so.

Then I'll tell you
Of late investigation in regard to heat;
Although a mode of motion, it is good to eat;
In fact, for quick digestion it cannot be beat;
For 'tis vital force applied *ad rem*.
You may bet that it is true.

With my own eyes
I've seen forty Muybridge photographs of moving
sound,

Some interstellar ether, say in weight, one pound,
The outside of infinity, by quaternions found,
And the fourth dimension of a point.
I deny that these are lies.

The savant knows
How to write the monkey's language to divert the
sad;
He persuades the good bacteria to eat the bad;
He paints his blinds with chlorophyl,—a modern
fad,—

And grafts an ass's bones on man.
Who can say the savant *blows*?

He hopes ere long
To remove to the Chicago Fair the Arctic pole;
To melt a dozen asteroids to fill the hole;
To fathom all the mysteries of mind and soul;
And abolish heaven and hell for aye.
So I'm told; I may be wrong.

The Reading-Room.

An evil place,
A dire disgrace,
A shameful home of sin.
Let him beware
Who will but dare
To even enter in.

It cannot stay
In such a way;
We cannot keep it so.
'T will never mend,
And in the end
Perhaps 't had better go.



A mass-meeting of the college was held in Memorial last week, and much enthusiasm was aroused on the foot-ball question. Quite a large sum of money was raised in addition to that already pledged, many voluntarily increasing their subscriptions. The question of entering a league with the other Maine colleges was discussed, and it seemed to be

the unanimous sentiment that such a step would be of no benefit to the college, but would on the contrary be of harm, as it would bring the team constantly in contact with much weaker teams and would prevent it from meeting so often those strong teams out of the State, by whom Bowdoin is now regarded as a dangerous rival.

Jackson, '95, is teaching in Wiscasset.

Lewis Pierce, '52, was on the campus last week.

Bass, '96, was obliged by illness to go home last week.

A. H. Davis, '60, of Portland, visited the college last week.

Soule, '96, started last week on a trip to the World's Fair.

Bates, '96, umpired the Colby-Hebron Academy game at Waterville, October 21st.

Merrill, '96, has returned to college. He has been working in a Farmington bank.

Merriman, '96, is teaching in Harpswell. It is doubtful if he returns to college this year.

The students appreciate the railroad time-tables placed in the various ends by the Maine Central.

Hon. L. A. Emery, '61, of Ellsworth, visited the college last week. He was on his way to Rangeley.

E. T. Little, '87, now of Phoenix, Arizona, was the guest of his uncle, Professor Little, last week.

Hugo's "Bug Jargal" is the first book on the list given the Sophomore French class, for outside reading.

Pendleton, '90, was at the college last week. He has changed houses, and now represents Wright & Ditson.

Blodgett and Small, '96, were two of the speakers at the Colby ΔY initiation banquet at Skowhegan, Friday night.

Allen, Bagley, and Wilbur, '94, and Peakes, '96, attended the ΣY initiation and banquet at Colby, Friday night.

The $\Theta \Delta X$ fraternity had its annual "set up" by the Freshman delegation, at the station restaurant Friday night.

P. E. Barber, of Bath, is a new special in college. He has been a member of '96, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

November 30th is the date set for the National Thanksgiving, and towards this date many a student's eyes gaze longingly.

The Bowdoin Faculty was invited to attend a

reception given by President Harris, of the Maine State College, last Friday evening.

Professor Lee delivered a lecture, "In the Straits of Magellan," at Augusta, October 31st, before the Kennebec Natural History Society.

Rev. J. L. Jenkins, of Portland, preached the annual sermon before the college Y. M. C. A., in the Congregational church, Sunday.

On account of duties at the Art Building, Professor Johnson gave the Sophomore and Freshman French classes several adjourns, last week.

Ridley, '94, and Ordway, '96, acted as referee and umpire in a recent foot-ball game at Augusta, between Cony High School and Kent's Hill Seminary.

There were a large number of visitors in chapel Sunday. A quartette composed of Lord, Clough, Dana, and Willard, furnished exceptionally good music.

Frost, '94, Bates, Keyes, Marston, and Minot, '96, and Haines, Strickland, and Varrell, '97, attended the $\Delta K E$ initiation of the Colby Chapter, October 20th.

Quite a number of Bates students accompanied their team here Saturday. They seemed much disappointed that their eleven could make no better showing against the lighter Bowdoin boys.

The Sophomore prize speakers are announced this week, the members of the class having handed in their lists last week. The speaking will occur in upper Memorial on the evening of December 21st.

The terrace around the Walker Art Building remained beautiful and green after all the other foliage of the campus was brown and dead, and set off the magnificent structure to fine advantage.

Currier, '94, is agent for a new college pin. It is a silver pennant, the upper third being white, the central third black with "Bowdoin" in white letter, and the lower third white. It is pretty and tasty, and will cost a little over a dollar.

The Freshmen have material enough for a strong eleven, and intend to get in some good work before they meet the Sophomores in the annual class game. They have elected McMillan captain and Hagar manager, and expect to play several games with outside teams.

It is probable that French and German clubs will be formed the coming winter. Much good in conversational powers and in the general knowledge of the language has been gained in these clubs

in past winters, and their existence should never be allowed to die out.

Henry H. Ragan, the famous lecturer, delivered his illustrated lecture on the Columbian Exposition at Town Hall, October 19th. It was under the auspices of the Foot-Ball Association and there was a good attendance. The lecture was highly entertaining and instructive.

The question of adding French to the requirements of admission to the Maine colleges is being agitated now. Professor Marquart, of Colby, and Professor Angell, of Bates, were in conference here Friday night with Professor Hyde and the Bowdoin modern language professors.

Now that the walls of the Searles Scientific Building are above the first story the progress is more rapid, and it is most interesting to watch this noble structure take shape. It is thought the building will be roofed in before snow falls, and that it will be all ready for dedication at the appointed time.

Shaw, '95, spent several days recently in coaching the new Thornton Academy eleven. The Biddeford papers spoke highly of his work, and said that while he was not the typical foot-ball giant he wore long hair and a sweater and knew all the points of the game. The victory of the team in its first game showed the good results of his work.

Ordway, '96, has been elected captain and manager of his class eleven, and as usual proves an adept in both positions. Several games have been played and more arranged. This activity of a class team is of untold benefit to the standing of the college in the sport, and though '96 is not pre-eminently a foot-ball class its spirit in going into the game is to be commended most highly.

The third themes of the term are due to-day. The following subjects were given out: Juniors—Is Too Much Power Given to the Minority in the United States Senate? What Relations Should Exist Between a College and its Fitting Schools? Novels as a Power in Reform Movements. Sophomores—Should the Geary Chinese Act be Repealed? How Can We Have a Suitable Reading-Room? Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

There is a good prospect of a dancing school the coming winter. Many of the students now ignorant of the terpsichorean art would fain become its masters. Partners would not be lacking among the Brunswick maidens, and weekly assemblies would furnish a bright social oasis in the dreary

desert of college routine. Past winters have witnessed high success in this line, and it is to be hoped the coming winter will prove the best of all.

The joke is on an eminent member of the faculty who watched through the whole of Saturday's foot-ball game under the impression that it was the Technology team which was lined up against the Bowdoin boys. The true state of things never dawned upon him even when the game was over, and the next day he said to a student that the easy manner in which our team defeated the strong Technology eleven was a great surprise and pleasure to him.

In a few days the Walker Art Building will be practically completed. With the finishing of the floor in Sculpture Hall but little will remain to be done. The Misses Walker and Mr. Gale, the architect, were here last week, also Elihu Vedder, of Rome, the artist who is working upon one of the four immense oil paintings which will decorate the great dome of the rotunda. These paintings will not be put in place till spring. All the collection of paintings and drawings in the library building were removed Thursday, October 26th, to be put in place in the galleries at once.

It is expected that the foot-ball season will close with a series of class games just before the Thanksgiving recess. It is planned for the Seniors and Juniors to play, then the Sophomores and Freshmen, and then the two winners to play for the championship of the college. Varsity players are to be excluded from the class teams. Each class has good men, and, as class feeling runs high, such a series of games would surely be close and exciting. The Sophomores and Freshmen have good teams in training, and the former has played several games with outside teams, and has more arranged.

The great university extension movement is being helped forward in Maine by the progressive Bowdoin faculty. The college offers the following courses of six lectures each, during the coming season: Homer, by Professor F. E. Woodruff; Roman Literature, Professor William A. Houghton; Biology, Professor L. A. Lee; Chemistry, Professor F. C. Robinson; Our National Government, Professor William MacDonald. Two courses of extension lectures are already arranged in this State. Professor Lee, of Bowdoin, will give a course on Biology in Augusta, and Professor Matthews, of Colby, one on the French Revolution, in Skowhegan.

In chapel, Sunday afternoon, President Hyde spoke very forcibly and clearly upon the duties and

obligations of the student body in a Christian college. He said it was the duty of the faculty in such a college to keep the moral standing of the students high, by pleasant means if possible, if not, by harsher methods. Bowdoin's success depends on the high degree of manhood attained by the students here; and for the sake of the college, if for no higher reason, every student should take it upon himself to see that the rights of others are respected, that he is a true gentleman at all times and in all places, and that the public good is never sacrificed to his private pleasures. It was an earnest address, delivered from the heart, and appealed strongly to all who heard it.

The most sport that the jolly old Bowdoin campus has seen recently was caused by three calves, whose innocent and unsuspecting natures led them to wander from their customary haunts into its sacred precincts. After a long chase by a crowd of students they were captured, and formed the centre-pieces of several kodak groups. Then they were incarcerated in the rooms of some Freshmen who happened to be out. They were soon discovered and speedily ejected, and as it was recitation time they were taken into the Freshman Greek recitation. Here they remained for two hours, and were so well behaved that the instructor said he would only ask the class to conduct itself as well as its visitors did. Not until the next day did the owner succeed in getting all the wandering trio safely at home. It is thought they will not soon forget their college course.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 42; Colby, 4.

The game was kicked at 3 o'clock. Colby started the ball with a V, but made no gain. A minute after, Robinson slipped out around our right end and, to the surprise of all, scored a touchdown for Colby, but failed to kick the goal. Time, two minutes.

Bowdoin went at it with a vim. Their V took them fifteen yards into Colby territory. Kimball made a pretty rush; Sykes followed his example, and Quimby made a touchdown four minutes after the first rush. Sykes kicked a goal. Chapman, being injured, was relieved by Hicks. Colby lost five yards on her V. Kimball made a fine tackle. Colby was forced to kick, making twenty-five yards,

but lost the ball. Stubbs carried the ball back twenty yards. Mitchell secured the touchdown six minutes from Colby's start. No goal.

Colby's ten-yard loss on the V was regained by Robinson's punt, losing the ball to Bowdoin. Stubbs made a pretty dash of half the field, and a moment after, Quimby added four more to the fast-increasing score, Sykes failing to kick a goal.

Eight yards was Colby's loss on their next V, supplemented by the disablement of their captain, Robinson. Bowdoin obtained the ball on downs. Mitchell made a long run, and Quimby another touchdown. Sykes kicked a goal.

Another ten yards was lost by Colby, and, soon after, the ball on downs. Mitchell made a touchdown; Sykes, a goal.

Colby braced on her V, and gained five yards before time was called. Score, 26-4.

In the last half, the ball got a good start towards Colby's goal. It was carried along by Stubbs, Mitchell taking it over the line. No goal.

Colby soon lost the ball and Quimby took it behind the goal. Colby attempted to punt, failed, and lost the ball. Mitchell took it from the center almost to the line, Stubbs making the final touchdown, and Sykes the goal.

Colby made no gain on her V. Stone being hurt, Thomas took his place. Colby tried a goal from the field, which resulted in their return to center. Bowdoin had the ball at Colby's ten-yard line when time was called.

The game, though one-sided, did not lose its interest, but was lively throughout. The backs were occasionally slow in starting, but ran pluckily and made long gains. Kimball played the best game in the line, breaking Colby's V in fine shape and making numerous good tackles.

The men lined up as follows:

BOWDOIN.		COLBY.
Ross.	Left End.	Sturtevant.
Kimball.	Left Tackle.	Thompson.
Dewey.	Left Guard.	Ford.
Dennison	Center.	Gray.
Chapman. }	Right End.	Suare.
Hicks.		
Stevens.	Right Tackle.	McMillan.
Stone.	Right Guard.	Chapman.
Sykes.	Quarterback.	Hopkins.
Mitchell. }	Halfbacks.	{ Jordan.
Stubbs. }		{ Turner.
		{ Putnam.
Quimby.	Fullback.	{ Robinson.
		{ Jordan.

Touchdowns—Quimby, 3; Mitchell, 2; Stubbs, 2; Robinson, 1. Goals—Sykes, 3. Referee—Parsons, Colby. Umpire—Ridley, Bowdoin.

Bowdoin vs. B. A. A.

The Bowdoin team and Boston Athletics met on the South End grounds, Saturday, October 21st. Last year's strong team played a tie game with B. A. A., and this year, with a team whose average weight was only 160 pounds, Bowdoin held the strong rush line of their opponents well, compelling them to lose the ball on four downs in the first half. The result of this game is certainly encouraging. The team played with a snap, not at all like the first games of the season.

B. A. A. had the ball. McNear made 12 yards on the wedge. After a fumble and three downs Anthony made eight yards. McNear made a pretty run from the 40-yard line, scoring a touchdown and kicking the goal. Quimby was pushed down the field for 12 yards in the wedge. Mitchell and Stubbs each made short gains and Quimby was sent over the line for a touchdown. Sykes failed to kick the goal. Score: B. A. A., 6; Bowdoin, 4. McNear made eight yards. Batchelder and Anthony made good gains, but McNear lost ground, Sykes breaking through and tackling. McNear punted for 25 yards and B. A. A. soon had the ball again on four downs. On the third down, B. A. A. failed to gain the necessary two yards. Mitchell went through the line for 10 yards, and Quimby made a good gain. B. A. A. got the ball on a foul, and Anthony made a fine run from the 25-yard line. McNear kicked the goal. Score: B. A. A., 12; Bowdoin, 4.

Bowdoin opened the second half with a V, but soon lost the ball on a fumble. McNear made 25 yards, and, after good rushing by the backs, went over the line for a touchdown. He punted out to Waters, but failed to kick the goal. Bowdoin got five yards, B. A. A.'s center getting off side. The ball was pushed down the field and Quimby made a touchdown. Sykes again failed to kick goal. Score: B. A. A., 16; Bowdoin, 8. B. A. A. had the ball in the center of the field when time was called. For Bowdoin, the tackling of Sykes and good work of Quimby and Mitchell behind the line were the best features. The rush line held their heavy opponents well. Anthony and McNear did the best work for B. A. A. Tukey and J. Hastings, '91, played tackle and center respectively on the B. A. A. team. The teams lined up as follows:

B. A. A.		BOWDOIN.
Blanchard.	Left End.	Hicks.
Tukey.	Left Tackle.	Stevens.
Fay.	Left Guard.	{ Doring.
Whitman. }		{ Stone.

Hastings. }	Center.	Dennison.
Whitman. }		
Wardner.	Right End.	Ross.
Waters.	Right Tackle.	Kimball.
Kipp. }	Right Guard.	Dewey.
Fay. }		
Belfield.	Quarterback.	Sykes.
Anthony. }	Halfbacks.	{ Mitchell.
Batchelder. }		{ Stubbs.
McNear.	Fullback.	Quimby.

Umpire—Professor Whittier. Referee—E. W. Beals.
Time—30-minute halves.

Second Eleven, 54; L. H. S., 0.

The Lewiston High School team came to Brunswick, Saturday, October 21st, and played two twenty-minute halves with Bowdoin's second eleven. The Bowdoin team was somewhat crippled by the loss of Bodge, Baker, Libby, Coggan, and Newbegin, yet they played a very good game. The High School boys had rather a light team, especially behind the line; still they bucked the center for several short gains during the last half. MacMillan played the best game for Bowdoin, making several long runs around the right end and tackling well. Lewiston played a plucky game, but had no opportunity to score. The teams lined up as follows:

L. H. S.		Bowdoin.
Putnam.	Left End.	Cook.
Brown.	Left Tackle.	Plumstead.
Talbot.	Left Guard.	Merrill.
Waite.	Center.	Eastman.
Bowers.	Right Guard.	Rhines.
Greene.	Right Tackle.	{ Chapman.
		{ Mead.
Grant.	Right End.	Wiley.
McCarthy.	Quarterback.	Leighton.
Murphy. }	Halfbacks.	{ Foster.
Stanley. }		{ MacMillan.
Murphy.	Fullback.	Buck.

Referee—Ridley. Umpire—Toothaker.

Bowdoin, 36; Boston University, 0.

Quite a crowd gathered on the delta, Wednesday, October 25th, to see Bowdoin and Boston University play. The game was fairly good throughout. Bowdoin's interference was very good at times. The excitement ran high in the last half, when B. U. got the ball to Bowdoin's five-yard line and lost it on downs, just as time was called.

B. U. started in with the usual wedge, but made little gain. The ball was then snapped back and fumbled, B. U. losing three yards. Failing to make the necessary 8 yards, Sherman punted. Bowdoin now made short gains through the line until the ball was within five yards of B. U.'s goal, where it was lost. B. U. could not gain against Bowdoin's line, and Sherman again punted for 15 yards.

Sykes passed the ball to Mitchell, who took it around the left end for a good gain. Bowdoin rushed the ball steadily towards the goal, and Mitchell was pushed over for a touchdown. Ross failed to kick the goal.

B. U. gained nothing on the V. House took the ball around left end for five yards, but the Bowdoin line played low and stopped the rushes, B. U. losing the ball on downs. Mitchell, Stubbs, and Quimby rushed the ball to the 20-yard line, and Sykes scored a touchdown around right end. Ross failed to kick goal. Score, 8-0.

B. U. gained four yards on the V, but lost the ball on a fumble. The Bowdoin backs made steady gains through the lines, and, after Bowdoin was given five yards for off-side play, Quimby made a touchdown, Ross kicking the goal, making the score 14-0.

B. U. gained eight yards on the wedge, but soon lost the ball on downs. Bowdoin then carried the ball down the field, and Stubbs took it over the line. Sykes punted out to Quimby, but Ross failed on the goal. Score, 18-0.

B. U. formed the wedge and Sherman took the ball straight through the line for ten yards. They could not buck Bowdoin's line hard enough, however, and lost the ball on downs. Stubbs made a good run of 15 yards around the end. The ball was fumbled and Kimball fell on it, but Bowdoin soon lost it on downs.

B. U. made no gains and fumbled badly, Bowdoin getting the ball. On the third down, with eight yards to gain, Bowdoin's left tackle, Stevens, made a fine run around right end for 20 yards, rolling over and over toward the goal after he was pulled down. Quimby carried the ball over the line, and Ross kicked the goal. Score, 24-0. Time was called just before the teams lined up in the middle of the field.

Bowdoin gained eight yards on the V, and rushed the ball towards B. U.'s goal in a lively manner, Sykes making another touchdown. Ross kicked the goal and made the score 30-0.

Bowdoin soon got the ball again, but could not seem to make good gains, losing it on the fourth down. The teams now seemed more evenly matched, and B. U. lost the ball on downs. The backs put more life into their work, and Quimby scored another touchdown. Goal. Score, 36-0.

B. U. now played sharp and hard, carrying the ball to the five-yard line. Bowdoin's line was again too much for them, however, and the ball was lost on downs just as time was called. The features of

the game were the work of Stevens and Kimball in the line, and the tackling of Sykes and Stubbs behind it. Boston's fullback, Sherman, also made some fine runs and seemed to be the surest tackle on the field. The Bowdoin backs made good gains, but ran high and did not strike the line hard. Dewey retired after the first half, and Thomas took his place. Stevens was also slightly hurt near the close of the game. The teams:

BOWDOIN.		BOSTON UNIVERSITY.	
Hicks.	Left End.	Roman.	
Stevens.	Left Tackle.	Holmes.	
Stone.	Left Guard.	Dyer.	
Dennison.	Center.	Cutts.	
Ross.	Right End.	Sanborn.	
Kimball.	Right Tackle.	Rogers.	
Dewey. }	Right Guard.	Hanscom.	
Thomas. }			
Sykes.	Quarterback.	Tower.	
Stubbs. }	Halfbacks.	{ Evans.	
Mitchell. }		{ House.	
Quimby.	Fullback.	Sherman.	

Referee—Reed. Umpire—Ridley.

Bangor High School, 10; Bowdoin, '96, 4.

The Sophomore team went to Bangor last Wednesday and were defeated by a close score, thanks to the efforts of the referee, who gave Bangor the ball whenever there seemed to be any danger of Bowdoin's scoring.

Bangor High School have always had a good foot-ball team, and this year's eleven seems to be no exception. The Sophomore team were nearly equal in weight to the Bangor men, but did not succeed in scoring until the very last of the game, when the superior work of the backs told. The summary:

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL.		BOWDOIN.	
Palmer.	Left End.	Libby.	
Veazie.	Left Tackle.	Plumstead.	
Hickson.	Left Guard.	Eastman.	
Gilman.	Center.	Minot.	
Howard.	Right Guard.	Coburn.	
Lord.	Right Tackle.	Newbegin.	
Durgin.	Right End.	Smith.	
Howard. }	Halfback.	{ Bailey.	
Stetson. }		{ Baker.	
Seavey.	Quarterback.	Ordway.	
C. Sawyer.	Fullback.	Bates.	

Score—Bangor High School, 10; Bowdoin, 4. Touchdowns—Stetson, 2; Ordway. Goals for touchdown—Howard. Time—50 minutes.

Sophomores, 12; M. S. C., 10.

The Sophomore team retrieved their defeat at Bangor by beating the Maine State College eleven the next day, October 26th, in a hotly contested game. The Bowdoin team put lots of snap into

their work, and made almost all their gains through the line. The Orono eleven ran their backs around the ends most of the time, as they could not make any gains against the line, although it was lighter than their own. '96 bucked the line for all their gains, as it was too muddly and slippery to make good runs around the ends. Each side made two touchdowns. The features of the game were the work of Baker and Bailey. The former, especially, made some good gains through the line and tackled well. The game was played on the Orono Driving Park, and a large and enthusiastic crowd was present. Bowdoin students were surprised when news came that '96 had beaten a college team, after having been defeated the day before at Bangor. The summary:

BOWDOIN, '96.		M. S. C.	
Libby.	Left End.	{ Farrell.	
		{ Duncan.	
Plumstead.	Left Tackle.	{ Libby.	
		{ Farnham.	
Eastman.	Left Guard.	Delotte.	
Minot.	Center.	Cole.	
Coburn.	Right Guard.	Murphy.	
Newbegin.	Right Tackle.	Murphy.	
Smith.	Right End.	Rogers.	
Capt. Ordway.	Quarterback.	Bird.	
Baker.	Right Halfback.	Haywood.	
Bailey.	Left Halfback.	Deerham.	
Bates.	Fullback.	Capt. Urann.	

Referee—Fairbanks. Time—50 minutes.

Final score—12-10.

Bowdoin, 54; Bates, 0.

The Bates College foot-ball aggregation came down Saturday, October 28th. A game had been arranged with Technology, but they decided not to come, so the management sent for the Bates eleven. They brought down a heavy team and played a plucky game throughout. Bowdoin was weakened by the loss of Chapman, Fairbanks, and Stevens. Dewey was also unable to play until the last half.

Bowdoin started with the ball in the mud at the center of the field. They rushed it rapidly towards the goal, and Stubbs made a touchdown in about two minutes. Ross missed the goal.

Bates started with the flying wedge, making a good gain. They soon fumbled the ball and Ross was down on it. Stubbs got a good run around right end, and, after short gains by each of the backs, Mitchell carried the ball over for a touchdown. Ross kicked the goal, making the score 10-0.

Bates tried the flying wedge again but made no gain. On the third down Brackett punted; Stubbs took the ball around the end for 25 yards, and soon Mitchell was seen dodging around the other end

for 15 yards. Stubbs made a touchdown. No goal. Score, 14-0.

Bates could not gain the necessary five yards, and Brackett punted again. Mitchell made a good run of 15 yards around the end and the ball was pushed steadily up the field, Stubbs carrying it over for a touchdown. No goal. Score, 18-0.

After Bates had started with the usual V, Hicks got the ball in a scrimmage and ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. No goal. Score, 22-0.

Bates made a big gain with the wedge, the halfback going around the end for 25 yards. Bowdoin's line held hard, however, and soon got the ball on downs. The ball was pushed up the field slowly, and Stubbs got another good run of 30 yards. Quimby scored the touchdown. Sykes kicked goal. Score, 28-0.

Bowdoin soon had the ball again on downs and the backs rushed it fast and hard up the field, Quimby getting the touchdown. No goal. Score, 32-0.

Bates lost on the V, and Kimball got the ball on a punt straight into the line, just as time was called.

Bates could gain nothing against Bowdoin's line and lost the ball on downs. Stubbs went around the end for 45 yards. Knowlton failed to kick goal. Score, 36-0.

Bates was soon forced to punt again. Sykes got the ball, but after a few rushes the referee gave it to Bates. They immediately lost it on downs. Stubbs went around the end again for 20 yards and Quimby got another touchdown. The goal was kicked, making the score 42-0.

Bates tried the flying wedge again and this time successfully, making 20 yards, but the ball was Bowdoin's on downs, and after a few sharp rushes Knowlton touched it down behind the line. Goal was kicked and the score was 48-0.

Bates made a short gain with the flying wedge and were given five yards for off side play. Bowdoin's line was too strong for them and the ball was lost on downs. Stubbs made the best run of the game, carrying the ball 55 yards around the right end. Knowlton kicked the goal. Score, 54-0.

Bowdoin got the ball again on a fumble and rushed it within four yards of the goal, when time was called.

The features of the game were the playing of Stubbs, Kimball, and Hicks. Cutts played a star game for Bates. It was quite clearly shown in this game that the first eleven ought to practice somebody an hour a day kicking goals. Twelve points

were lost by failures, all of which were easy chances. The teams lined up as follows:

BOWDOIN.		BATES.	
Ross.	Right End.		Field.
Kimball.	Right Tackle.	O. Hanscom.	
Thomas. {	Right Guard.		Cutts.
Dewey. }			
Dennison.	Center.		Brown.
Stone. {	Left Guard.		Purinton.
Thomas. }			
Newbegin.	Left Tackle.	E. Hanscom.	
Hicks.	Left End.		Slattery.
Sykes.	Quarterback.		Woodman.
Mitchell. {			
Knowlton. }	Halfbacks.		{ Douglass.
Stubbs. }			{ Small.
Quimby.	Fullback.		Brackett.

Referee—Crockett. Umpire—Ridley. Time—50m.

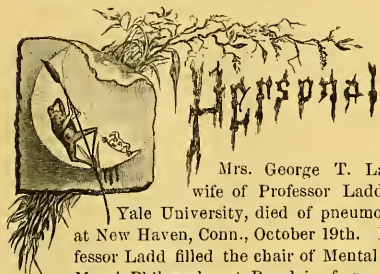


The first in a series of meetings under the auspices of the Association was held Sunday evening, October 22d, in the Congregational church. The speaker of the evening was the Rev. Robert Hume of India. Mr. Hume has been engaged in missionary work in India for nineteen years, and in his lecture gave an interesting account of the moral and educational progress that has been going on during his residence in that country. President Hyde and Professor Houghton assisted in the service. Arrangements are being made for similar meetings to be held once every month during the college year. Prominent speakers will be secured, the college choir will furnish music, and it is earnestly hoped that these services may be well attended both by students and townspeople.

The annual sermon before the Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. was preached Sunday, October 29th, by Dr. J. L. Jenkins of Portland.

There are a few remaining copies of the Handbook that may be had by any who have not yet received them. Apply to G. A. Merrill, '94.

A feature of the Association work, which for a number of years has been allowed to lag, is now being renewed with considerable interest. This is the weekly Bible class. Several of these classes for the informal study of the Bible have been formed this term in the different dormitories, and an invitation is extended to all men in college to join. The classes meet on Tuesday evenings at seven o'clock and last an hour.



Mrs. George T. Ladd,
wife of Professor Ladd, of
Yale University, died of pneumonia,
at New Haven, Conn., October 19th. Pro-
fessor Ladd filled the chair of Mental and
Moral Philosophy at Bowdoin from 1879
until 1881.

'25.—Senator James Ware Bradbury, of Augusta, has gone upon a trip to the World's Fair at Chicago. Very few men of Mr. Bradbury's age would think of entering upon such a journey, but the Senator travels considerably and seems to derive benefit from it.

'46.—Dr. John S. H. Fogg, of Boston, the well-known physician, died on Monday, October 16th. He was a native of Eliot, Me., and, after graduating from college, went through the Harvard Medical School, graduating in 1850. He served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in the year 1855, and was, also, for many years a member of the school board of Boston. He was a member of the Massachusetts Genealogical Society, a corresponding member of the Maine Historical Society, and widely known, also, by members of other state historical societies as an expert in our colonial history and an authority upon the early period of our United States government. He was particularly famous as an autographist, however, and his judgment in all matters concerning the genuineness and value of autographs was unerring. The most remarkable instance of his skill, perhaps, was manifested in the case of the famous Leffingwell collection, which possessed, among other remarkable features, a fine set of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The legates were about to sell the entire collection for \$5,000 at a private sale, when Dr. Fogg's attention was called to the matter. In accordance with his suggestion the sale was made at an auction in Boston, for which he himself made out the whole catalogue, with the result that the collection brought a total of \$50,000. The Doctor leaves behind him a choice collection of his own, which he spent many years in gathering. For more than twenty years he had suffered from paraplegic paralysis, being unable, during all that period, to

place one foot before the other. But throughout his affliction he had preserved an unflinching brightness of mind and patience in suffering which were truly wonderful. He has always been an enthusiastic Bowdoin man. He leaves a widow, daughter of Dr. Joseph H. Clinch, formerly rector of St. Matthew's, South Boston, and one son by a former marriage, W. J. G. Fogg, M.D., of South Boston.

'51.—Philip Henry Brown, Esq., eldest son of the late Hon. J. B. Brown, and head of the banking house of J. B. Brown & Sons, died at his residence in Portland, on Wednesday, October 25th. Mr. Brown had been ill for some time, but was improving and was expected to recover, so that the news of his death was a great shock. Mr. Brown was born in Portland, October 16, 1831, and fitted for college at Portland Academy. After graduation he entered into partnership with his father as managing agents of the Portland Sugar Company, continuing in this capacity until 1870, when the banking house was founded. Upon the death of his father, some years ago, he became the head of the house, and has remained so ever since. In connection with his business, Mr. Brown was interested in many concerns. He was a director in the First National Bank of Portland, vice-president of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad, director of the Portland Savings Bank, Portland Trust Company, and Portland Safe Deposit Company. He was also treasurer of the Maine Historical Society, a trustee of the Brown estate and of the Portland Public Library. He was the founder of the Brown prizes in extemporaneous composition at Bowdoin. A man of high literary taste, he never entered into the political field. He was an excellent French scholar, a patron of art, having a large English and French library and fine collection of paintings at his home. He made several European trips, writing interesting accounts of his journeys in foreign lands. In 1854, Mr. Brown married Fanny Clifford, daughter of the late Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, who survives him. They have six children living, three sons and three daughters. His son, Philip Greeley Brown, was of Bowdoin, '77.

'52.—Ex-President J. L. Chamberlain, having let his Brunswick house for the winter, has gone back to his business in New York City.

'58.—Col. Franklin M. Drew has recently been elected treasurer of Bates College.

'60.—At the third annual dinner of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, in Music Hall, Boston, October 25th, Thomas B. Reed was the principal

speaker of the evening. When he came forward to address the gathering, the applause with which he was received lasted fully ten minutes and was, perhaps, the most enthusiastic ever heard in Boston.

'61.—Rev. Edwin Smith is pastor of the Congregational church at Bedford, near Boston, Mass.

'77.—E. M. Cousins has resigned the pastorate of the Warren Congregational Church, Westbrook, where he has been for several years. He has declined recent calls to Hopkinton and North Andover, Mass., and will occupy the position of field secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, a recently created office, involving the presentation of the society's work to the churches of the State.

'78.—Mr. Hartley C. Baxter has sold his yacht, Pappoose, to the Herreshoffs. He is to have them build him a new yacht, to be completed April 1st, with the following dimensions: length, 110 feet; beam, 13 feet 8 inches; with triple expansion engine, capable of steaming fourteen and one-half miles an hour.

'78.—Barrett Potter, Esq., of Brunswick, went to the World's Fair, in Chicago, on Saturday, October 21st, in the party which left Lewiston on that date.

'80.—Henry A. Wing is managing editor of the *Lewiston Daily Sun*, established a few months ago.

'80.—A. M. Edwards has been chosen chief clerk of the Liberal Arts Department at the World's Fair. He has lately been so unfortunate as to lose his valuable law library by fire.

'84.—Professor Z. W. Kemp, who has lately been Professor of Latin in Tabor Academy, has been elected Professor of Latin and Greek in the French Protestant College of Springfield, Mass.

'85.—O. R. Cook has been elected principal of the Braintree, Mass., High School.

'88.—G. H. Larrabee is principal of Bridgton Academy.

'89.—Sidney G. Stacy, who has graduated from Johns Hopkins University, will fill the chair of Languages at Grinnell College, Iowa.

'91.—Thomas S. Burr is teaching Old Town High School and has been showing his scholars something about foot-ball.

'91.—Emerson Hilton played on Boston Athletic Association against Amherst, Saturday, the 28th.

'91.—G. A. Porter has resigned his position as assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Farmington.

'91.—Frank M. Tukey and John Hastings have been playing on the Boston Athletic Association

foot-ball team this year, and participated in the Bowdoin game.

'92.—Frederic G. Swett, of Bangor, has been engaged in coaching the Bangor High School eleven this fall.

'93.—Richard C. Payson, of Portland, has been giving the Portland High School eleven some points on foot-ball this fall.

'93.—Milton S. Clifford, associate editor of the *Bangor Commercial*, has been nominated a justice of the peace by Governor Cleaves.

'93.—E. H. Carleton, who has been coaching the Dartmouth second eleven, played fullback on Dartmouth against Harvard and Yale.

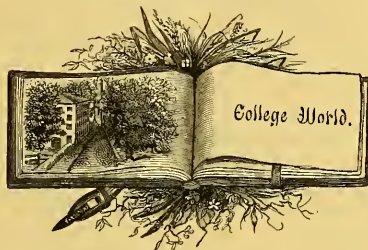
Ex-'93.—Lucian Stacy has been playing a rattling game as halfback on West Point this year.

Book Reviews.

(*Classic Myths in English Literature*, edited by C. M. Gayley. Ginn & Co.) We take pleasure in recommending this book to our readers. Much which is beautiful and imaginative in our literature is founded upon ancient myths and traditions. For this reason some of our best poetical works are beyond the understanding of the average reader, because of their unfamiliarity with literary allusions. The author has brought together in this volume not only the best myths of the Greeks and Romans, but also of the Germans and Norsemen, which have acclimated themselves in English-speaking lands. The way in which these traditions are illustrated by familiar English and American poems is both pleasing and instructive. The poems selected not only furnish a beautiful translation of the original classics, but are gems in themselves. In these valuable parts of the work the author was greatly assisted by Rev. E. C. Guild's "Bibliography of Greek Mythology in English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." Almost every page contains illustrations, and the maps and commentaries make it a useful and valuable book for every man's library.

(*Brigitta*, by Berthold Auerbach, edited by J. Howard Gore, Ph. D. Ginn & Co.) This story, because of its simplicity of construction, is especially fitted for sight reading or regular work in a less advanced class. Some of the descriptive parts of the work have been omitted for sake of brevity. The notes at the bottom of the page are of great assistance to the student.

(The Beginner's Greek Composition, by Collar and Daniell. Ginn & Co.) The work of this book is based upon the first book of the Anabasis. The sentences are simple but continuous, furnishing an excellent preparation for translating into Greek connected narrative.



SCRAPS OF PAPER.

Scraps of paper—
How they scatter.
'Twas a thought,
But then, no matter,
Now 'tis gone.

Scraps of paper—
There's relief
In the rending,
Seldom grief,
When they're torn.

Scraps of paper
In the basket—
There's a reason—
(Do not ask it),
Why they're torn.—*Yale Courant.*

An effort is being made by friends of E. T. McLaughlin, professor in English at Yale, who died last summer, to establish a memorial fund of \$1,000, the income of which will be used as a Freshman prize in English composition. Any surplus will be used for a memorial window or tablet to Professor McLaughlin.

At Bowdoin College there is an agreement between the faculty and fraternities, that all initiations shall occur upon the same night. A cut is granted the morning following the initiation. We think this would work well at Colby.—*Colby Echo.*

Tradition has brought about the simultaneous initiation system; the agreement doesn't exist. We assure the *Colby Echo* that we are dependent for "adjourns" upon the indulgence of professors, or, sometimes, upon strategem. We think with the *Echo* that the scheme would work well, and wish it were established here.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

No. 9.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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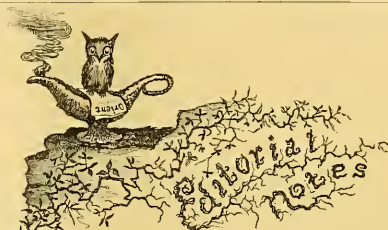
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The way that the foot-ball games are sometimes reported for the papers is too bad to pass without comment. For a man who knows nothing about foot-ball to attempt either criticism or praise of a game, or, indeed, to say anything about it, is to make a dangerous leap in the dark. He will make a bad business of it in nine cases out of ten. Only one that has made a careful study of the game and that, too, a practical study, is really competent to write up one of our games for the papers. Even then one is none too sure that he will give credit always where credit is due. Before sending in an account of a game a discussion of it with some one who took part in it would not be bad for some of our reporters, judging by the trash we sometimes find under the heading "Bowdoin College Foot-Ball." We want the college kept in the papers. It is not mentioned frequently enough now. But we want to be represented to the public in a way that shall do us credit, not work us harm.

THE repairing of the Reading-Room is now an accomplished fact. Sloping stands, such as are used in any well-appointed room of the sort, have been placed along the walls and down the middle of the room, and the papers are fastened upon them. New electric

lights have been put in, or soon will be, enough to illumine all corners and make the papers readable wherever located. And at last all things will be running smoothly in that abode of mischief. In renovating Maine Hall the authorities went on the principle that, if they only fixed it up well enough, the students would have the requisite amount of pride to keep it in good order. The results show that their confidence was not misplaced. In repairing the Reading-Room the same general principle was acted on by the committee and, we hope, with the same success. We have always been saying that, if the room was made decent, we would keep it so. So let those whose electric lights burn out *buy* new ones for a while. There will then be no occasion for abstracting the papers, and all will go well. The remainder of this term will be a crisis in the history of this hitherto unfortunate institution. If we do not start out right, its case is hopeless. If we all take an interest in it, however, we have a chance to make the Reading-Room of value to us. It is simply a question of abstaining from "swiping," and that ought not to be hard. Let us try it, any way, remembering that the fate of the Bowdoin College Reading-Room depends on our success.

THE enthusiasm for foot-ball seems to occupy the attention of the student-body completely this fall to the exclusion of all other interests. At the beginning of the term the ORIENT made some amazingly liberal offers of prizes for stories and poems. As yet the responses have been few. There must be some embryonic story-writers in college and there must be more poets than have mounted Pegasus as yet. Under the inspiration of our prize offer do let the fancy run riot for an afternoon and send us the result. We can't promise to publish it, but

if our stock of matter be long as depleted as it is at present, the chances are that we shall.

BOWDOIN is growing so rapidly now, so many men are annually inscribing their names upon her rolls, that there is coming to be a wide diversity of interests here that must be recognized. All do not care for foot-ball or tennis or base-ball. All do not play the banjo or sing divinely or write poetry. There are a hundred men in college that have no taste for any of these things. It is to such that the two suggestions on the following page are offered. We would not deprive foot-ball of any of its devotees nor the Glee and Banjo Club of any of its faithful members. But we would like to see some of this unused talent enlisted in a cause that should draw out its latent enthusiasm. The college spirit would certainly profit by it. The college would be advertised. The surer a young man was of finding his own peculiar interests represented here, the more would he want to come in preference to going elsewhere. There are undoubtedly men in Bowdoin to whom each of these two articles will appeal. We hope they will take action in accordance with the suggestions.

IN CONNECTION with foot-ball this week, there are a number of points to be spoken of. Of course, the college was delighted and fully satisfied with the score of the Tufts game. Our team showed us its ability to play good foot-ball, and completely outplayed its opponents.

But, as an incidental result of the game, our old failing in athletics—undue self-confidence among the members of the team—has unmistakably appeared. Last week, many of the players were missing at the nightly practice, many of them have gone out of training, and there is a general lack of enthusiasm for work that will bring us

disaster before the season is over, unless checked soon. Even the second eleven and the very class teams are losing some of the zest with which they practiced at first, and the 'Varsity eleven has, once or twice, had no team to line up against. Possibly they can do without practice, but it does not seem best to try the experiment now, with hard games coming in the near future.

Another thing suggested by the work of last week is the folly of playing games with the other Maine colleges, except to fill dates here in Brunswick. Saturday, the team played in Waterville. The crowd of "yaggers" was continually on the field, interfering with the men and making things generally unpleasant. Certainly our scores show that we are not in the same class with them. So why not, hereafter, let them come to us if they wish to play; at least, until they can make us work to win? We should save what money we have to play against Dartmouth or Brown or one of the Massachusetts colleges.

But when we have a good game here in Brunswick it is the duty of every college man, who has a quarter in his pocket or can borrow one, to attend it, and thus support and show an interest in the work of his team. During some of the recent games, the Medical Building and North Winthrop offered to many irresistible facilities of witnessing the playing, while a few Freshmen coolly slid under the canvas. Still others had not even this interest, and played tennis or worked while our prestige in foot-ball was being decided. The college spirit in this direction needs a little cultivation.

Why Not Have College Theatricals?

IN EVERY college town except Brunswick, college theatricals are the social feature of the winter season. They are really looked forward to by the people of those towns as

the great event of the year. Why could they not be inaugurated here? Such an undertaking could not fail of being successful. The complaint is made concerning the Athletic Association by the townsfolk that it lacks originality and that there is not enough variety in the performances from year to year. This is unavoidable in the Exhibition, but of theatricals no such complaint could be made.

Either by the formation of a Dramatic Club or as an undertaking of the student-body as a whole the thing might be accomplished. Let some popular and energetic members of the upper classes take charge, select a play, and pick from the men available such as would be suitable for the parts. Should there be need of feminine aid, no one can doubt the willingness of the Brunswick ladies to respond. But such would probably be unnecessary.

The financial object could, of course, be athletics or any other deserving college need.

With theatricals in the winter, the Athletic Exhibition in the early spring, and the minstrel show—which should be forthcoming this year—in June, the social relations between the students and town would be enlivened and strengthened.

A Hare and Hound Club.

NOW as the foot-ball season is almost over, there comes the query, what shall we do these clear, cool afternoons?

How can this be better answered than by immediately forming a Hare and Hound Club? What more invigorating sport is there than running a few miles across country with a score of fellows in the brisk, biting air?

There are a large number of fellows in college who do not go into foot-ball, but who would jump at the chance to join a cross-country club. In such an organization one would get all the advantages derived from

foot-ball, without receiving the hard knocks and bruises incident to playing that game.

One strong point in its favor is the training which it would give to aspirants to the college athletic team. The sharp runs would get them into condition, so that when the winter term opened, the men who had been active members of the club would be broken in, ready for hard training in the gymnasium. Therefore let us immediately form a Hare and Hound Club, and enjoy to the fullest these beautiful November days.

Shall it Continue?

STILL the pastime of breaking windows with the foot-ball goes merrily on. Such wanton and utterly foolish destruction deserves to be called nothing short of vandalism. As a body of students we are speedily approaching that condition which formerly existed here, when there was a member of the faculty in each "end" to prevent the useless destruction of college property. We are rapidly bringing up our average of repairs, certainly. Is not a single request to consider the public good sufficient to determine our action in this matter, or must we go on until cold weather stops us?

A Change.

"NO, CHESTER, I cannot be your wife." The words were spoken by a tall, graceful girl, just budding into womanhood. She was standing with one hand resting on the arm of a large, old-fashioned chair, and the light from the chandelier shaded the delicate, Grecian face and shone upon the wavy blonde hair, making a beautiful picture indeed. The words were spoken in a gentle tone, as if the speaker were somewhat reluctant to wound the feelings of the young man opposite; yet she went on inexorably: "The man I marry need not be rich, but he must be talented and must have done some noble deed."

The young fellow turned from her and, taking his hat from the rack, left the house. He walked as if in a dream. This unexpected refusal from a girl whom he had every reason to suppose had loved him was almost too much to bear. Chester Johnson was young, only twenty, but, having inherited great wealth from his father and being gifted with those finer sensibilities which make a man popular with the best women, he had supposed that this girl whom he had loved would surely accept him. He went to his elegant room, threw off his clothing, scattering it in all four corners, and retired. In the morning, when he awoke, the words of the girl rang in his ears: "The man I marry need not be rich, but he must be talented and must have done some noble deed." "I will win that girl yet!" he ejaculated, as he sprang from his luxurious bed. It was now the last of August, and the middle of September found him entering Yale College. His friends were somewhat surprised at the step he had taken, and for a time it was the talk of his associates in the city. He entered into the spirit of college life with all the zeal possible, and won honors both in scholarship and in athletics, which were coming at that time to be recognized more and more as part of a man's education. His career at Yale was a very successful one, and he came to be popular with his professors and classmates alike, the former admiring his brilliant talents, the latter his proficiency in athletics. He thoroughly enjoyed the associations and good times of his college course; yet he kept in mind the purpose for which he came. Having a taste for the German language he resolved to study abroad in one of the large German universities. After being graduated with high honors from Yale, therefore, he crossed the ocean and began his work among the students of the University of Leipzig. We need not follow him during his course there. It was an uneventful one,

not unlike that of all American students who go to Germany to finish that education which was started and put upon a firm basis in a New England college.

Chester resolved to return home and teach the language which he had come to love second only to his own. During the trip across the ocean he became quite well acquainted with an elderly couple. They had with them a little child and seemed greatly attached to the pretty bit of humanity. Elsie was a handsome and a spoiled child, always having done precisely as she pleased. Chester also became much attached to the little one, and would sit and tell her stories for hours.

When the steamer reached New York and was slowly steaming up to her dock, the little child was standing on a seat with her hands on the railing, watching the crowd which is usually collected to see a steamer land. It had been stormy the night before and the waves were rather boisterous. The steamer struck the dock a little harder than the captain had meant that she should. A child's scream rent the air, and every one turned just in time to see Elsie's childish form sink in the foaming water of the dock. Quick as a flash a tall, lithe form sprang from the stern and struck right beside the place where the little girl sank. Chester Johnson seized the child with his right hand and struck out towards a fishing boat that, while passing near, had seen the catastrophe and had turned to his relief. Soon the strong man and the little child were on board the steamer again, and the little one was kissed and wept over until the father suggested that she be taken below and dressed in dry clothing. Then, turning to the young man, he said: "What can I ever do to repay you, sir, for your noble deed?" Chester told him that it was nothing more than any one would have done, but the old gentleman, not willing to let the acquaintance drop, insisted that he should come to his house on the following

evening. Accordingly Chester went, and during the evening he related the whole of his story to his elderly friend. "Why, my dear sir," the old man said, "That young lady lives next door now, and I am very sure that, if you should call to see her, you would not need any one to identify you." Chester sprang from his chair with a glad light in his eyes. He went to her house and rang the bell. There came to the door a tall, graceful woman, with the same Grecian face and blonde hair that he had seen years ago. "Edith!" "Oh, Chester!"

Let us leave them here, he having accomplished his aim, and she, as she heard his tale, realizing the wondrous *change*.

The Pessimist.

WHERE are many colleges in this country which have weekly or bi-weekly papers published by the students thereof. There are comparatively few where the value of such a paper is realized, as may be easily seen by a casual review of some of them. That a bright, well-edited, representative journal is a source of much benefit and enjoyment is a well-attested fact; that those qualities can be infused into its pages by a board of editors of say a half score of members, *and by them alone*, is doubtful. The college paper in its ideal form is not the work of the editors whose names one may read in glorious array at the head of each issue. It is the work of the student body, collected and edited by the editors, and in this way alone is representative of that body and the institution itself.

* * * * *

That ten men can deliberately construct every two weeks a periodical that, besides being up to the required standard of literary merit will be thoroughly representative of a body of two hundred other men, is a physical impossibility, and has never been known to occur. Too many readers of college papers

have the idea that the annual payment of the subscription, and a fortnightly grumbling at the faults of the sheet, constitute strong support on their part, and rest easily in the knowledge of duty well done. As to the contribution of original matter which might be of use and interest to many readers, nothing is done, even in the cases of men with much ability, and the editors are left to supply as best they can the demand for a bright and representative paper.

* * * * *

These remarks have, of course, nothing to do with Bowdoin College. But in many small colleges the constant complaint of the editors is that while everybody pays his subscription promptly, there is no original copy sent to the manager for perusal and possible publication, a general feeling of coldness and apathy seeming to pervade all in regard to the journal they ought to support. So the board of editors must sit down and grind out matter which, when put in the mouths of the students, to the surprise of everybody often "falls flat" and proves weak and ineffective.

* * * * *

A Harvard graduate writing to the *New York Sun* deplotes the way in which, as he says, that institution has been "dragged into politics" by President Eliot, and in no unmistakable terms expresses his opinion on the subject. If such is the case the writer has just cause for complaint. A college as an institution of learning where the principles of an education are taught is no place for partisan bias or unfair exposition of those principles. After reading the article in the *Sun*, Bowdoin students can but feel proud to know that such a sentiment is not allowed to creep into our faculty, and that our instructors, though men of thought and action in political and party affairs, do in no way conduct their classes other than as fair and impartial men.

Rhyme and Reason.

Night-Fall.

Pale Night came stealing o'er the mountains,
Fair Night, that stills the throbbing breast,
That leadeth feet in paths of dreamland
And giveth to the weary rest,
And guardeth all with tender eyes—
The stars that fill the glowing skies.

Her flowing locks were dark, dim shadows,
Her face was wreathed in silvery clouds,
And soft, with cool, caressing fingers,
She folded Day in dusky shrouds,
And called the dew, a loving tear,
To fall upon his star-strewn bier.

And low empillowed on her bosom
She wooed the poor earth-child to sleep,
Unheeding whether in the morning
He would awake to smile or weep.
Dear Night, who calms the world in peace;
Blest Night, who giveth pain's release.

Purgatory.

(From the *French of Coppée*.)

I had a dream—that I was dead.
A dread voice spake: "Thy soul make moan,
For it, to fateful sorrow wed,
Shall live again, till it atone.

"When northern winds blow wild in some
Autumnal wood with cruel cry,
A restless, wandering bird become."
"I thank thee, then to her I fly."

"Nay, then. Become a lonely tree,
And, leaf-clothed, in the shivering blast
Endure them wrenched and torn from thee."
"I yet o'er her a shield may cast."

"Then, heart so full of earthly love,
A bruised and rolling pebble be
Ground 'neath the carriage wheels above."
"But yet, her foot may tread on me."

"Rash one!"—at last the dread voice tore
All comfort from this heart of mine—
"Be thou a living man once more,
But feel her love no longer thine."

Ode to Our Visitors.

O guests, dear children of the bovine race,
Ye came and blessed us in this dreary place
And gave us sunshine for a little space.

Sweet joy and mirthfulness ye gladly brought.
We gambled with you, tho' as yet untought
In calfish ways, and pleasure came unsought.

Ah! would I Horace were your rustic praise
To sing, and may you yet thro' fleeting days
Beguile our hearts with sportive, artless ways.



The *Bugle* editors are keeping quiet all this time, but they are getting in some great work on the sly, and gathering a mass of material for their publication. They intend to have it beat all previous records. Churchill is managing editor, and W. S. A. Kimball, business editor.

Williamson, '88, was in town recently.

Kelly, '91, called on friends in college recently.

The edition of '94 *Bugles* is nearly disposed of.

Jackson, '95, will probably not return to college.

The annual college catalogue will be out this week.

Lynam, '89, has been a recent visitor to the campus.

Games with Brown and Dartmouth are being negotiated.

The English Literature class is beginning upon Chaucer this week.

Tennis retains its hold, though the courts are hardened by the frost.

Dreka has sent some very pretty calendars to the various societies.

The Juniors made their advent in the chemical laboratory last Thursday.

Professor McDonald gave the Seniors an adjourn Monday in Political Science.

Several Colby and Bates men were here to witness the Bowdoin-Tufts game.

Owen, '89, now sub-master of Thornton Academy, witnessed the Bowdoin-Tufts game.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll will deliver a lecture in the City Hall, Lewiston, November 21st.

A fortune-teller down town has been collecting a little odd change from some of the boys.

Every Sunday large numbers of visitors are on the campus to admire the new buildings.

Mrs. W. H. McDonald, wife of Professor McDonald, has formed a literature class in Augusta.

Emphatic measures have been taken to discourage reading or studying in church or chapel.

Ordway has been elected juryman from '96 in place of Merriman, who will not return this year.

The annual harvest of the campus leaves is being very slowly, though steadily, pushed forward.

The clear nights of last week afforded the Astronomy class delightful opportunities for stargazing.

Badger, '95, who has been teaching in North Anson the past year, will return to college November 25th.

The Senior Metallurgy Division have made arrangements for a visit to the Rolling Mills in Portland.

"Columba," by Prosper Mérimée, is the second book in the course of outside reading for the Sophomores.

Quite a large number are planning to teach this winter, and some will go out before the end of the present term.

The Simpson House, so full of tender recollections to many Bowdoin men, was burned to the ground last week.

Professor MacDonald entertained several of the leading members of the Political Science class at lunch, last week.

Bliss, '94, was obliged by illness to go home last week. During his absence, Clough, '96, presided at the chapel organ.

The attempt made last week to elect a base-ball captain for the ensuing year resulted in a tie between Plaisted and Allen.

A very large and elaborate atlas of the world, published by Rand & McNally, is one of the recent popular additions to the library.

Quite a party of students accompanied the '97 class eleven to Augusta, last week, to witness their victory over the Colby Freshmen.

Treasurer Young's family sailed for Europe, last week. He went to Boston to see them off, and, during the winter, will follow them.

Merrill, '96, has left college, and it is doubtful if he will return this year. He is in the Franklin County Savings Bank at Farmington.

Under the coaching of Shaw, '95, the Thornton Academy team was again victorious over Biddeford High School last Wednesday in foot-ball.

In the management of the library, the year is regarded as beginning June 1st, and, in the half now nearly ended, 977 books have been added.

President Hyde and Professor Houghton were in Boston last week as the Bowdoin delegates to the convention of New England college presidents.

Some dormitory regulations, imported from a military school, were posted in the ends last week, and caused much consternation among the Freshmen.

The laborious work of measuring the Freshmen is nearly completed, and they may now be seen, note-book in hand, going through the daily routine in the Gym.

The Δ Δ Φ fraternity, in a body, enjoyed a hay-rack ride, last Thursday evening. They took supper at the Gurnet House, and had a most pleasant time.

The Cleveland cabinet is open for public use every Saturday afternoon from two till five. Admission may be obtained at other times by applying to the curator, Briggs.

Roberts, '95, treated the members of his fraternity to an elaborate "set up" at Given's, last week. The occasion was the election of his father as state comptroller of New York.

Already the following perplexing question is puzzling the minds of many: What will the college class be called that graduates in 1900? Will it be designated as the class of '00?

Pickard, '94, is having trouble with his eyes, and has been obliged to give up all college work for several weeks. His place as managing editor of the ORIENT is filled by Libby, '94.

The Bowdoin College Republican Club received an invitation to participate in the rally in Portland Saturday night. Unfortunately the telegram was received too late to admit of action on it.

The Freshmen have not yet selected their

officers, colors, or yell, but hope to get around to them all soon. Fogg is acting president of the class, and Hagar, secretary and treasurer.

Professor Lee is to deliver a series of lectures in Augusta upon "The Science of Biology." The following dates have been arranged: November 10th and 20th, December 4th and 18th, January 8th and 22d.

Currier and Ross, '94, are doing quite a lively trade in the college pin business. Their rival pins are both of the pennant style, but are much unlike in appearance. Both are pretty and tasty, and both are proving popular.

Much interest was manifested in the recent elections throughout the country, and the political feeling of the college was well shown by the joyous manner in which the news of the overwhelming Republican victory was received.

Work on the immense Searles Scientific Building is being rushed, and the walls are now all up to the third and last story. The crew of stone workmen was largely increased last week. With good weather the tenth of December will see it roofed in.

News has been received that John S. Tucker, of West Upton, Mass., who has recently died, has made Bowdoin one of his residuary legatees. It is thought the college will receive about \$500. Mr. Tucker was of the class of '53, but was obliged by poverty to leave college.

The '96 turkey supper came off most successfully last Wednesday, at 3.30 A.M. Nearly the whole class participated, though a few were unable to release themselves from the chains of Somnus until the cheers and songs of their classmates, marching around the campus, aroused them.

All the rubbish, refuse building material, fences, etc., have been removed from around the Walker Art Building, and the work of grading to the level of the surrounding campus is well along. In the next ORIENT will be given a detailed history of this structure and a full description of the building and contents.

Around the sides of the reading-room and along its center have been put sloping racks, upon which the files of papers are to be kept. It is trusted that this new arrangement, with improved morals on the part of the students, will make the room much more of a credit to the college than formerly.

A little excitement broke up the monotony about the Art Building recently, when a small bonfire

kindled the grass in the vicinity and the whole force of workmen there was required to put it out. And not until one of the faculty appeared with a pail of water and a broom did the fire succumb to their heroic efforts.

Two weeks more to Thanksgiving. Governor Cleaves has confirmed the proclamation of the President, and November 30th is the day. As usual there will be adjourns for the rest of that week, and nearly all the students will go home. On account of this the next ORIENT will appear a day or two earlier.

Several parties have driven or walked to Harpswell, on recent Sundays, to hear that veteran alumnus, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, of whom Bowdoin is so proud. It is a delightful trip, and all who go feel more than repaid. An effort is being made to have Mr. Kellogg speak here in the church or chapel some Sunday.

There was much interest in last Saturday's Portland-Bangor game, and quite a party of students went in to Portland to witness it. Portland won, 4 to 0, after a hard game. These teams are doubtless the best among the Maine fitting schools, and the return game at Bangor next Saturday will be watched with much interest.

Professor and Mrs. Woodruff entertained the Sophomore Greek division, last Tuesday evening, in a most delightful manner. President and Mrs. Hyde, Professor and Mrs. Houghton, and Professor Files were present. The Greek division has just finished the *Alcestis* of Euripides, and will next take up *Iphigenia in Tauris* by the same author.

The fourth and last themes of the term are due Friday, November 17th. The following subjects were given out: Juniors—Should Railroads be Owned and Controlled by the Government? What Qualities are Essential to Success in Journalism? Who is the First American Novelist of To-day? Sophomores—The Andover House; a Story of New England Country Life. George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda."

The Sophomore prize speakers have been announced as follows: C. E. Baker, Alna; J. H. Bates, West Sumner; H. O. Clough, Kennebunkport; H. W. Coburn, Weld; Howard Gilpatrick, Biddeford; C. A. Knight, Brunswick; Preston Kyes, North Jay; J. C. Minot, Belgrade; G. T. Ordway, Boston; R. O. Small, Berlin Falls, N. H.; A. P. Ward, Freeport. The speaking will occur December 21st.

Mr. Doring, who has been coaching the foot-ball boys since the season opened, finished his duties and went home, November 1st. Being an old Dartmouth player himself and understanding the game thoroughly, he proved an excellent coach and improved the eleven, especially the line men, in a very marked manner. He was a genial gentleman and made himself popular with all.

Rev. Archibald Foster, D.D., of Boston, spoke to the students in the chapel Sunday afternoon. Mr. Foster is the national superintendent of the American Sunday-School Union. He drew some very interesting and instructive lessons from the life of Francis Parkman, commending especially his perseverance, thoroughness, and purpose as a historian. The singing of the chapel quartette—Lord, Peaks, Dana, and Willard—was especially fine.

General Chamberlain is chairman, and Professor Chapman, secretary, of the committee in charge of the centennial anniversary of the college, next June. They announce that Chief Justice Fuller, '53, will deliver the oration; Arlo Bates, '76, the poem; and that James McKeen, '64, will preside at the dinner. It is undecided whether the exercises will be in a large tent or temporary structure on the south end of the campus, or in the Town Hall.

Following the time-honored, but rather reprehensible custom, the Sophomores got in a hard night's work on Halloween, and it was not difficult to see the results on the next morning. The decorations and festoonings of the campus were elaborate and artistic. The familiar tones of the chapel bell were missed, and it was only after the most strenuous efforts in twenty years, so the genial and patient Mr. Booker admitted, that he was able to gain an entrance to the chapel. The Freshmen also left traces of patient toil that night. The usual sequel followed the events of Halloween.

As the foot-ball season draws to a close the interest in the class game increases. The Sophomores and Freshmen will meet in the long looked-for struggle next Saturday afternoon on the delta. Both teams have had good practice and have won victories over outside teams, and a close and hard-fought game may be looked for. The Seniors and Juniors do not seem to get their teams at work, and it is very doubtful if there is a game between elevens representing these two classes. This is to be regretted, as a series of class games would be much more interesting and more beneficial to the foot-ball interests of the college than the one Sophomore-Freshman game.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 46; Portland High School, 0.

The Portland High School team played a picked eleven on the delta, Wednesday, November 1st. The Bowdoin team did not play the game that was expected of it, and the Portland boys tackled so well that Bowdoin did not succeed in bucking the line to very great advantage. The tackling of Sinkinson, Dana, and Fuller was the best feature of the game. Bowdoin's individual playing was fairly good, but the team work was at times very ragged. Stubbs made some fine runs around the right end. The teams lined up as follows:

Bowdoin.		P. H. S.
Foster.	Right End.	Fuller.
Kimball.	Right Tackle.	Hawkes.
Dewey. }		{ Dow.
Merrill. }	Right Guard.	{ Baxter.
Dennison.	Center.	Roberts.
Wilbur.	Left Guard.	Dyer.
Hicks.	Left Tackle.	Gould.
Coggan.	Left End.	{ Sinkinson.
		{ Dana.
Sykes.	Quarterback.	{ Crocker.
		{ Buxton.
Stubbs. }		{ Sullivan.
Buck. }	Halfbacks.	{ Sanborne.
Quimby.	Fullback.	{ Buxton.
		{ Knowlton.

Referee—Ridley. Umpire—Horne. Time—20 and 10 minutes.

Bowdoin Sophomores, 40; Thornton Academy, 0.

'96 beat Thornton Academy at Saco Driving Park, on the afternoon of November 1st. The game was very interesting from start to finish and held the attention of a good crowd of spectators. The Bowdoin team easily outclassed the Academy eleven, both in weight and knowledge of the game. Bailey, Baker, and Warren, each made several good gains. Warren kicked six goals out of seven chances. The teams:

T. A.		Bowdoin.
Pingree.	Left End.	Libby.
Barrows.	Left Tackle.	Plumstead.
Deering.	Left Guard.	Eastman.
Preble.	Center.	Minot.
Milliken.	Right Guard.	Coburn.
Kimball.	Right Tackle.	Newbegin.
Hodgdon.	Right End.	Smith.
McIntire.	Quarterback.	Ordway.
Berry.	Left Halfback.	Bailey.
Wakefield.	Right Halfback.	Baker.
Fairfield.	Fullback.	Warren.

Referee—Bates. Umpire—Goodale.

Bowdoin, 14; Tufts, 4.

It was rather rainy and disagreeable on the afternoon of November 4th; still, quite a large crowd assembled to see the best game of foot-ball ever played in Brunswick. The game was intensely exciting throughout, and the police and directors had to spend most of their time in keeping the crowd off the field. Mitchell broke away in a scrimmage in the first half and would have easily scored a touchdown if he had not slipped in the mud. The work of the backs was especially good, and Chapman's work at left end was up to his high standard of last year, although he has not practiced at all this season. Tufts started with the ball and gained five yards on the first rush. After a few short gains through the line the ball was Bowdoin's on downs. The backs went against Tufts's solid line hard and low, but could not make the requisite gain, and the ball went to Tufts on downs. They gained ten yards between end and tackle and ten more around the left end. Then, by hard rushing, the fullback put the ball down within three yards of Bowdoin's goal. Here Bowdoin showed some of the strongest defensive work she has ever done, and Tufts was unable to put the ball over the line. The Bowdoin backs now did some good rushing and carried the ball to the middle of the field, where it was lost on a fumble. Bowdoin soon got it back, however, on a fumble by one of the Tufts backs, and Mitchell took it around the left end for twenty yards amidst the cheers of the students. Quimby now struck the line hard and was rushed over for a touchdown. Sykes failed to kick the goal. Tufts gained ten yards on the V, but could not make good gains, and Bowdoin got the ball on a fumble. Bowdoin rushed it hard and fast towards the grand stand, but after it was over the line somebody fumbled and a Tufts man got it. Tufts's backs did some good work and carried the ball to the middle of the field, but here the fullback was forced to punt and Mitchell got the ball. Quimby in turn was forced to punt just before time was called. Bowdoin started the second half in a lively manner, gaining six yards on the V, and steadily pushed the ball within three yards of the line, when Stubbs touched it down behind the posts. Sykes kicked the goal. Score: 10-0.

Tufts played her hardest now, and her backs rushed the ball fast towards the goal. Craig made the touchdown. The ball was carried out for a kick, but was touched down before the fullback was ready, and Sykes, running out, stopped the kick. Score: 10-4.

Bowdoin gained twelve yards on the V, and Mitchell took the ball around the left end for twenty yards. Stubbs was pushed over for a touchdown. No goal. Score: 14-4.

Chapman, having injured his ankle, retired, and Hicks took his place. Tufts immediately tried sending the ball around his end, but it was not a very easy thing to do, and they very soon lost the ball on downs. Stubbs went around the end for fifteen yards. Kimball bucked the line for ten yards' gain, and Quimby followed his example for ten more. Bowdoin had the ball on the fifteen-yard line when time was called.

The line played hard and held their men well. The backs ran together better than they have before this year, and the tackling of Sykes was one of the best features of the game. His low, sure tackles stopped Tufts from scoring when they had the ball so near the goal in the first half. The teams:

BOWDOIN.		TUFTS.
Ross.	Right End.	Dunham.
Kimball.	Right Tackle.	Knowlton.
Dewey.	Right Guard.	Russell.
Dennison.	Center.	Whitney.
Stone.	Left Guard.	Healy.
Stevens.	Left Tackle.	Mallett.
Chapman. }	Left End.	Stroud.
Hicks. }		
Sykes.	Quarterback.	Clark.
Mitchell. }	Halfbacks.	Craig.
Stubbs. }		
Quimby.	Fullback.	Haynes.

Referee—Frank. Umpire—Ridley. The umpire and referee exchanged places in the last half.

Bowdoin, '97, 18; Colby, '97, 4.

The Freshmen are keeping pace with the other college teams, and easily defeated Colby on the Augusta grounds, November 8th. The teams were quite well matched, but Bowdoin's backs were too swift for the Colby men. MacMillan and White both made touchdowns from the fifty-yard line. The backs put up a good game but were a little weak in interference. Chapman did all the work for Colby. Bowdoin scored only one touchdown in the last half. The summary:

BOWDOIN.		COLBY.
Coggan.	Left End.	Manson.
Russell.	Left Tackle.	Pierce.
Rhines.	Left Guard.	Taylor.
Keohan.	Center.	Baker.
Thompson.	Right Guard.	Chapman.
Merrill.	Right Tackle.	Dunton.
Stearns. }	Right End.	Watson.
Purcell. }		
MacMillan. }	Quarterback.	Bordeau.
Cook. }		

Horne. }	Halfbacks.	{ Sturtevant. Putnam.
White. }		
Bodge. }	Fullback.	Holmes.
Bodge. }		
MacMillan. }		

Referee and Umpire—Stetson and Watkins. Time—45 minutes.

Bowdoin, 40; Colby, 0.

A large crowd assembled at Waterville to see Bowdoin beat Colby on the afternoon of November 11th. The crowd got in the way and frequently surged right around the teams, making it impossible for Bowdoin to play good foot-ball. The players started to leave the field on this account in the last half but were persuaded to return. Colby students did not create the trouble, but their sympathizers in the city. Colby had the ball on the start, and steadily pushed it, by mass plays, through the line, up to Bowdoin's five-yard line, but Bowdoin got in her best defensive work, and Colby lost the ball on downs. Bowdoin's backs now, and throughout the game, played well and seldom lost possession of the ball. Colby played a good game, however, and Bowdoin had some difficulty in making good gains through the line. The interference was very good, and Bowdoin went around the ends to great advantage in the last half. Captain Robinson was hurt and retired at the end of the first half. Jordau did the best work for Colby. The summary:

BOWDOIN.		COLBY.
Hanscom.	Left End.	{ Hicks.
Bradeen. }		{ Libby.
Chapman.	Left Tackle.	Stevens.
Ford.	Left Guard.	Stone.
Gray.	Center.	Dennison.
Hamilton.	Right Guard.	{ Dewey.
		{ Thomas.
McClellan.	Right Tackle.	{ Bates.
		{ Dewey.
Snare.	Right End.	Ross.
Purinton. }	Quarterback.	Sykes.
Sturtevant. }		
Jordan. }	Halfbacks.	{ Stubbs.
Turner. }		
Putnam. }	Fullback.	Quimby.
Robinson. }		
Jordan. }		

Touchdowns—Mitchell, 5; Quimby, 2. Umpire—Dr. Whitlier. Referee—Foster. Time—70 minutes. Sykes kicked 6 goals.

Joseph Pulitzer has given \$100,000 to Columbia College.

An inter-class whist tournament is talked of at Princeton.

Columbia College has 600 graduate students—the largest number in attendance at any college in the United States.

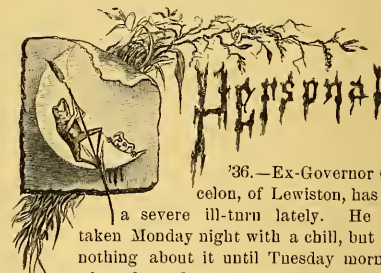
Y. M. C. A.

There has been frequent reference of late to a change made in the requirement for admission into the Bowdoin Young Men's Christian Association. A word in explanation of this change seems necessary. In the constitution of the association there is a clause which says that "the active membership of the Association shall consist of men, either students or members of the faculty of this institution, who are members in good standing in an Evangelical church."

Now for some time it has been the opinion of many, both in and outside of the Association, that this test for admission was not the one best suited to a society that aims to accomplish what the Association is aiming at, viz., to touch with religious impulses the whole life of the college.

The Association does not assume for itself any churchly functions whatsoever; it does not claim to take the place of the church. Any college association must, in a true sense, have an exclusive and independent life of its own. It is exclusive in that all its method and work must be adapted to a world and a life which is altogether unlike any other world or life. Therefore to apply the same intellectual standards in college that are applied by the church outside, is obviously to demand what the Association has no right to demand. Another reason why this church membership clause needed to be abolished lay in the fact that only a very small minority of the men who come to Bowdoin are church members at all. There is neither time nor space to discuss the reason for this condition of things; that might reflect back upon the churches of the state, and lead to a question of church polity. But that the fact remains is proved by a census of the last graduating class, which showed only four men out of thirty-three to be church members; and this percentage, moreover, does not vary greatly with the classes in college at present. Now, whatever the reason of this, the Association had simply to deal with the fact. Men who had as much right to the full privileges of the Association as those who happened to be members of a church were, by the constitution, refused those privileges. That this refusal to admit some men to full membership worked harm, no one acquainted with the facts will deny. Because, therefore, of these reasons and the often expressed sentiment against this test for admission, the Association has voted to adopt

another. A committee for the revision of the Constitution was appointed and its report accepted. In place of the church membership requirement, the following was adopted: "The membership of the Association shall consist of men, either students or members of the faculty of this college, who believe in one God, the Father Almighty, and in one Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Spirit, the giver of life." This new requirement seems to possess conspicuous advantages over the old. It is simple; one cannot easily understand how it could be more so. It does not enter into definition at all, leaving the interpretation to the individual himself. On the other hand it removes the pernicious distinction between "active" and "associate" members, and, so far as work for the Association is concerned, calls for the generous co-operation of all alike. This change, in a word, is merely an attempt to simplify and render more genuine the methods of the Association.



'36.—Ex-Governor Garcelon, of Lewiston, has had a severe ill-turn lately. He was taken Monday night with a chill, but said nothing about it until Tuesday morning, when four doctors were summoned to attend him. Wednesday he was up and dressed. "If it were any other man than Dr. Garcelon," said an attending physician, "I should say that he was a sick man, but I fully expect the doctor down town to-morrow."

'48.—Dr. Charles S. D. Fessenden, who has been so long connected with the United States Marine Hospital at Louisville, Ky., has been transferred to Mobile, Ala.

Ex-'53.—On Tuesday, November 7th, the will of the late John S. Tucker, of Milton, Mass., was probated at Worcester. Fifteen hundred dollars is given to relatives, and the remainder of the estate divided equally among the following: Rev. Webster Woodbury of Milford, Thomas Pilling of Westboro, or their heirs; Milford Congregational Church, American Board of Foreign Missions, American Congregational Union, Congregational

Sunday-School Publishing Society, New West Educational Commission, American Home Missionary Society, American Missionary Association, Milford Y. M. C. A., Milford Women's Auxiliary to Y. M. C. A., Milford W. C. T. U., Milford Y. W. C. T. U., Milford Congregational Y. P. S. C. E., Post 22, G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, 72, Massachusetts State Central Prohibitory Committee, and Bowdoin College. The estate is worth about \$12,000.

'56.—Hon. William L. Putnam has been elected president of the Maine General Hospital, at Portland, for the ensuing year.

'59.—The wife and daughters of Hon. Stephen J. Young have sailed for Europe. They will pass the winter in Dresden, Saxony, where Mr. Young proposes to join them later.

'60.—Emperor William of Germany has sent Hon. William W. Thomas, Jr., Minister of the United States to Norway and Sweden, a copy of Max Koner's portrait of His Majesty, which hangs in the national gallery in Berlin. The portrait bears the autograph "Wilhelm, Emperor Rex." The gift was sent to Mr. Thomas through Count Von Groeben, an attache of the German legation at Stockholm. Emperor William took a great fancy to Mr. Thomas, with whom His Majesty went elk hunting at Hunneberg in September. At a recent audience given by the Emperor to Hon. Theo. Runyan, American ambassador here, His Majesty told him he greatly liked Mr. Thomas.

'70.—On October 20th, the scholars of the Shore Road school-house, at Ellsworth, raised a handsome American flag in the presence of a large audience. Hon. John B. Redman, of that city, delivered an interesting speech on the occasion.

'76.—Mr. C. H. Clark, principal of Sanborn Academy, Kingston, N. H., has in preparation a general treatise on the microscope and methods of microscopic manipulation, intended for use as a text-book in high schools and academies.

'77.—Dr. Edwin J. Pratt married, October 17, 1893, Susanne, daughter of Mr. George M. Wheeler, of Short Hills, New Jersey.

'77.—Philip Greeley Brown, of Portland, has been appointed a trustee of the J. B. Brown estate in place of his father, Philip Henry Brown, deceased.

'78.—Samuel Emerson Smith, of Thomaston, has gone to California for the winter.

'87.—Craig C. Choate has recently moved to Portland, where he is connected with the zinc works which his brother has established in that place.

'88.—Ass't-Professor Albert W. Tolman, who is on a year's leave of absence, on account of ill health, has sailed on a three-masted schooner for the West Indies. He will remain four months.

'89.—The firm of Mason & Merrill, bankers, has recently been organized in Portland, to succeed Fred E. Richards & Co. Mr. Merrill has been a member of the firm of Fred E. Richards & Co. for three years.

'89.—Dr. Frank Lynam, who is now living at home at Bar Harbor, Me., is to settle in Duluth, Minn., for the practice of his profession.

'90.—Walter Irving Weeks was married on October 19, 1893, to Miss Susie Caroline Bailey, at Boston, Mass.

'90.—Medical, '93.—Dr. E. A. McCullough of Bangor, will settle in the practice of his profession in Baltimore, Md.

'93.—Harry C. Fabyan is to teach in Boothbay Harbor, Me., the coming winter.

'93.—George Wood McArthur, of Biddeford, has entered the employ of the Pepperell Mill, of which his father is agent, and will learn the mill business from the cotton house to the cloth halls.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALPHA DELTA PHI HALL, November 3, 1893.
Whereas, God, in His infinite mercy, hath deemed it wise to take from us Brother Philip Henry Brown, of the class of '51; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, hear with heartfelt sorrow of the death of our brother;

Resolved, That by his death the Chapter loses an honored member, of whom it was justly proud;

Resolved, That the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the Chapter be extended to the family of the deceased;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and be published in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

F. J. LIBBY, '94.

J. G. W. KNOWLTON, '95.

H. W. COBURN, '96.

Book Reviews.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have in press for immediate issue the first four books of Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, edited for them, with introduction, notes, and index, by Professor C. A. Buchheim, editor of the Clarendon Press Series of German Classics. This edition is especially adapted for pupils preparing for entrance to colleges, offering the advanced requirement in German, but also has in view the numerous colleges that devote a portion of their time to the reading of Goethe's prose.

The World of Matter, a guide to the study of Chemistry and Mineralogy, by Harlan H. Ballard, President of the Agassiz Association, is the title of a timely volume just issued by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. The book is adapted to the general reader for use as a text-book or as a guide to the teacher in giving object lesson. It has the remarkable quality of arresting attention and awakening interest on the very first page, where it presents in a fascinating way a study of a "Piece of Ice." The interest thus aroused increases as the student is led on by easy steps from what he knows to what he learns. The book is purely inductive, being a guide to the actual handling of the objects named.

(*French Prose*. Edited by Jules Luquiers, Ph.D. Ginn & Co.) This volume is not intended for a strictly scientific reader, but its aim is simply to provide material suitable for imparting the habit of careful reading, and, in a measure, the vocabulary of scientific literature. The nature of its contents, perhaps, can best be shown by the subjects of the chapters: *Histoire du Telescope*; *Comment Arrivera la Fin du Monde*; *Le Travail de l'Homme*; *La Mer des Sargasses*; *Physiologie de l'Osseau*; *L'Eclairage de Paris*; *Le Rôle de la Forêt*. The notes are copious and interesting.

College World.

An annual prize of \$60 is to be given, at Dartmouth, to the member of the athletic team standing highest in studies.

The President of the University of Wisconsin has offered three prizes for the best three college songs written by a student of the University.

WE FAVOR IMMIGRATION.

Who builds de railroads and canals,
But furriners?

Who helps across de street de gals,
But furriners?

Who in de caucus has de say,
Who does de votin' 'lection day
And who discovered U. S. A.,
But furriners?

—Brunonian.

Smith College is about to publish a paper which is to be unique in the college world, from the fact that it will contain no advertisements.

A philosophical club has been organized at Princeton. Philosophical, religious and sociological problems will be discussed, with the co-operation of some of the professors.

The enrollment at Yale has reached 2,000 this year, as against 1,967 last year.

Three meteors were photographed at the Yale observatory on the 9th and 10th of August. This was one of the few successful attempts ever made to determine meteor paths by photography.



"A GOOD STEP"
ADOPTING
YALE
MIXTURE
AS A
PERMANENT
FAVORITE

FOR THE PIPE.

Made by MARBURG BROS.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 29, 1893.

No. 10.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 6, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 140, Brunswick, Me.

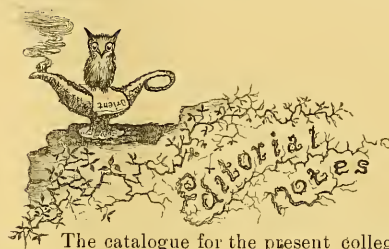
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The catalogue for the present college year has been received and contains the usual amount of information in regard to the college and its work. The summary shows a corps of twenty-nine instructors, of whom seventeen are in the academical department, and a total of 316 students, 97 of them in the medical school. The course of study shows several changes, mainly in authors read and text-books studied rather than in subjects taken. The number of volumes in the library is given as 48,000, and brief descriptions are given of the Searles Science Building and the Walker Art Building as well as the usual lists of scholarships, prizes, and awards. Copies of the catalogue may be had upon application to the librarian.

THE game with Colby, November 12th, proved to be the concluding game of the 'Varsity foot-ball season, as the condition of the exchequer prevented another Massachusetts trip, and a game with Brown was not favored by some of the players. It is rather difficult to decide whether the season should be called a successful one or not. Nine games were played, of which two were lost and seven won; six times Bowdoin kept her opponents from scoring and only once was she unable to score a substantial number

of points. The summary of the season's work given elsewhere shows that our team ran up a total score of 250 as opposed to 36 for their competitors.

On the other hand, the strength of the teams against which we have been matched should be taken into consideration. The first two games were with Exeter and Andover, the former of which we won and the latter we lost. Both of these games were hard fought, but our team was in poor form and they were essentially practice games and, as such, should not have the same importance in the summing up of the season's work as games played after the final make-up of the team had been decided on and the men trained for their respective positions. Of the remaining seven games only two were against strong elevens. The B. A. A. game showed conclusively that our team was capable of steady, consistent work, and the Tufts game emphasized this; but it is on these games alone that our outside reputation for this year must rest, as all the other games were with the weaker elevens of Boston University, Colby, Bates, and the Portland High School.

It is greatly to be regretted that games with Amherst, Williams, Trinity, and Wesleyan could not have been arranged. These teams were all approximately our equals in strength, on paper at least, and games with any or all of them would have been full of interest, and would have been of great benefit to the team itself.

The money question has always to be faced. Throughout the season the management has been hampered, not to say crippled, by lack of the funds necessary to induce good teams to play here. The subscriptions were not what they should have been and the attendance on games has not been large.

The outlook for next year is promising. Four of the regular team will graduate with '94, beside one or two substitutes, but men capable of filling nearly all these places are

already in sight, and several promising men now playing on fitting-school teams will enter Bowdoin next fall.

BOWDOIN'S system of compulsory gymnasium work has become widely known for its efficiency and thoroughness, and has been extensively copied by other institutions. But the mere mention of "gym work" calls forth a half-stifled wail from most of us, followed too often, we fear, by a silent resolve to spend the Thanksgiving recess in devising excuses for absence from the class work. Yet we all know that the drill is beneficial and that four hours a week could not be more profitably spent. Moreover, every one has, hidden within him, a personal pride in his physical possibilities, a desire to excel in his favorite exercise, and the additional incentive of improved health and physique. It seems that the word "compulsory" is the one bar to the enjoyment of gymnasium exercise, a bar, however, that cannot lightly be thrown down, for the system must be universal if it is to be thoroughly successful, and must be compulsory to be universal.

THE widespread publication of the suspension of the entire Sophomore class at Bates and the probable suspension of the Maine State College Sophomores because of a brutal case of hazing, lets us note more clearly than usual the great advancement an institution makes when it succeeds in abolishing this curse of former years. "The good old times" of ducking bees and hazing parties have left Bowdoin forever, the spirit of Phi Chi has departed, and the Freshman is free.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania will endeavor to secure some twenty-five acres near the college for a park and botanical garden, and as a site for a \$500,000 museum building.

College Versus Fraternity.

IT IS a most unfortunate thing to be compelled to confess that of late the fraternity feeling in college has seemed to predominate over the genuine college spirit. It is true that this feeling has been manifested a great deal recently in college and class affairs and that never before has it been so strongly marked. Such a policy cannot but react on the college and do a great amount of harm. If we allow this element to creep in, it must be to the injury of the various college interests in athletics, literature, and class.

It is important that we weed this evil out as soon as possible and let the welfare of our *Alma Mater* be above everything else. Why can we not for once and all bury these mean, petty society strifes and buckle down shoulder to shoulder, working for the best that there is in old Bowdoin?

Surely the founders of the various fraternities never dreamed of such things as "combines." When the societies were established they were intended to bring out the purest, brightest, and best part of a student and not to develop the instincts of a "Tammany Hall" politician and schemer. One root of the evil lies in the way the upper-classmen advise the under-classmen to act in class meetings. They tell them how important it is that their society should gain possession of certain offices and that they should bend every nerve to come out triumphant, even though the rest of the class is frozen out. It is this which has kept up the rivalry in the classes and extended the evil to college affairs and made itself felt in more directions than can be enumerated.

Why cannot the upper-classmen start out in a new line and discountenance the pernicious practice of putting the Freshmen up to "pea-nut politics."

The class of '93, when in college, was noted for the fair manner in which it conducted its class elections, never letting

society interests get above those of class and college.

'Ninety-five, too, has started on the right track by the action taken in a recent meeting which was called for the purpose of electing class officers.

Previous to this the usual combines had been formed, the offensive and the defensive, but a strong feeling fortunately prevailed at the last moment to do away with the customary wire-pulling and have the men elected by the class and not by certain cliques. A committee made up of one from each society and one from the non-fraternity men was selected to discuss and nominate men best fitted for the various positions and to report early in the winter term. In addition, each man was to have a vote in the election, whether he could be present or not, thus doing away with the springing of an election upon an opposite faction which might be weaker in numbers at some time during the year.

What we do should be done well, especially as the eyes of outsiders are being turned on us more and more now that our Centennial is so near, and we should prove our loyalty to Bowdoin by making the spirit of progress and advancement our constant key-note.

The Walker Art Building.

WHAT magnificent structure, the Walker Art Building, of which Bowdoin and all her friends are so proud, is now practically completed. A few minor interior touches, the addition of a few casts and paintings, and all will be ready for the formal dedication which will take place next June. Some two years ago the Misses Walker of Waltham, Mass., signified their desire to present Bowdoin with an art building, as a memorial of their uncle, the late Theophilus Wheeler Walker, and in June, 1892, the corner-stone was laid.

The total cost of the structure cannot be

given, as no announcement has been made by the donors. Money has not been considered, and every generous and lavish outlay has been made to construct a perfect building of its kind. The most skilled architecture and most competent contractors have erected upon the Bowdoin campus a building with which comparison cannot be made, because it is entirely distinct from anything possessed by any other American educational institution. It stands entirely alone in construction and use, and will be an important factor in the spreading of Bowdoin's fame. Judges who ought to know something of the matter place their lowest estimates of the cost at \$150,000.

It is situated on the west side of the rectangle and faces Appleton Hall, from which it is somewhat over a hundred and fifty yards distant. It was the plan to have the building serve not only as a receptacle for works of art, but to be an enduring work of art itself, and marvelously have these plans been carried out. Perhaps the impression of quiet dignity and simple grandeur are the first to strike the observer.

The building is rectangular, being 100 feet long by 73 wide. The height from grade line to cornice is 33 feet, and to the great copper dome, which surmounts the central portion, is 53 feet. Around the building on three sides is a terrace 18 feet wide, with a pavement of brick, laid herring-bone style. This is bordered by a terrace wall of Freeport granite, three feet ten inches above the grade, and two feet four inches in thickness. This terrace and wall give the jewel a magnificent setting, which is aided by the background of trees. The color effect, produced by the cold bluish-gray of the granite contrasting with the warm tints of the Indiana limestone, and the dark brick composing the building, is very marked. There is also a gain in the effect

of breadth. From the terrace wall the ground is graded to the surrounding campus.

The foundations of the building are of Freeport granite. Indiana limestone was used for the central portion of the facade, the pedestals, the columns, the steps, the quoins, the architraves, the tablets, the cornice, and all trimmings, while the rest of the walls are of dark brick. Broad steps, flanked by huge rectangular pedestals, lead up to the entrance which consists of a loggia, before which, supporting the walls above, are six carved Ionic columns. In circular niches over the main entrance, and on each side of the central arch, are placed the busts of the Homer of Naples, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the bearded Dionysus. Large niches also are located at the ends of the loggia for placing statuary.

A few yards to either side of the entrance steps are large pedestals and niches as yet unoccupied. On one side will be placed a heroic bronze cast of Demosthenes, and on the other a similar cast of Sophocles. These figures are now being cast at Naples, at the same foundry which reproduced for the Columbian Exposition the many ancient art objects from Herculaneum and Pompeii, now at Naples. High in the front wall over the niches these will fill, are two large tablets containing, in chronological order, the names of the world's greatest sculptors, artists, and architects. Following are the names there engraved: Phidias, Myron, Polykletos, Iktinos, Kallikrates, Praxiteles, Skopas, Apelles, Cimabue, Giotto, Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca Della Robbia, Brunelleschi, Bramanti, Michael Angelo, Leonardo Da Vinci, San Gallo, Tiziano, Raffaell, Albrecht Dürer, Giorgione, Correggio, Tintoretto, Palladio, Rubens, Vandyke, Claude Lorrain, Rembrandt, Murillo. No American or English names are on these tablets, but on the west side are similar tablets as yet unen-

graved. On a large tablet in the center of the west side is cut the following inscription:

IN MEMORIAM.

THEOPHILI WHEELER WALKER.

FACTUNDUM CURAVERUNT MARIA SOPHIA

WALKER ET HENRIETTA SARAH WALKER.

A.D. MDCCCXCIII.

The north and south walls are bare, and the west too, except for the three large tablets spoken of. There is not a window in the walls, except a row of small grated ones along the south, west, and north base lines.

Passing up the broad steps and across the loggia, we open an immense door of oak, four inches thick, and stand in Sculpture Hall, which is 29x42 feet, and occupies the central portion of the building. Here will be placed the casts now in the library, and the many more casts and originals which it is hoped the college will own soon. The floor is of stone and brick laid in pattern. Light comes from the top of the dome, fifty feet overhead. The four tympana under the dome, each twenty-six feet in width, are to be filled with four paintings, symbolizing the artistic achievements of Athens, Rome, Florence, and Venice. These are now being painted by the following artists: Messrs. John LaFarge, Elihu Vedder, Abbot Thayer, and Kenyon Cox. An immense bronze lantern-like chandelier hangs by a massive iron chain from the dome.

To the right of this central hall is the Bowdoin Gallery, 25x50 feet. Here is the gem of the artistic possession of the college, the old and valuable collection of paintings and drawings by old and modern masters, left the college in 1811, by Hon. James Bowdoin. It contains about one hundred paintings and one hundred and fifty drawings, all original, collected by him while abroad. Light comes from a great sky-light overhead. To the left of Sculpture Hall is the Boyd Gallery, corresponding to the Bow-

doin Gallery. Here is the collection given the college by the late Col. George W. Boyd, and all other paintings owned by the college, except those of distinctly college interest, which will be kept in upper Memorial.

In the Boyd Gallery will be placed a very valuable collection of Japanese art objects, loaned by their owner, Professor Houghton. At the rear of Sculpture Hall is the Sophia Walker Gallery, 20x40 feet. This will be filled with paintings by the Misses Walker, but they have made no announcement, yet, of their selections. All these galleries are finished throughout in oak, with walls and ceilings of plaster.

From Sculpture Hall we reach the basement, which is lofty and well lighted, and finished in ash. Here is a large lecture room fitted up with movable seats and mahogany desks. There is also a large screen for use with the lantern. It is to be hoped that in the near future a course of lectures on the history of art may be given here each year, so that Bowdoin graduates may have a better general knowledge on this great subject than most have now. It is not the idea to make Bowdoin an art school, but it is an advantage to all to know one kind of art work from another, and to be able to appreciate all kinds. Aside from the pleasure and inspiration given by this beautiful building and its contents, such a course of lectures would be a privilege sure to be appreciated by all. It is not improbable that this may soon come. It is the duty of the college by way of appreciation of this great gift to extend as much as possible the collection of photographs and casts, and to emphasize the educational benefit of the building.

In the basement is also the private office of the curator, Prof. Henry Johnson, who is intensely interested in art subjects, and who has been consulted much by the Misses Walker during the construction of the building. Near by is the room for the very val-

uable Assyrian slabs which have been in the library some thirty years. The students' rooms, boiler-room, coal cellar, etc., occupy the rest of the basement. The building is entirely fire-proof, lighted throughout by electricity, heated by indirect steam, and provided with a thorough system of ventilation.

Such is a brief and general idea of the magnificent Walker Art Building, which will stand so long in perpetuation of the generosity of its donors. Well may Bowdoin be proud of it. It will be dedicated next June, when Hon. William D. Northend will present it to the college in behalf of the Misses Walker; Hon. William L. Putnam will receive it for the college; and Hon. Martin Brimmer, of Boston, will deliver the address.

"Told by a Fisherman."

A FURIOUS storm was raging outside. "The heaviest gale we've had for years," was my host's comment, and the tall, gray-bearded fisherman who had called in to spend the evening nodded his assent. The wind was whistling loudly around the little cottage in which we were seated. Now and then the whole building seemed to rock under the attack when an unusually fierce gust assailed it. The weird spirits of the storm had marshaled all their forces of wind and snow and hail, and were clamoring for admission at door and window.

Sometimes it seemed as if the house would be picked up bodily or rolled over and over down the hills to the sea. And the sea was not far distant in any direction.

Before sunset, from the vantage ground of a hill near by, I had looked away over the water to the west and north and seen the surf dashing against many a rocky isle, and sending into the air clouds of spray, which almost rivaled the low-hung mists that everywhere bounded my view. Away to the southward, also, I could hear the

mighty unceasing roar of the waves dashing against the cliffs and rolling the boulders over the rocky bottom. The whole southern shore was thundering its defiance to tremendous onslaughts of the waters of the Atlantic. To the east and west of the island the waves swept by toward the mainland to the north, and with unabated fury hurled their white-capped ranks against everything in their course.

The snow had begun to fall just as night was coming on. Then a fog-bell on a neighboring island added its dismal tones to the roar of the tempest and the "rote" of the waves on the shore. At intervals of the storm, or when the wind shifted for a moment, the unearthly noise made by a whistling-buoy far off to the westward could be heard.

All these sounds seemed very remote to us, now that we were gathered around the kitchen fire. Only by careful listening could we distinguish them plainly. But we preferred to listen to the more cheerful murmur of the fire, and to think of the warmth and comfort within rather than of the cold and dreariness without.

For some time no one had spoken. Something of the wild spirit of the outer air seemed to have entered and taken control of our thoughts. The old fisherman looked dreamily at the little man on the other side of the fire.

"This is something like one night that you and I spent out at the Rock, Tom," he said finally.

Our host, who had been addressed as Tom, smoked on in silence. Yet he must have heard the comment, for he shuddered when it was uttered. The wind and storm seemed to have called up some memory which he felt far more intensely than did his older friend.

I looked from one to the other. The old man still held in his hand the pipe which he

had removed when he first spoke. He noticed my look of inquiry, and at a glance from Tom, went on to tell of that night of peril which both had called to mind under the influence of the storm.

I listened dreamily. My imagination, rather than the sense of hearing, kept pace with the story. I do not remember surely a word that he said. A landsman can not use rightly the language of an old salt, perhaps, yet the impressions that I received from his narrative were so vivid that it ought to be easy to interpret its spirit, if not to reproduce exactly the words that were used.

"That was fifteen years ago," he began. "Everybody on the island was engaged in catching fish or lobsters then as now. I was in partnership with Tom's uncle, the old gentleman who once owned this house. Tom had come here from somewhere on the mainland to spend the summer, and when we went out to haul the traps he always went with us. He was as green as could be about handling a boat at first, but soon learned to sail our craft pretty well.

"On the day that we went to the Rock the tide turned at about noon and we were out on the grounds ready to begin work. The tide runs so fast around these islands that the buoys that mark the traps are often drawn under the water and can not be found. That is why we always get out on the slack of the tide.

"We were out beyond the island when the storm came up. Every other boat had already rounded the point on its way back to the harbor. At first we tried to follow their example, with Tom managing the boat. But it was too much for a new man, and in a moment more we would have been swamped by the waves that broke over us. The old gentleman took the helm and we tried to carry out his orders. Our only hope was to keep the bow to the waves and in some way outride the gale.

"The snow soon began to fall and all view of the land was blotted out. The wind increased in fury. We knew nothing about our position or the direction we were going. Out on the open sea, in an undecked boat, our chances for life were few. The spray penetrated our clothing and froze. The snow clinging to the dampened surfaces coated everything with an armor of ice. Tom clung to the forward mast and gave the orders for steering, while the old gentleman and I tried to manage the rudder and sails. We could hardly see or hear one another. Yet for hours we kept afloat, hoping in vain for a lull in the storm.

"The tempest increased in fury rather than diminished. Benumbed with the cold and thoroughly exhausted, we seemed to be only keeping up a struggle in which Death must finally win. When darkness came, we hardly noticed it. The wind had not ceased an instant. The spray was flying as thick as ever. The storm clouds had not been lifted for a single moment.

"I was vaguely wondering what it meant to die when I saw Tom make a gesture with his hand. The salt spray had entered his throat and lungs so much that speech was all but impossible.

"That gesture indicated the beginning of the end of our adventure. Aroused by it I looked and listened intently. Blinking through the mists I could just make out the light on the Rock. We were being swept onward with terrible speed. Already I could distinguish the long white line of breakers. In a moment or two more we would have struck, but just then the wind veered around suddenly, just as an enormous wave lifted our craft high in the air and dashed it down again as if in wanton sport. The last fierce gust had torn away every rag of sail that was left, and though we had avoided instant death, our fate seemed only deferred for a

moment, for no power on earth could now keep the boat above water.

"But at this moment I caught sight of a lantern on the shore of the Rock. I gave a loud cry for help, though I thought that we must be swept away out of reach before any help could come. I had hardly shouted, however, when a rope fell across the boat. Instinctively I caught it up. More quickly than I can tell it, the old man and I were made fast to it, just as another wave hurled the boat away from us, leaving us struggling in the water. I had not thought, when I caught the rope, of the heavy breakers through which we must be drawn to safety. Luckily we were partly sheltered by a reef that broke the force of the waves somewhat, and at last, battered and bruised, and all but dead, the life guards drew us ashore.

"I had not thought of Tom on leaving the boat. There had been no chance to reach or help him. Yet when we were drawn from the surf he was there too.

"I don't know how he got there, and when he came to consciousness late in the morning, he could not tell either. How the rope had become looped about his body, how he had chanced to reach it at all, no one could explain.

"He remembered the light, the breakers, the last fierce gust of wind, and that was all.

"With the pitching of the boat his hold on the mast had given way, and he must have been rolled into the sea and swept away by the mad rush of waves. I will let you theorize as to the chances that decided that he should live and not die. I have finished that part of the story.

"We were at the Rock for only a short time, for on the first fair day we were anxious to get home again. The folks here thought we had risen from the dead."

"We had."

It was the little man that spoke now. His lips had scarcely parted, and as I turned to him, I wondered if I had really

heard his voice. Yet I thought I knew all he meant. Those quiet words, with the intense expression of his face, called up in my mind a vision of that night of storm and wreck more vivid than any that the older man's narrative had suggested.

As my host rose to replenish the fire, the same fixed expression was on his face. As the stove door swung open, a more cheerful glow was cast into the dark background of the room. The old fisherman's pipe had gone out long since. Now he tapped with it lightly on the hearth and meditatively tucked it away in his pocket, rising to go at the same moment.

"You remember that time in a little different way from what I do, Tom," he said. "Yes, I do." The answer came slowly, very slowly.

The visitor had now picked up his lantern and lighted it. With a cheery nod to me, and a good-night to my host, he opened the door. A gust of snow swept in by him. Then there was a vision of a grizzled old man bowing to the blast. In a moment the door had closed behind him.

Tom was still smoking. His face showed that he was also still thinking of the adventure of which his friend had spoken. Every day that he had left the little harbor of the island in sail-boat or dory, he had risked his life. It was by that risk that he earned his daily bread. We can grow accustomed to some dangers, but a boy's first hand-to-hand struggle with death is not easily forgotten.

The Pessimist.

IT IS now generally understood that several members of the Yale faculty have become disgusted with the foot-ball administration there of the past few years, and will use their influence in the direction of certain radical reforms in that system. They hold

that foot-ball entirely overbalances even a reasonable interest in legitimate college courses, and say that, if possible, Yale men will no longer be allowed to play that game outside the grounds at New York, Springfield, and New Haven. As these members are prominent on the faculty board, it is expected that next season will see a great change in the policy of Yale, at the least, if not of several other leading colleges and universities.

* * * *

Whatever the right or otherwise of this proposed action of the Yale instructors, it is evident that such a sentiment is not in the wrong direction. It is evident that foot-ball, as a game, is approaching the limit of its usefulness, and that, like all other good and useful things in this world, must soon be rigidly regulated and carefully guarded from danger of excess. When fifty or seventy-five men, out of a single college, devote the greater part of the working day to any kind of sport, be it foot-ball, rowing, shooting, bicycling, or what not, it will be not many weeks before you will have three or four score of athletes, or crack shots, or record breakers, whose fame in any of those lines may be widespread, but whose examination papers will be the despair of the instructor, and whose guesses in the recitation room will utterly lack any of the crack-shot tendency.

* * * *

And so it is probable that the sentiment above noted is the signal for the dawn of a reign of common-sense over the world of college sport, which, even in its imperfections, is a most necessary adjunct of a really liberal education. Hail the college and the world of books! Hail foot-ball and the world of sport! All hail the broad and noble policy that unites physical strength and mental vigor in the perfect man!

* * * *

The author of a certain text-book, now in use at Bowdoin College, has placed in

that book, half hid behind the line of the pervading thought, words of extraordinary interest to college students, as well as to those now preparing to be such. To the members of the Senior class the words are doubtless familiar; to other students, they cannot fail to be of interest, and should be considered with thoughtful care.

The author says that outside their own particular line of business, men absorb no new ideas after they are twenty-five years of age, and declares that after that they cannot get anything new, that "the power of assimilation is gone." Then in words fraught with a world of thought, he says, "It would probably lead to a more earnest temper on the part of college students if they had less belief in their unlimited future potentialities, and could be brought to realize that whatever physics and political economy and philosophy they are now acquiring will have to serve them to the end." Wise words those; perhaps a bit confined, but surely worthy of thought.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Delusive Thought.

Tired of the stale, stale epithet, the old, old turns,
The ordinary thought of would-be sparkling lines,
I came, one day, upon a really happy bit
All move of freshness and the subtle word that
shines.

And to the roused enthusiasm of my soul
There came, elate, imperious to be expressed,
What seemed a thought as fresh and fine, but when
'twas writ
'Twas stale and old and ordinary, like the rest.

A Frequent Occurrence.

"Non paratus" dixit Freshie
Cum a sad and doleful look.
"Omne rectum" Prof. respondit,
Scripsit nihil in his book.

The Unchanging Life.

The sun is set on ancient Greece,
Her beauty and her pride lie low,
Thro' ruined shrine and crumbling arch
The vagrant winds of evening blow.
Dark shadows lie in sculptured hall,
The ghosts of beauteous years long past,
And pillars lonely, tottering stand,
Dim memories of a temple vast.

But still for me o'er sacred hills
There streameth yet eternal day,
And cloudless skies are bent above,
And holy fountains ceaseless play.
I drink into my longing eyes
The fadeless light from storied page,
And thrill to find myself e'en now
A dweller of that golden age.

I wander, spirit-like, in lands
Where olive gardens scent the breeze;
Where mellow, plaintive voices steal
The murmur of the Egean seas.
The stars look down upon that deep
And fill its waves with gems untold;
But to mine eyes are mirrored there
The faces of the gods of old.

So still for me on vine-clad heights
The shepherd pipes unto his sheep,
And vintage feasters, mad with joy,
Their rustic revels wildly keep.
The hand of Time has wrought its change,
And years roll on than time more fleet,
And yet our hearts may find a path
Of romance for our wandering feet.

Out of 124 leading American colleges the highest president's salary is \$10,000, the lowest \$620, the average \$3,000; and the highest salary paid any professor is \$5,500, the lowest \$540, and the average \$2,015.

Cornell University has been given two fine libraries, one of 1,000 volumes on the German philosopher Kant, and the other of 500 volumes on Spinoza.

Dartmouth's Dramatic Club will present the English comedy, "The Rivals," during the first of this season.

Two annuals will be published by the Seniors of the University of Michigan, one by the fraternity men and the other by the non-fraternity men.



Some time before January 1st the Dartmouth undergraduates will publish a substantial volume devoted entirely to Dartmouth's athletic record. It will include a history of each department of college sport, biographical sketches of some of her more prominent athletes past and present, and some forty odd photo-engravings of Dartmouth athletes taken during or shortly after their college course. The price of the book, which seems to be an assured success, is one dollar.

Parker, '97, has gone out teaching.

Pratt, '97, will teach in Jay this winter.

Hutchinson, '90, was on the campus last week.

Gilpatric, '96, was called home by illness last week.

Bodge, '97, was obliged by illness to go home last week.

Rhines, '97, will teach in South Bristol this winter.

Bucknam, '93, is seen once in a while on the campus.

Parcher, '92, visited friends at the college recently.

Sewell, '97, will begin soon a long term of school in Wiscasset.

Morelean, '95, who has been out teaching, is back in college again.

French, '96, is teaching in Norway. His return this year is uncertain.

The annual catalogues appeared and were distributed last week.

W. G. Perry, Jr., Brown '91, has been the guest of friends on the campus.

Andrews, '96, was called home last week by the serious illness of his mother.

Russell, '97, went out last week to begin an eight weeks school in East Friendship.

Professor Hutchinson took a series of pictures of the 'Varsity and '96 elevens recently.

Mitchell, '95, was in Portland last week, coaching the Portland High School eleven.

The uncertain character of coal fires becomes more marked as the cold weather comes on.

Two Greek lessons a day was the lot of the Freshmen during Professor Houghton's absence last week.

Curtis, ex-'96, who was dropped at the beginning of the Freshman year, is now a member of Colby, '96.

The Seniors have finished the text-book in Geology, and have of late been listening to lectures by Professor Lee on pre-historic man.

There will be six weddings in Brunswick before Christmas. Smash goes the old saw about Brunswick's old maids!—*Lewiston Journal*.

The *New York Herald* claims with a kind of fiendish satisfaction that five deaths in this country have resulted this fall from injuries received in foot-ball.

The rest of this week Bowdoin will be practically deserted, as nearly all the students will go home to eat their turkey. A few, however, will probably remain.

The first snow storm of the season arrived November 15th, but it could not cool the ardor of the Sophomore eleven, which during its progress defeated the Augusta boys 44 to 0.

E. Thomas, Glover, Ross, Chapman, Whitecomb, '94, Fairbanks, Hicks, Stetson, '95, Ordway, '96, were among the Bowdoin men who took in the Yale-Harvard game last Saturday.

After Thanksgiving, begins gymnasium work, to go on without ceasing till spring. Besides the regular work and class drills, the foot-ball and base-ball squads will work all winter.

The relentless jury has even taken away the one remaining solace that remained to the bloodthirsty Sophomores, and they are no longer allowed to line up and command "Hats off, Freshie!"

A party of over a dozen went to Lewiston on the evening of November 21st to hear Colonel Robert Ingalls lecture on "Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child." They were much interested in the lecture of the great agnostic.

At the annual meeting of the College Boating Association the following officers were elected: President, F. H. Mead, '95; Vice-President, A. L. Dennison, '95; Secretary, J. C. Minot, '96; Commodore, S. P. Buck, '94.

The class of '94 has voted to have no clearing-out sale of *Bugles* at a reduced price, and whoever desires a copy of this valuable volume must pay a good round dollar for it, and pay it quickly, too, as the stock is almost gone.

At the suggestion of some upper-classmen the Freshmen decided it would not be the proper thing to have their foot-ball picture taken on the Art Building steps and so they took a hasty and unceremonious flight to the gym. steps.

Volumes in the library which are very interesting to look over and which are much used are the class albums. The following classes have albums there containing all their members' photographs: '54, '59, '60, '61, and from '82 to '93 inclusive.

The examiners for the three special fitting schools of Bowdoin for 1894 are announced as follows: Fryeburg Academy, Prof. W. A. Houghton; Washington Academy, Prof. William MacDonald; Thornton Academy, Prof. W. A. Moody.

Fairbanks, '95, was in Bangor several days week before last, and the results of his work were seen in the victory won by the high school boys of that city over the Portlands at foot-ball, 12 to 4. This made a victory for each team for the high school championship of Maine.

Bliss, '94, Christie, Doherty, Quimby and Stubbs, '95, and Kyes, Marston, and Warren, '96, have formed a private dancing class, and with the aid of some Brunswick young ladies are making vigorous attempts, among other things, to master the terpsichorean art. Professor Wilson of Lewiston is the instructor.

The following changes in the make-up of the jury are noticed: Blair, '95, takes the place of Ingraham, representing π r; Webber, '95, takes the place of Buck, '94, representing the non-society men; Ordway, '96, takes the place of Merriman, '96, representing the class, and Vining, '97, is the new man elected by his class.

By the way, those who ought to know say that the splendid building now in process of construction is the *Science Building* and not the *Scientific Building*, and respectfully ask that the first appellation be always used in speaking of it. We do not speak of the gymnastic building or the observing building or the artistic building, and no more should we speak of a scientific building. Hereafter let us be more careful to designate it properly in speaking or writing about it.

The class of '95 has been stirred up in a political

way lately. The question of officers for Junior year has been agitated and after a stormy meeting it was voted to hold the election on the third Wednesday of next term. It was decided that a committee should be appointed, representing all societies, which should present lists of two or more candidates for each office, at least a week before the election, and that every member of the class, whether present or absent, should have a vote.

For a week the merry music of the stone-cutters' tools was not heard on the campus. It was the case of a strike—a real strike—and that too by men getting four dollars and over per day. The cause was that they had to wait a few hours longer than they wanted to for their pay, and all of them, about twenty-five, returned to their homes in Massachusetts. The strike caused some inconvenience to the contractors, but last Monday a score of new cutters went to work, and again the Ohio freestone is ready as fast as it is wanted.

At a meeting of the college base-ball association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. A. Ross, '94; Vice-President, L. S. Dewey, '95; Secretary and Treasurer, A. P. Ward, '96; First Director and Manager, W. W. Thomas, '94; Second Director and Scorer, H. E. Holmes, '95; Third Director, J. S. French, '95; Fourth Director, H. W. Coburn, '96; Fifth Director, A. P. Cook, '97. There was a long and exciting debate as to whether Hutchinson, '93, and Savage, '93, members of last year's team, should be allowed to vote for next season's captain, who, by some oversight, was not elected at the close of last season as he should have been. It was at last voted, 69 to 68, that the next captain should be elected by the members of last year's team now in college.

A popular Bowdoin professor, who is much interested in the welfare and improvement of the college, suggests that a pressing need of the institution is a landscape gardener. He pleads for a better and more regular system of campus paths. There should be a main entrance with an arched gateway, and he thinks the proper place for this to be on the north side near the residence of Professor Lee, and from this a broad central path should lead south between Massachusetts and Memorial, straight across the campus, striking the street not far from Professor Little's house. This path and the present one leading from the chapel out to Main Street should be the ones from which all others should lead. The present criss-cross system should be improved, and there should be fewer paths whose

only object is to reach some door by the shortest way. The beauty, symmetry, and general appearance of the grounds should be carefully considered. The present principal path leading south from the door of Massachusetts is in no sense a central one. The completion of the new art and science buildings will render a large number of new paths necessary around them, and now seems to be the time to start a movement for a better path system on the campus.

The following statements relative to the celebration of the coming centennial of the college are made public and will be of interest to all: The governing boards have appointed as a general committee of arrangements the following gentlemen: General Joshua L. Chamberlain, chairman; President William DeW. Hyde, Hon. William L. Putnam, Hon. Stephen J. Young, Professor Jotham B. Sewall, Hon. Joseph W. Symonds, William E. Spear, Esq., Dr. Alfred Mitchell, General John M. Brown, and Professor Henry L. Chapman, secretary. Due notice will be given to the alumni and the public of the detailed programme, but the following partial announcement is authorized at the present time. Sunday, June 24th. An address, on the religious history of the college, will be given by Professor Egbert Coffin Smyth, D.D., class of 1848. The public graduation exercises of the academical and medical departments, with the conferring of degrees, will be held on Wednesday forenoon, instead of Thursday as usual. On the evening of Wednesday there will be a reception by the President of the college and an illumination of the campus. Thursday, June 28th. Centennial Day. The oration will be given by Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller, LL.D., class of 1853, and the poem by Professor Arlo Bates, class of 1876. James McKeen, Esq., class of 1864, President of the Alumni Association, will preside at the dinner, which will be served to the alumni and invited guests at the close of the public literary exercises.

It was with much pleasure that the students heard it announced that Rev. Elijah Kellogg would speak before them Sunday, November 19th. This eloquent old alumnus, of whom Bowdoin is so proud, is very popular with the college boys. As children they read his *Elm Island* and *Whispering Pine* series, the latter dealing with life at Bowdoin long ago, and his famous "Spartacus to the Gladiators" and "Regulus to the Carthaginians" have been more familiar than any other declamations. He has not spoken here for several years, but many students have heard him by riding or walking on a

Sunday down to his quaint old church in Harpswell, ten or twelve miles away. The college turned out in a body to hear him, many remaining over Sunday for the purpose, and a large number of Brunswick people came, so that upper Memorial was filled to overflowing. President Hyde, in introducing the speaker, voiced the universal sentiment when he said: "It was a sad day for the children of Israel when a king rose o'er them who knew not Joseph. In like manner it will be a sad day for Bowdoin College when its students cannot recall the name of Elijah Kellogg." He took his text from the eighth Psalm—"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," and from this preached an able sermon, eloquent, comprehensive, and inspiring. None of his old-time brilliancy as a word-painter and orator has deserted him, and his address, especially the closing sentences, was well worthy of Elijah Kellogg. He is a little man, active in movement, with clean-shaven face, and bears lightly in thought, speech, and action his fourscore years. Many of the students improved the chance to meet him personally after the service. The singing of the college quartette was a feature as usual.

Athletics.

Sophomores, 40; Coney High School, 0.

The foot-ball team from Augusta came to Brunswick and played a game with the Sophomores in a driving snow squall, Wednesday, November 15th. The ground was muddy to begin with and became very slippery after the damp snow had fallen for a few minutes. The High School team was somewhat lighter than the Sophomores and did not know the ground as well, nevertheless they stopped the rushes and compelled '96 to lose the ball on downs several times, especially during the first half. The players were completely covered with mud and the storm made it decidedly unpleasant for the spectators. Baker played the best game. The Sophomores played a good game throughout, considering the weather and the slippery ground, making several good gains around the ends and repeatedly bucking the line to advantage. The backs all played well and Warren made himself a reputation for kicking goals with a wet ball. The teams lined up as follows:

Bowdoin, '96.

Smith.
Newbegin.

Right End.
Right Tackle.

C. H. S.

May.
Wallman.

Coburn.

Minot.
Eastman.
Plumstead.
Libby.
Ordway.
Bailey. }
Baker. }
Warren.

Right Guard.

Center.
Left Guard.
Left Tackle.
Left End.
Quarterback.
Halfbacks.
Fullback.

{ Clark.
Savage.
Woodbridge.
Whitehouse.
Howe.
Brann.
Bascombe.
{ Chase.
Webber.
Maher, Capt.

Referee—Ross. Umpire—Knowlton.

Sophomores, 40; Freshmen, 6.

The annual Sophomore-Freshman game, which is coming to be looked forward to, as are all the contests which take place between the two lower classes, with a good deal of interest by the students in general, took place Saturday, November 18th. The usual large crowd was present and excitement ran high, especially when the Freshmen rushed the ball anywhere near the goal. The Sophs were heavier than the Freshmen and with their two years' experience played a very much better game. The Freshmen were rather unsteady in the first half, but played very well in the last, although there was almost no interference at all, the backs running all alone with the ball. '96's interference, on the other hand, was very good and they repeatedly made long gains with a wedge around the right end. The Freshmen found the weak spot in the opposing line in the last half and made some very good rushes. McMillan played the star game for the Freshmen. His tackling was good, and he made some fine runs with the ball. Horne also put up a very good game, making several good gains and tackling well. Randall played a fair game at quarter, considering the fact that he had practiced only a few times before the game, while Stearns, at right end, played the best game in the line. He seldom missed his man, and got into the offensive play in good shape. Merrill and Rhines also played well, the former, especially, making some good holes when his signal was given. The Sophomore backs all played well. Bailey, Baker, and Soule made several fine runs, and Warren struck the line hard and low every time. The Sophomores seemed to have hard luck in getting injured.

They started the game with the ball in the center of the field. The Freshmen failed to get down low and stop the rushes, and '96 pushed the ball toward the goal posts, and Baker was sent over for a touch-down. Warren kicked the goal. The Freshmen lost on their wedge, and failed to make the necessary gain, losing the ball on downs. After several good gains Baker was sent over for another touch-

down. Warren kicked the goal, making the score 12-0.

McMillan gained ten yards on the V, but the ball was soon lost on a fumble. '96 in turn fumbled and McMillan got the ball again but soon lost it. The Sophs rushed it steadily up the field, Bailey making some fine runs, and Baker got touchdown. No goal. Score: 16-0.

'Ninety-seven could not make good gains against the heavy line and sure tackling of her opponents, and '96 had the ball again on downs. After a few good rushes Warren was sent over for a touchdown, and goal was kicked. Score: 22-0.

McMillan ran out of the V and carried the ball thirty yards around the right end, but '96 held hard and soon had the ball again. Bailey was sent around the right end for forty yards, '96 fumbled and McMillan got the ball. On the second rush, Horne took the ball between end and tackle for twenty-five yards. The Sophomores had the ball on their thirty-yard line when time was called. The Freshmen now found the weak spot in '96's line and carried the ball to the fifteen-yard line, but could not keep it up, and '96 had the ball on downs. Soule was sent around the right end, completely surrounded by blockers, for forty yards, and Warren was sent over for a touchdown. Goal, 28-0.

The Freshmen made good gains, Horne going around the end for twenty yards, but were compelled to lose the ball on the ten-yard line. '96 rushed the ball down the field in a lively manner, and Baker scored again. Goal was kicked. Score: 34-0.

'Ninety-seven lost the ball on downs again. '96 made some good gains but fumbled the ball in a scrimmage, and McMillan, picking it up, took it seventy-five yards towards the goal. McMillan carried the ball over the line on the second rush, and Coggan kicked the goal, making the score 34-6. After a few gains, Soule was sent around the end, in the V again, forty-five yards for a touchdown. Ordway punted out and Warren kicked the goal. Score: 40-6.

McMillan punted and the Sophomores had the ball in the middle of the field when time was called. Ross was referee, and Dewey, umpire. Twenty-five-minute halves were played. The teams:

SOPHOMORES.

Smith.	Right End.
Newbegin.	Right Tackle.
Coburn.	Right Guard.
Willard.	
Minot.	Center.
Eastman.	Left Guard.
Plumstead.	Left Tackle.
Coburn.	

FRESHMEN.

Stearns.
Merrill.
Thompson.
Keohan.
Rhines.
Bean.

Libby.	Left End.	Coggan.
Ordway.	Quarterback.	Randall.
Bailey.		
Soule.	Halfbacks.	{ Horne.
Baker.		{ Purnell.
Warren.	Fullback.	McMillan.

Summary of the season's work:

'VARSITY.		
Bowdoin, 10.	Exeter, 0.	
Bowdoin, 0.	Andover, 16.	
Bowdoin, 42.	Colby, 0.	
Bowdoin, 8.	B. A. A., 16.	
Bowdoin, 36.	Boston University, 0.	
Bowdoin, 54.	Bates, 0.	
Bowdoin, 46.	P. H. S., 0.	
Bowdoin, 40.	Colby, 0.	
Bowdoin, 14.	Tufts, 4.	
Games played,	9	
Games won,	7	
Games lost,	2	
Points won,	250	
Points lost,	36	

SECOND ELEVEN.

Bowdoin, 34.	Lewiston High School, 0.
Bowdoin, 54.	Lewiston High School, 0.
Games won,	2
Points won,	88

'NINETY-SIX.

Bowdoin, 4.	Bangor High School, 10.
Bowdoin, 12.	M. S. C., 10.
Bowdoin, 40.	Thornton Academy, 0.
Bowdoin, 40.	Coney High School, 0.
Bowdoin, '96, 40.	Bowdoin, '97, 6.
Games won,	4
Games lost,	1
Points won,	136
Points lost,	26

'NINETY-SEVEN.

Bowdoin, '97, 18.	Colby, '97, 4.
Bowdoin, '97, 6.	Bowdoin, '96, 40.
Games won,	1
Games lost,	1
Points won,	24
Points lost,	44

Y. M. C. A.

Give free and bold play to those instincts of the heart which believe that the Creator must care for the creatures he has made, and that the only real effective care for them must be that which takes each of them into His love, and knowing it separately, surrounds it with His separate sympathy. There is not one life which the Life-giver ever loses out of his sight; not one which sins so that he casts it away; not one which is not so near to Him that whatever touches it, touches Him with sorrow or with joy.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

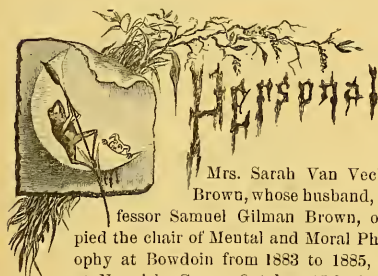
I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that he has planned for man; and yet, as I look back, I see, standing out above all the life that has gone, four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some

small act of love of mine, and these seem to be the things which alone of all one's life abide. Everything else in all our lives is transitory. Every other good is visionary. But the acts of love which no man knows about, or can never know about, they never fail.

—PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND.

Where, then, is our God? You say, He is everywhere; then show me anywhere that you have met Him. You declare Him everlasting; then tell me any moment that He has been with you. You believe Him ready to succor them that are tempted, and to lift those that are bowed down; then in what passionate hour did you subside into His calm grace; in what sorrow lose yourself in His "more exceeding" joy? These are the lasting questions by which we may learn whether we too have raised our altar to an "unknown God" and pay the worship of the blind; or whether we commune with Him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

—J. MARTINEAU.



Mrs. Sarah Van Vechten Brown, whose husband, Professor Samuel Gilman Brown, occupied the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Bowdoin from 1883 to 1885, died at Norwich, Conn., October 15th, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. She was a daughter of the Reverend Jacob Van Vechten, many years pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church of Schenectady, and inherited the talents of a line of ancestors honored in the liberal professions.

'18.—Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who died, at an advanced age, in Hollywood, North Carolina, last Wednesday, was born in North Yarmouth, August 12, 1806, her maiden name being Prince. She married Seba Smith, who was for a time the editor of the *Eastern Argus*, and who, under the pen name of "Major Jack Downing," wrote a series of humorous and satirical letters which attained celebrity. Mrs. Smith was a poet of considerable power, and one of her poems, "The Sinless Child," attracted the attention of Edgar A. Poe, who complimented it highly in an article published in a

leading magazine of that day. Seba Smith died in 1868.

'25.—The *Lewiston Journal* of Saturday, November 11th, published a large portrait of ex-Senator James Ware Bradbury, of Augusta.

'37.—There has recently been issued a pamphlet under the title: "George Washington Cleveland, December 21, 1815, May 22, 1893. Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Harbour Creek, Penn., 1849-1893. A Biographical Sketch together with his Last Sermon." Rev. G. W. Cleveland was born at Salem, Mass., the fourth of the six children of John Cleveland and Rebecca Woodbury. He was seventh in descent from Moses Cleveland, of Ipswich, Eng., and Woburn, Mass. He fitted for college at Dummer Academy, Byfield, of which his relative, Dr. Nehemiah Cleveland, was preceptor. After serving as assistant preceptor for a short time, he entered Bowdoin, where another kinsman, Parker Cleveland, was professor of Mineralogy, as a Sophomore. On graduation, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, and, after a break of one year in teaching, graduated here in 1841. After supplying the pulpit of the First Parish of Marblehead for some time, he entered upon the home missionary field, going west in 1842. In 1843 he was ordained in the Congregational church of Orleans, Mass., and, on the same day, was married to Keziah Sparrow Doan, youngest daughter of Captain Seth Doan, of that town. He now went to Waterford, Penn., for six years, and, in 1849, was installed at the church in Harbour Creek in that state, in which pastorate he remained throughout his life. His wife and five children,—four sons and a daughter,—survive him. The biographical sketch says of him: "The record of his long and faithful ministry over the church at Harbour Creek will never be written on earth. If he were guiding the pen that draws up this sketch he would erase any words of praise for himself that might be written, and ascribe all praise to Him from whom comes every good and perfect gift. His trials and his joys were those of an obscure pastor of a small country church. His parish, though circumscribed, was widened by each passing decade of his ministry. For example, during his long pastorate, he ministered to five generations of one of the most influential families connected with the history of the town.

'38.—A large portrait of ex-Governor Alonzo Garcelon appears in the *Lewiston Journal* of November 11th, which also announces that he is one of the spryest and busiest of Maine's medical practitioners.

'41.—Rev. C. D. Herbert died at his home at Hebron, N. Y., on October 13th. In April last he resigned, on account of ill health, his pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Hebron, which had continued most harmoniously for almost seven years. He was then much prostrated from an attack of the gripe and continued to decline, slowly but steadily, to the peaceful and painless end. He was born at Ellsworth, Me., September 18, 1818, the youngest son of Hon. George Herbert, a famous lawyer of that city. After graduation, he took a three-years' course of study at the Bangor Theological Seminary, taking his degree in 1844. Immediately afterwards he was ordained and went as a home missionary to the West. A few years later he was installed in the Congregational church at West Newbury, Mass., previous to which time he had married the wife who now survives him. He leaves two sons, George Herbert, Esq., of St. Paul, and Rev. C. E. Herbert, of Galway, N. Y. His entire life has been most faithfully devoted to the service of Christ, and every church to which he has ministered has been built up and strengthened thereby. At West Newbury, where he was pastor for fifteen years, a memorial service was held October 22d. The burial was at Mt. Auburn, Mass., October 17th.

'48.—Rev. William C. Pond, of San Francisco, has been spending a two-months' vacation revisiting familiar scenes in the East, and passed through Brunswick last week.

'50.—Under the title of "A Christian Hero," the *Christian Mirror*, for October 7th, publishes a sketch of General Oliver Otis Howard from the pen of Llewellyn Deane, Esq., of Washington, D. C. He shows General Howard as a hero *sans peur et sans reproche*, who was in the forefront of twenty-six great battles and many lesser ones, and in many dangers besides, always displaying splendid heroism under the most trying circumstances. The article ends in these words: "Macaulay says that no one is a hero to his valet, and that other adage says 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' but I do not believe any of that sort of remark applies to General Howard, for the better and longer we know him we feel more fully convinced that he is of the stuff that moral, religious, and military heroes are made."

'50.—On Thursday, November 16th, at the Parker House, Boston, a complimentary dinner was given to Senator William Pierce Frye by the Blaine eulogy committee of the Boston city government. One of the happiest features was the presentation to Mr. Frye of a life-size, three-quarters length crayon portrait of Mr. Blaine.

'53.—Hon. T. R. Simonton, of Camden, has resigned his office as special agent of the United States Treasury Department. He was collector of the port of Camden from 1861 to 1880, special inspector of customs from 1881 to 1883, and was appointed special agent, February 21, 1890. He was stationed first at Portland, then at New York, and the last two and one-half years at Boston.

'57.—Mr. Henry Newbegin, one of the overseers of the college, is making a brief eastern trip, and was in Brunswick last Thursday.

'57.—James C. Strout, who occupies an important position in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., has, as librarian of the Assembly's Presbyterian Church during the past twenty-five years, been the efficient means of collecting a magnificent Sunday-school library of some 4,500 volumes. It is the largest, most perfect, complete and valuable library of the kind in this if not in any country.

'60.—On Tuesday, November 21st, Rev. C. F. Penney, D.D., left Augusta to take up his duties as pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church in Auburn. Dr. Penney was installed pastor of the Free Baptist church in Augusta, thirty-one years ago, and has been its pastor twenty-seven years. He was very popular in his Augusta church and will be much missed there.

'60.—At Portland, on Saturday, November 11th, City Hall was packed with a crowd which was desirous of hearing Hon. T. B. Reed speak on the recent elections. Mr. Reed was received with an enthusiasm which was never, perhaps, surpassed in Maine.

'67.—Judge Henry S. Webster has in press a history of the famous Maine Commandery, No. 1, K. T., of which he has long been an enthusiastic and prominent member, having passed through all the chairs up to and including that of Eminent Commander. It is a labor of love, and the author has produced a work worthy of the subject. Maine Commandery was first organized in Portland in 1806, was chartered in 1821, and was moved to Gardiner in 1854. For a number of years it was the only Templar organization in Maine. Its history is of great interest to the general public, as well as to the Masonic fraternity.

'68.—Dr. Frederic H. Gerrish entertained the Fraternity Club, of Portland, on Monday, November 6th, at the Sherwood in that city. After the reading of a paper, dinner was served.

'73.—F. M. Hatch, Esq., of Honolulu, is Vice-President of the Hawaiian Provisional Government.

'73.—On Wednesday, November 22d, Hon. Augustus F. Moulton addressed the Law Students' Club, of Portland, in the Supreme Court room, on the subject of "Negligence."

'77.—Dr. Frederick Henry Dillingham, of New York, assistant sanitary superintendent of that city, and Miss Helen Alexander Ganson, of the same place, were married on Wednesday evening, November 15th, at Christ Church, Boulevard and Seventy-First Street. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's step-father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Benson, 47 West Thirty-Third Street.

'90.—Dr. G. A. Tolman, of Portland, returned home, Saturday, from New York, where he has been attending lectures in the different hospitals. He has not yet fully decided where he will locate permanently.

'92.—J. F. Hodgdon has accepted a position on a daily newspaper published at Los Angeles, Cal., and has already started for the Pacific slope.

'93.—Clarence W. Peabody took part in a mock trial in the Portland Law Students' Club, on Wednesday, November 22d.

'93.—Richard C. Payson has spent this fall in traveling in the West. He was at the A. K. E. convention in Minneapolis.



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"Bowdoin Beata," the new Bowdoin song by Mr. I. B. Choate, '62, which is first given to the public through our columns, will be heartily welcomed by every Bowdoin man. The song speaks for itself and needs no commendatory words from us. We echo Mr. Stanwood's wish that suitable music for it be soon composed, and suggest that the College Glee Club incorporate it in their repertoire at once, that the college may hear it sung. There is not enough singing among us, it is seldom that one hears the old tunes sung by more than a half dozen at a time, but it is possible that this timely gift from Mr. Choate will inaugurate a new era of song among us. Whether it serves this purpose or not the ORIENT voices the unanimous sentiment of the college in extending a hearty welcome to the song and sincere thanks to its author.

IN ESTIMATING the necessary expenses of a college course the item of "board" easily ranks first in amount. The price of board in Brunswick at present varies from three to four and a half dollars a week, few paying more than the latter sum. Three dollars and seventy-five cents would probably be a fair average for the college. When this is multiplied by the thirty-seven weeks of term

time the total sum appears formidable compared with the modest seventy-five dollars for tuition and thirty dollars for room rent.

The foregoing wail was called forth by the simultaneous appearance before the writer of a board bill, dated 1893, for four weeks at four dollars a week, and a bill dated 1845 for twelve weeks at *ninety-seven cents a week*.

Personal acquaintance with the payer of the latter bill compels us to say that, unless his appetite has increased enormously since graduation, he was fully able to do justice to the viands set before him. We are forced to conclude that the food served in Brunswick fifty years ago was very cheap, either in price or quality.

Will not some old graduate furnish us a sample bill of fare of the good old times?

THE newspapers have spread broadcast the fact of the suspension of two members of the Sophomore class until next April, together with such particulars and comments as the information and imagination of the various correspondents supplied. While the ORIENT regrets that the action of the Faculty was necessary, it is forced to admit its justice. Nevertheless, it agrees with the common sentiment of the college in thinking that the sentence was out of proportion to the offense, and trusts that the Faculty will see fit to allow the suspended men to return during the winter term.

THE rather petty manifestations of fraternity feeling which were noticeable in the election of the captains of the ball and football teams place the fraternities in a very unfavorable light. We have no fault to find with the result of either election, but it seems a pity that a matter so vital to the best interests of the college should be made the occasion of schemes and combines. We lay no more blame on one society than on another, for the difference between them is in degree

and not in kind. Such being the case, nothing but unanimous action of the societies represented here can eliminate the evil. Possibly if nothing is done the increase in the size of classes will eventually solve the problem by throwing the control of elections into the hands of non-society men. The evil is obvious and the remedy equally so, but the practicability of its application can be settled only by a firm effort on the part of all interested in the welfare of the college. The difficulties are great, but the end is surely worth striving for.

AT last, after many years of waiting, another pennant will testify to Bowdoin's prowess in base-ball. At the meeting of the representatives of the colleges, held in Waterville last Saturday, the championship pennant was formally voted to us. It also seems probable that the difficulty in regard to the eligibility of Medical students will be settled satisfactorily in the near future.

ONE of our contributors, whose article will be found in another column, discusses, briefly, the advantages of establishing a training table in the spring for the base-ball and track-athletic teams, and the necessity of an athletic field, proposing to obtain the money for the latter from the alumni of the college.

Now, if some wealthy, large-hearted alumnus should offer the necessary amount, the ORIENT would be the first to rejoice and to thank the generous donor. But we can only discourage the idea of an appeal to the alumni for contributions. The time is not long passed when Commencement week was a season of mingled terror and pleasure to the alumni present, because of the constant demands upon their purses. We have, within a year, heard a graduate of the 'sixties say that, to him, the most pleasing sign of Bowdoin's prosperity was that he could now revisit

Brunswick, call on the professors and look over the college without the feeling that every third man had a subscription paper concealed on his person.

We need better facilities for training our men, but we believe that in the course of four or five years the increase in the size of classes will allow more ample expenditures for athletic necessities, and that meanwhile faithful training and well-considered use of the facilities now at our command will win us a higher place in the athletic world than we now occupy.

NO ONE realizes more clearly than the editorial board that the ORIENT is not what it might be made. But while the average student probably blames the editors, the editors agree in laying the blame largely, if not entirely, upon the student body.

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever,"

Sang Tennyson's brook.

"New classes come, old classes go,
But the ORIENT's dull as ever,"

Seems to be the college version of the lines, occasionally varied, perchance, by the wail, when the paper is a day late,

"The seasons come, the seasons go,
But the ORIENT comes never—
Well—hardly ever."

Now, seriously, what is the trouble and at whose door shall it be laid? Here are one or two facts. From April 25, 1893; until December 1, 1893, a period of over seven months, the managing editor received exactly five stories in response to numerous requests and a liberal prize offered for the best story published. Of these, three were unavailable either for their lack of plot or poor wording. One was rewritten by one of the editors and inserted, and one was published exactly as it was written. Both of the stories used were personally solicited by the editors. In the

"Rhyme and Reason" department the record is slightly better, but nevertheless the editor in charge has been obliged to write one-half of all the poems which have appeared.

Is it any wonder that the ORIENT is not perfection?

Does the college expect that ten men can produce a paper the size of the ORIENT once in two weeks, which shall contain all the news, surpass *Puck* and *Life* in humor, and rival the literary magazines in the workmanship of its leading articles?

We are not finding fault because fault has been found with us. On the contrary, both students and alumni have treated the editors with uniform courtesy, have overlooked our numerous sins of omission and commission, and have frequently sent us a greatly appreciated word of commendation. But we do think that the attention of the college should be called to the condition of affairs, in the hope that more frequent contributions will lead to better work on the part of all concerned.

A Bowdoin Song.

To the Editors of the Bowdoin Orient:

I HAVE a piece of college news to communicate which I think will be pleasing to every undergraduate, and hardly less so to the alumni. While there has been much discussion upon the subject of a college cheer, little has been said in regard to the want of a college song. Few colleges, indeed, have a good song; but the influence of a distinctive *lied*, of something which is the exclusive property of a college, which all its sons sing whenever their hearts are stirred by love of their *Alma Mater*,—the influence of such a song is powerful beyond that of almost anything else. Even "Fair Harvard," words set to a twice-cribbed melody, has become so fully appropriated by Bowdoin's mother college that it is now an expression,

and almost the highest expression, of the love of its sons for the great institution.

I have, then, to announce that a devoted son of Bowdoin has written a song which, in its motive and in its execution, is worthy to be accepted as the college song. It is an admirable mixture of sentiment and humor. It has no tra-la-la nonsense nor is it too dignified and reminiscent. The idea of the song is presented in the first stanza and is carried out admirably through all the following verses. But I have said enough to introduce this song, by Mr. Isaac Bassett Choate, of the class of 1862, and present it to the readers of the ORIENT. I may add that these words have been set to original music and the song will first be sung in public at the Boston alumni dinner this winter, unless some other alumni association anticipates us. I am sorry to say that, while the music is "singable," it does not have the inspiring movement that a good college song should have, but if the words themselves are as inspiring to others as it seems to me they will be, there will be a Bowdoin composer who will give them a fitting setting.

EDWARD STANWOOD.

BROOKLINE, MASS., 29 November, 1893.

BOWDOIN BEATA

(*loquitur.*)

Haec mea sunt ornamenta.

Here's to the studious life,
To Bowdoin's tender caresses;
And here's to the joy in the strife
On the field of our later successes.

CHORUS:

Pledge then the man and the boy,
Pledge work ages cannot destroy,
Pledge boy and man
Of the Bowdoin clan,
Their *Alma Mater's* joy.

Here's to the boy full of glee,
To the prankish leader of revels;
And here's to the solemn D.D.
Who has faced down a legion of devils.

CHORUS.

Here's to the candidates dumb
In the presence of awful professors;
And here's to the same when they come
As Cleveland's and Packard's successors.

CHORUS.

Here's to the sensitive lad,
With a heart and a conscience tender;
And here's to the doctor, right glad
Relief from anguish to render.

CHORUS.

Here's to the awkward and raw,
To the unlicked cub of the college;
And here's to the learned in the law,
The wonder of all for his knowledge.

CHORUS.

Here's to the stammering youth,
With his dreaded and dread declamation;
And here's to the champion of Truth,
On whose words wait the ears of the nation.

CHORUS.

Here's to the suitor of Fame
Whose silence was broken in measure;
And here's to a Longfellow's name
Which Bowdoin holds fast as a treasure.

CHORUS.

Here's to the fancy just plumed
With the graces of style and of diction;
And here's to the Hawthorne that bloomed
In the magical garden of fiction.

CHORUS.

Here's to our comrades in games,
Our rivals in manly endeavor;
And here's to that long roll of names
Which Death has made glorious for ever.

CHORUS:

Pledge then the man and the boy,
Pledge work ages cannot destroy,
Pledge Bowdoin's sons,
Right loyal ones,
Their *Alma Mater's* joy.

Hollister, sub-catcher on last year's University of Pennsylvania nine, has been elected captain of the team for 1893-4.

The system of student self-government introduced at Cornell last June has been approved almost without exception.

On Pike's Peak.

"WHAT do you say to taking a coast down the Peak to-morrow?" asked Ernest Browne of his classmate, Jack Crawford.

Both were sitting on the piazza of the Iron Springs Hotel, Manitou, enjoying the evening view of Pike's Peak. They were Sophomores taking their vacation among the mountains of Colorado.

"It will be just the thing," answered his friend, heartily. "We can beat the 'Cog-Wheel' back."

Early the next morning saw them on the train with their bicycles, bound for the Peak. After reaching the summit and spending several hours in strolling about, they prepared for the ride down. Giving their overcoats to friends on the train they jumped on their wheels and were off. The first mile was done quietly, both riding slowly. The road twisted and turned about the mountain and often passed the edge of a high cliff. The mountain air was intoxicating and both men's cheeks were red with excitement.

"Let's take a spurt," suggested Jack. "We had better not try it," said his more careful friend, "the turns are too short." But before the words were said Jack was spinning swiftly away. Ernest eased up on his brake, for he did not want to be left behind. He was able to keep within sight of his friend, but his shouts for him to stop were wasted. Jack either did not, or would not, hear him. Ernest was soon left far behind, his chum sweeping on recklessly. He gave a last shout of warning and listened for a reply. After a few minutes a frightened cry, followed by a distant rattle of stones, came back to him. He hurried on and soon came upon Jack's bicycle. He threw himself to the ground and looked down into the canyon. Thirty feet below was his friend, caught by his coat to a projecting rock.

"Jack, Jack, old fellow!" he called.

"Quick, let down something to me," answered his friend.

What could he let down to him? His own clothing was so light that it would not make a rope that would reach that far. There was only one thing to do. He must go to the Half-Way House for a rope. Hastily saying a word of encouragement to Jack, he started. He hardly used the brake at all, but rode his fastest. He was wet with perspiration, not from the exercise, but from a terrible fear that his friend could not hold out until he returned from the house. When he had got the rope, the loafers about the place started up to help him. His anxiety for his friend spurred him on, and he soon left them far behind. The strain of the minutes used in going and coming was terrible. Several times he imagined his friend's fastening to the rock breaking and Jack falling the two thousand feet to the bottom of the canyon. He reached the ledge and looked over.

"Thank heaven." Jack was still safe. Hurriedly letting the rope down, he called to him to take hold. Before his friend's weight was heavy on the rope the men from the house took it from his hands.

It was a strange party that boarded the train at the Half-Way House an hour later. Two pale young men and two bicycles, one of them bent and broken, were put on by the stragglers of the place.

At the hotel that evening, the negro waiter, as he brought in their supper, noticed their haggard looks and thought them ill.

"De air on de Peak am too much for consumptionists," he muttered, little dreaming of the experience through which they had passed.

The fund for a Harvard building in memory of Phillips Brooks closes at \$77,000.

The Yale recitation periods have been changed from one hour to fifty minutes.

A Few Pertinent Questions.

TIME and time again has the question of a training table been talked of and as many times has it fallen into a profound slumber, but never has it been discussed actively enough to arouse any real enthusiasm on the subject.

Every one in college believes that a training table would be of inestimable benefit, but, alas, there has never been enough energy exerted to inquire into the matter and find out whether it is possible for Bowdoin to have one or not.

At other colleges the benefits of a training table have been clearly shown by the strides which athletics have taken there.

Why should it not be so with us?

One objection to a training table has been raised here, namely, that it would take the various men under training away from their respective clubs.

It is a pity that we could not disregard our mere personal comforts at such a time when the college good is at stake.

We have suffered defeat year after year, not because we did not have the right sort of material, but merely for the reason that the same erroneous tactics have been handed down from generation to generation, bringing about their inevitable results.

If the base-ball men ate together and thus came into closer contact than they do now, would there not be more sympathy, enthusiasm, and hard work on the part of the team? And would not this likewise result if the foot-ball team and the track athletes pursued the same course?

If we expect to do anything in the inter-collegiate meet next spring and wish to achieve victory in base-ball, we must certainly follow a much more rigorous and systematic course of training than was pursued last year.

Another question which has been laid on the shelf several times is that of an athletic field.

Here there are almost insurmountable difficulties to be overcome, but the fact stares us in the face that we must have a track of some kind before long. The only question is, how are we to obtain it?

The cost of such a field and track is certainly too much for the undergraduates to meet unaided, and it is only through graduate and outside means that we can hope to secure so valuable an addition to the college.

At the centennial next year the subject should be brought before the alumni and the great need of such a track here at Bowdoin clearly shown.

Surely these are questions which ought to warrant the Athletic Association in calling a meeting and having them discussed.

A committee should be appointed to make investigations concerning a training table and an athletic field, and it should be the duty of this committee to correspond freely with other colleges on the subject.

If it is found necessary let us send some one on a brief tour to gather all the data obtainable.

Theta Delta Chi Convention.

THE fifty-seventh annual convention of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity met in New York City, November 28th and 29th. The convention was called to order Tuesday morning in the parlors of Hotel Marlborough by President Benedict of the Grand Lodge. Delegates were present from all of the twenty-two charges of the fraternity. Among the important matters considered was the petition for a charter from the University of Wisconsin. It was recommended that the charter be granted.

Tuesday evening a theatre party was formed and the delegates attended Abbey

Theatre, where Henry Irving was playing "The Merchant of Venice." On Wednesday afternoon, after the routine work had been finished, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. G. Benedict; Secretary, W. L. Sawtelle; Treasurer, B. F. Mansfield.

In the evening a banquet was held at the Marlborough and plates laid for about one hundred and thirty. Mr. J. T. Carey of New York acted as toast-master; Rev. Lewis Halsey, D.D., delivered the poem, and Prof. E. W. Huffent, the oration.

A Joint Debate.

DURING the past term, there has been considerable said concerning a college debating society; and there are, as it seems, many here who would enjoy such an institution greatly and would take an active part in making it a success. But there is something that we may add to the plan of an ordinary debating club which would increase the interest and prove a decided benefit. That is a joint debate with Colby. It is highly probable that our sister college would willingly enter into such a contest with us if we should take the initiative. It would be a good thing for the college, as the notoriety and reputation gained by the course of Harvard and Yale in this matter shows. It could not help being beneficial to the students in more ways than one, and the intercollegiate character of the contest would alone be enough to ensure interest. Why can we not try it?

Eleven of the General Fellowships of Chicago University have been won by women.

John D. Rockefeller has recently made a conditional gift of \$500,000 toward the general fund for the University of Chicago.

Minor Booth, an eccentric citizen of Munroe, Conn., has bequeathed to Yale several large quarries for geological purposes.

The Pessimist.

WHILE all will wish to congratulate Yale University on the receipt of the sum of \$70,000 wherewith to found a chair of English Literature, it is more than probable that Bowdoin students will get quite a different suggestion, and a more selfish one. Standing now on the optimistic end of himself the writer is glad to state in a half-dozen syllables, that Bowdoin has a department of English Literature of which all of us may well be proud. The course is admirably arranged and should be considered as one of the indispensables in the curriculum. One of the leading scholars of this country has lately said that to a man desiring an easy flow of thought and word a study of Milton and Shakespeare are essential and invaluable, and we may be sure that in the latter case, at least, Bowdoin can offer a course excelled by very few contemporaries and surpassed by none.

* * * * *

And speaking of the study of Shakespeare, the Pessimist believes that he may be allowed to quote the following words of Mr. Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*, himself an ardent student of that author, and a noted thinker of the day. He says that from such a study "Things that are better than pleasure, more valuable than profit, they might thus secure. The soul will be illuminated, the intellect broadened, the spiritual nature exalted, the affections refined, the life dignified, the whole of the cherishable powers of manhood or womanhood inspired and augmented." These are the words of one who knows. Is not such an influence worthy of attainment?

* * * * *

Those were wise words uttered by President Hyde before the Senior class, the other day, when he spoke of the advantage to be

derived from a study of practical politics. And in view of those remarks, the Pessimist ventures once more to speak on this point. Too many men look on what they term "politics" as a matter of interest to a few, in which ballots and candidates and wire-pullers are mixed inextricably with torch-light processions and enthusiastic, if unrighteous, inebriation. One often hears from a young man the remark, "Oh, well, that's politics, and I don't care for that," and that is likely to be followed up with a synopsis of the latest "society" novel, or a careful review of "Town Topics" or the "Fireside Companion." Don't be afraid to study politics. Don't be willing to be the "reflector of newspaper editorials." Study your science and your language and your philosophy, if you will, but don't neglect the study of historical and practical politics, on which is founded your country's life, and to whose development you owe the happiness and comfort of your daily existence.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Carved Name.

Only a name on the closet door,
Carved fifty years ago or more;
But it meets to-day the searching eye
Of a gray old stranger, lingering by
His college home of yore.

Plainly he reads the rough-carved line;
Nothing artistic makes it fine;
'Tis only one of a hundred there,
Engraved on the battered door with care
By youths in the dead past time.

Plainly he reads, but he cannot say
What makes his heart throb so to-day;
And his young guide wonders with surprise
What causes the tears in the old man's eyes,
And his sigh as he turns away.

Realism.

A little deed forsooth it seemed.
Who could have guessed or would have dreamed
Of how it ended?
The facts, in truth, are sad to tell,
The faculty just gave them—well,
They are suspended.

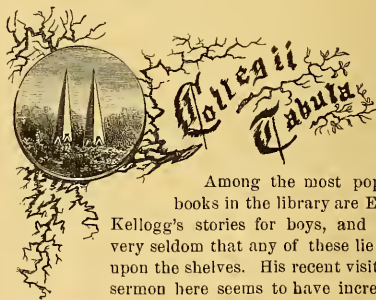
Solitude.

[From the French of Coppée.]

I know a dread and sore-polluted shrine
Where once a priest in stormy days of yore
Sought death by his own hand, and thus its door
Is ever closed to worshippers divine.

No cross the altar sanctifies, the line
Of swinging censers perfume sheds no more,
But there thro' mouldering arch the dead leaves pour
And faithful tapers there no longer shine.

My conscience is that holy place defiled;
Remorse glides o'er its stones in leaping wild,
For doubt, with sister pride, has wrought my fall.
Self-willed and weak, I feel grief's piercing blade
About my heart, bereft of that sweet shade,
The outstretched hand of Christ, which blesses all.



Among the most popular books in the library are Elijah Kellogg's stories for boys, and it is very seldom that any of these lie long upon the shelves. His recent visit and sermon here seems to have increased the interest in them, and they are more in demand than ever.

Davis, '97, is teaching in Wells.

Swan, '96, is teaching in Windham.

McCann, '93, visited the college last week.

L. K. Lee, '92, was on the campus last week.

Professor MacDonald lectured in Searsport last week.

Merriman, '92, was on the campus last week.

Goodell, '93, visited friends in college last week.

Quite a number have been on the sick list recently.

Chapman, '91, now in New York, was in town recently.

Jones, '93, was calling on friends here Friday and Saturday.

Map-making has been a favorite occupation with the Juniors lately.

Quite a number of sub-Freshmen have been on the campus lately.

The foot-ball eleven was photographed by Reed & Webber last week.

Pendleton, '90, was here last week as representative of Wright & Ditson.

Hebb, '96, has gone to Virginia, where he will canvass during the winter.

W. W. Thomas, '94, came back last week after several weeks' illness at home.

Anderson, '94, who has been out sick for some time, returned to work last week.

Strickland, '97, was obliged, by throat trouble, to go home soon after Thanksgiving.

Cold weather and storms caused a suspension of work on the Science Building last week.

Plumsted, '96, was able to go home the day before Thanksgiving, and has not returned.

Lord, '94, has been kept by sickness for some time from his duties as leader of the chapel choir.

Professor Johnson granted his French classes several adjourns last week on account of outside work.

Robinson, '87, new principal of Washington Academy, was in town recently and visited friends in college.

Upper Memorial has echoed with the eloquence of the rehearsing Sophomore prize-speakers every day for two or three weeks.

The college is still much in doubt as to the nature of the '97 yell, in spite of the fact that Thanksgiving has come and gone.

An unusually large number remained in college over the Thanksgiving recess. There were about fifty in chapel on the following Monday morning.

It is given out on authority that the faculty and jury will not push the matter relative to the singing of the chapel choir Monday morning, December 11th.

President Hyde preached at the Pine Street Congregational Church, Lewiston, December 10th, and gave the Sunday-school a short talk at the opening exercises.

At last the disputed question of the base-ball captaincy is settled. At a meeting of the members of last year's team, now in college, held December 7th, Sykes, '94, was elected to the position.

Simpson, '94, who has been teaching at Boothbay Harbor for nearly a year, returned to college last week. He will soon have his back work all squared up, and be ready to graduate with his class.

The Banjo and Guitar Club will be made up as follows: First banjos, Bryant, '94 (leader), Baxter, '94, Coburn, '96, and Russ, '95; second banjos, Bailey, '96, and Ward, '96; guitars, Bliss, '94, and Shaw, '95.

The near approach of the holiday vacation of two weeks makes the boys anxious to get home. Examination week drags slowly with only one examination a day, though many are very grateful for the spare time.

The mysterious disappearance of a two-gallon jug of cider from the team of Professor Colby, of the chair of Kerosene Distribution and Cider Supply, caused considerable amusement around North Appleton, last week.

Though a marked change for the better has been noticeable in the conduct of those using the reading-room since its recent improvements, yet all the old spirit has not been killed out, and there are a few who have yet to learn how to behave decently in a public place.

The Cumberland County Teachers' Annual Convention was held at the Brunswick High School building last Friday and Saturday, and quite a number of students attended. Addresses by Professor Robinson and Professor Chapman were the features of the sessions of Friday afternoon and evening.

During the winter term Rev. Mr. Guild, of the Unitarian church, will deliver a series of lectures upon American literature, under the auspices of the college. There will probably be seven in the series, and they will be delivered in lower Memorial. They will be open to all the students, and will offer an opportunity which few will want to miss.

The room in the library formerly known as the Sophia Walker Art Gallery is not long to remain unoccupied, now that its contents are removed to

the Art Building. Hereafter it will be of special interest to the alumni, as here will be kept the class albums and pictures, books written by the alumni, autograph letters of famous graduates, and other articles of value and interest.

Rev. W. C. Pond, '48, was on the campus a few weeks since, looking over the much-changed scenes of his college days. He visited his old room, 8 A. H., and read on the inside of the closet door his name, where he had written it nearly half a century ago. Nearly all college rooms have registers like this, but few have them so complete and systematically kept. Here, neatly arranged in order, are the autographs of all who have occupied the room, about seventy in number, since Appleton Hall was built. Every name can be plainly read, and it is a most interesting list to look over.

The attractiveness of the Brunswick girls has been a perennial theme for college song and story and productive of no end of romance. But the fact that a loose pig gave chase to a couple of the Brunswick damsels on Thanksgiving Day isn't so romantic, and not pleasant for the college youth to contemplate. The chronicler saith that the animal seemed attracted by the colors which the girls wore, blue and green. It's safe to assume that hereafter the college boy will fight shy of the girls in blue and green and the "yaggor" will be left in undisputed possession thereof.—*Kennebec Journal*.

Something in an artistic line has just appeared which will be of much interest to students and alumni. It is a Bowdoin centennial calendar designed by Miss M. A. L. Burton of Boston. Pictures of President McKeen, Hon. James Bowdoin, and President Hyde are arranged across the top. Lower down are faithful sketches of the Walker Art Building, the chapel, and Thorndike oak, and in a wreath around the whole are the names of some of the famous sons of Bowdoin, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Pierce, Cheever, Abbot, Kellogg, Howard, Chamberlain, Fuller, Cilley, Reed, and others. It is something every student will want in his room, and it makes a very pretty gift for the holidays.

Required gymnasium work began December 11th, the Juniors and Freshmen coming in the forenoon and the Seniors and Sophomores in the afternoon. It is probable that a new schedule will be arranged for the winter term. Each class has its usual drill, and the foot-ball and base-ball squads are getting to work. There was never more and better athletic material in college than now, and the winter's work promises to be an interesting and

profitable one. Already the spring exhibition is fitting before the eyes of many. Dr. Whittier will be assisted in the gymnasium by Ross, '94, Machan, '93, Kimball, Dewey and Foster, '75, Bates, '96, and others.

How many students have ever been through the Cleaveland Cabinet? Certainly not all, and far less than would be expected by those who know the value of the extensive collection in upper Massachusetts. Seldom, except when they have visitors whom they wish to show the sights, do the students, especially the under-classmen, visit the Cabinet, and then they, as well as their company, are amazed and delighted at the wonders of the numberless interesting and strange things to be seen there. This collection is one of the things of which Bowdoin has the most reason to be proud; and it is a liberal education in itself to spend a few days inspecting the contents of the large hall and galleries. No student, no matter what course he is taking, can afford to miss any of his chances to visit the Cleaveland Cabinet of Natural History.

President Hyde, Professor Moody, and Professor MacDonald, as a committee on the part of the faculty, have been making plans as to remodeling the first floor of Adams Hall before another collegiate year begins. The departments now there will take up a more commodious and elaborate abode in the Seales Science Building, and the departments of Mathematics and History will move in. For each there will be built a large lecture-room well lighted and adapted to its purpose in every way. These two halls, with two smaller rooms at the west end, will occupy the entire floor. The west entrance and stairway will be done away with, and the only entrance will be the present one on the campus side. Lower Memorial will be used as a room for meetings and lectures, but no more as a mathematical room after this year. It is uncertain whether or not the modern language rooms will be changed from Winthrop Hall.

The *Boston Journal of Education*, last week, gave a fine picture of President Hyde and the following appreciative mention: "We know of no more useful man in this country than Dr. William DeWitt Hyde, president of Bowdoin College. Into the time-honored rural college he has brought new life. His personality is a potent factor in the entire community. To each of the faculty he is a peculiar element of strength; to every young man he is all that Garfield described Mark Hopkins as being; to the State of Maine he is a great moral, religious,

and intellectual leader; in the college councils of the land he is a wise counselor; in national educational circles his voice is as often heard as that of any other college man, and in authorship he has already won an honorable position. One of the youngest of the fraternity, coming to the work from a New York pastorate, he has made himself a leader among leaders in scholastic circles."

Following is the programme of the Sophomore prize speaking to be held in Upper Memorial, Thursday evening, December 21st:

Speech on Federal Election Law.—Spooners.

Preston Kyes, North Jay.

Retributive Justice.—Corwin.

Charles Arnold Knight, Brunswick.

Marc Antony's Address.—Shakespeare.

Howard Gilpatrick, Biddeford.

Eulogy on LaFayette.—Everett.

John Clair Minot, Belgrade.

Scene at the Great Natural Bridge.—Burritt.

Herbert Otis Clough, Kennebunkport.

The Unknown Speaker.

Alfred Perley Ward, Freeport.

How Salvator Won.—Wilson.

John Harold Bates, West Sumner.

Catiline's Defiance.—Croly.

Henry Wheeler Coburn, Weld.

How Conrad Held the Bridge.—Pyle.

Charles Winslow Marston, Hallowell.

Death of Arnold.—Lippard.

Robert Orange Small, Berlin Mills, N. H.

The Last Leaf.—Holmes.

George Theodore Ordway, Boston.

What America Has Done for the World.—Verplanck.

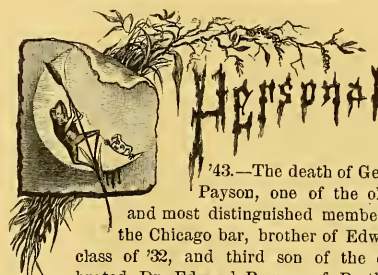
Clarence Edgar Baker, Aina.

The committee of arrangements is made up of Minot, Knight, and Small.

At a meeting of the base-ball managers of the four colleges constituting the league, held in Waterville, last Saturday, Bowdoin was awarded the championship for 1893. A new constitution was drawn up, which will have to be ratified by each college before being adopted. Under the wording of this proposed constitution, Medical students will be eligible to the team. Bowdoin was represented by Manager Thomas, '94, and Captain Sykes, '94. The schedule for 1894 is as follows:

May 2, . . .	Bowdoin vs. Bates, . .	at Brunswick.
May 2, . . .	Colby vs. M. S. C., . .	at Waterville.
May 5, . . .	Colby vs. Bowdoin, . . .	at Lewiston.
May 8, . . .	Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., . .	at Brunswick.
May 9, . . .	Bowdoin vs. Colby, . . .	at Waterville.
May 9, . . .	Bates vs. M. S. C., . . .	at Lewiston.
May 12, . . .	Bowdoin vs. Bates, . . .	at Lewiston.
May 12, . . .	Colby vs. M. S. C., . . .	at Bangor.
May 18, . . .	Bates vs. M. S. C., . . .	at Bangor.
May 19, . . .	Bates vs. Colby, . . .	at Waterville.

May 22, . . .	Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., . .	at Bangor.
May 23, . . .	Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., . .	at Waterville.
May 26, . . .	Bowdoin vs. Colby, . . .	at Brunswick.
May 30, . . .	Bates vs. Colby, . . .	at Brunswick.
June 2, . . .	Bowdoin vs. Bates, . . .	at Waterville.
June 6, . . .	Bowdoin vs. Colby, . . .	at Lewiston.
June 8, . . .	Bates vs. M. S. C., . . .	at Waterville.
June 9, . . .	Colby vs. M. S. C., . . .	at Waterville.



'43.—The death of George Payson, one of the oldest and most distinguished members of the Chicago bar, brother of Edward, class of '32, and third son of the celebrated Dr. Edward Payson of Portland, who died about 1829, occurred at his home in Chicago on December 1st. Mr. Payson was seventy years of age and had spent enough of his life in Chicago to be reckoned as one of the city's pioneers. Nervous prostration, with serious complications which old age could not stand, was the cause of his death. Mr. Payson had been ill since last June and unable to attend to business. In September he went to California in the hope of benefiting his health, but was obliged to return home in the latter part of October without any change for the better. He leaves a widow, one son and a daughter. The latter are George S. Payson, an attorney, and Margaret, a young lady who recently completed her schooling. Mr. Payson was born in Portland, May 26, 1824, and fitted for college at Portland Academy. About 1850, when the California gold excitement was at its height, he, with two brothers, went thither round Cape Horn. A few years later, after his return, he wrote their experience in "Golden Dreams and Leaden Realities." Later he published a novel called "Totemwell," a tale of New England country life. In 1856 he came to Chicago and begun the practice of his profession, continuing with unvarying success. In 1857 Mr. Payson returned to Maine and married Miss Margaret Codman, daughter of Randolph A. L. Codman, one of the greatest lawyers of the Pine Tree State. In 1874 he took up the branch of patent law and confined himself almost entirely to cases of that character. It was then that he became general counsel for the

Western Railroad Association, which position he held up to the time of his death, combining with its duties during latter years those of treasurer of the association.

'44.—General Samuel J. Anderson and family have gone to Boston. After the holidays they will go South for the winter.

'46.—From Dr. Myles Standish, '75, we have received the following notice of Dr. Fogg, whose death was noticed in our last issue: "John S. H. Fogg of South Boston, Mass., recently deceased, was a charter member of Theta Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon. He was graduated M.D., Harvard University, 1850, and has lived in Boston since that date. He was a member of the school board of Boston in 1854, and again in 1863-1874; a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1855. He was twice married; first, to Sarah Frances Gordon of South Berwick, Me., and second, to Mary Griselda Clinch of Boston, Mass. Dr. Fogg was confined to his room for many years before his decease, and while there became one of the best authorities upon autographs in the country. He contributed many valuable papers to the New England Genealogical Register and possessed a collection of autographs valued at \$25,000. Dr. Fogg's collection of autographs has been left to his wife during her life, afterward to the Maine Historical Society. It contains autographs of all British rulers since Henry VII., all Presidents, Vice-Presidents, signers of the Declaration of Independence, and many other groups, and is one of the finest collections in the country. Various accounts of it have appeared recently in the daily papers.

'50.—Gen. O. O. Howard, commander of the eastern division of the United States Army, spoke at the unveiling of the Nathan Hale statue in New York on Evacuation Day.

'52.—At the meeting of the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion, held in Portland on Wednesday, December 6th, Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain delivered an interesting paper on "The White Oak Road, March 31st, 1865."

'54.—Lieutenant-Colonel H. Clay Wood has recently been promoted to a colonely in the Adjutant General's Department, U. S. Army.

'57.—Charles W. Pickard, of Portland, has recently presented the library with fifty volumes of unbound periodicals and fifty of current literature.

'58.—Hon. Edward Bowdoin Nealley, of Bangor, recently gave a dinner to Senator Eugene Hale in that city.

'60.—Gen. John Marshall Brown is president of the corporation of P. H. & S. M. Brown which has just been organized in Portland.

'60.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed was present at the dinner of the Home Market Club in Boston on November 22d. He and Major McKinley were the club's guests on the occasion.

'61.—Hon. L. A. Emery is holding a term of court in Arcostook County.

'64, Medical.—Dr. John A. Larrabee, of Louisville, Ky., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Children in the Hospital College of Medicine, was elected President of that institution in June last. Dr. Larrabee is one of the most prominent and best-known specialists in diseases of children in the South and West.

'65.—J. F. Dudley, vice-president of the Etna Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., has given a good turkey Thanksgiving dinner to the boys of Good Will Farm.

'73.—The annexationists at Hawaii held a mass-meeting November 28th. There were probably 1,000 persons present at the meeting. F. M. Hatch, vice-president of the Provisional Government, presided and appealed to Congress against the Executive. He held that Secretary Gresham does not know international law. He claimed the Provisional Government never submitted its right to the United States. Frank M. Hatch is mentioned as likely to be appointed minister of foreign affairs under the provisional government if a bill is passed for separation of the offices of president of the provisional government and the minister of foreign affairs. He is a native of Portsmouth, N. H., about 42 years of age. Soon after graduation he went to Honolulu to continue his law studies in the office of his uncle, the late Chief Justice Harris. He has been prominent as a legal adviser and annexationist. His father, the late Albert R. Hatch, was one of the prosperous lawyers and politicians of New Hampshire.

'73.—Judge Wiswell opened a term of court in Somerset County on the 19th.

'73.—Hon. George S. Mower has recently been elected to the South Carolina State Senate. He is practicing law in Newberry, S. C.

'78.—Philip Greeley Brown is treasurer of the corporation of P. M. & J. M. Brown, of Portland, Me.

'85.—Alfred W. Rogers, for the past three years superintending principal of Greenport Union School, Greenport, L. I., is now principal of the high school in Millbury, Mass.

'90.—Dr. George A. Tolman will begin the practice of medicine at Dover, N. H., and has left for that city.

'91.—Charles S. F. Lincoln graduates from the Hospital College of Medicine of Louisville, Ky., in June, 1894.

Book Reviews.

("Die Erhebung Europas gegen Napoleon I.," von Heinrich von Sybel. Edited by A. B. Nichols. Ginn & Co., Boston, 1893.)

The editor of the present volume could scarce have selected more useful and, at the same time, more instructive material for class work than that here presented. Three lectures delivered by Professor Sybel at the University of Munich and dealing with the critical period of European history between 1789 and 1815, furnish the subject matter. The aim of the book is, as the editor says in his preface, to encourage the student to intelligent, rapid reading rather than to careful study of the text. To this end, copious notes have been added, explanatory of the more important historical allusions.

Both in subject matter and in treatment the book is admirably adapted to advanced work in German.

(*Laboratory Guide in General Chemistry*, by George Willard Benton, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co.) In this compact volume, work is laid out for a twenty weeks' course; instruction is given for the successful performance of over one hundred and fifty experiments, in general inorganic chemistry. That the great principles may be developed and results understood the statements and experiments are made as plain and as simple as possible. Blank pages are inserted where the student can supplement the work with facts of his own observations.

(*Vergil's Æneid*, Eighth Book, edited by John Tetlow, D.Sc. Ginn & Co.) To the average student of the classics the books beyond the Sixth of the Æneid are unfamiliar, notwithstanding the fact that the last six differ widely in character from those of the first, the former being a narrative of war and conquest, like the Iliad, the latter, a story of adventure comparing well with the Odyssey. A better idea of the whole work can be obtained by an occasional excursion into the field of the later

books, and great relief afforded the teacher who is compelled to go over the same ground each year.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, has for some time been at work with Miss Kate Stephens, on a compilation of English prose and poetry for young folks. This compilation is now ready, and is soon to be published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, under the title of "The Heart of Oak Books."

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have in press for immediate issue an edition of Scheffel's Ekkehard, edited by Professor Carla Wenckebach of Wellesley College.

This unique and famous work of German literature is exceedingly valuable for class purposes and for private reading, alike for its highly interesting narrative and for the faithful picture it presents of certain phases of German life and history in the middle ages. As the complete work is rather long for ordinary courses, and contains, besides, digressions of minor interest and unconnected with the narrative, the editor has reduced its length considerably, thereby putting the work into convenient limits, while preserving essentially the whole.

The publishing house of Miles & Thompson is about to issue a work entitled "Ornaments in Music, —Described and Illustrated," from the pen of the well-known Boston musician, Mr. Harry F. Fay.

Bearing the impress of a strong personality, the book presents and illustrates theories and opinions in a way which will be taken practical advantage of by students and lovers of music who think.

Its general appearance is attractive and dainty, and creditable to both author and publishers.

College World.

AN ADAGE.

A certain ancient saying's true
When a man has loved and won,
For when a kiss unites the two,
"Two heads are better than one."

—Brunonian.

Amherst College holds class prayer-meetings.

The authorities of the Kentucky University have put a stop to sports on account of the gambling they occasioned.

Chicago University professors are deprived of the title, and henceforth are "Mr."

The late Francis Parkman, the historian, left his entire library to Harvard.

WON THE POT.

That little hand!
 I hold it firm in mine
 And scan its outlines fine.
 My eyes expand,
 And grow with love intense and strong:
 I gaze upon it fond and long,
 That little hand!

That little hand!
 It is so smooth, so pure and white,
 And covered o'er with diamonds quite,
 In beauty grand.
 Oh, how I love it! See me press
 It to my lips in fond caress,
 That little hand!

That little hand!
 There are no others fair as you!
 I lay you down, and gladly, too,
 With manner bland.
 It was a diamond flush and straight!
 Soon may I hold its charming mate!
 That little hand!—*Columbia Spectator*.

Harvard has established a meteorological office on top of the volcano of Arequipa, Peru, 19,000 feet above sea level.

Columbia College offers free tuition for the course to the Freshman passing the best entrance examination. This tuition is equivalent to \$680 in money.

In England, one man in 5,000 attends college; in Scotland one in 615; in Germany one in 213; in the United States one in 2,000.

It is reported that Chicago University is tending towards a strictly graduate school such as will rival the highest universities of Europe.

Greek is no longer required for admission into Williams.

WINGED RICHES.

I would I were the dainty hat
 Perched lightly on my lady's brow;
 For then I know that I'd be worth
 A darn site more than I am now.

—*Lehigh Burr*.

Thirty young women have applied for admission to Yale's post-graduate department. Eight of them are from Smith.

Trinity's most recent gifts amount to \$70,000.

Union College will celebrate its centennial in 1895.

Absences are not reported at the University of Chicago until the end of the year. A student having more than thirty is required to take one extra course for the next year.

The rule requiring church attendance has been dispensed with at Adelbert.

Miss Bertha Lomme, who has recently taken the degree of electrical engineer at the Ohio State University, is said to be the first woman in the world to receive this degree. Mr. Edison says women are especially fitted for electrical work on account of their delicacy of touch.

SHE SMILES.

She smiles!
 The parting clouds of heavenly blue,
 Which let the mellow sunlight through,
 Reveal a far less lovely light
 Than her sweet smile, so true, so bright.

She laughs!
 The silvery tone of bell or chime,
 The skylark's hymn in summer time,
 Not half so sweetly greet my ear
 As her light laugh, so full, so clear.

—*Trinity Tablet*.

Foot-ball in every form has been prohibited by the University at Heidelberg, Germany. They draw the line at dueling, and will allow nothing more dangerous.

Hazing is unpopular in Ohio. The State Senate has provided penalties ranging from a \$100 fine to a term in the penitentiary for the different phases of this misdemeanor.

Two hundred and sixty graduate students are enrolled at Johns Hopkins.

Joseph Pulitzer has contributed \$100,000 toward the Columbia College building fund of \$2,000,000, in order to assist capable and ambitious poor boys to obtain a college education.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, gives the average salary of college presidents as \$3,047, of college professors \$2,015, and of instructors as \$1,470.

The University of California has two blind students taking regular work, and one has distinguished himself as a thinker and speaker.

The sum of \$55,000 has been collected by American ladies for the furtherance of the higher medical education of women in Johns Hopkins.

At the commencement of Roanoke College the valedictorian was a full-blooded Indian of the Choctaw nation. S. J. Homer was his name.

The subscriptions for the new Dental School at Harvard amount to \$16,000.

The University of Michigan has enrolled two Chinese women as students.

Cornell is endeavoring to form a debating league with Columbia, Pennsylvania, and University of Michigan.

Girard College has an endowment of \$12,500,000.

The late Mrs. Ellen Battell Eldridge has left \$59,000 to Yale in three bequests. The first, of \$20,000, will be devoted to the Battell professorship of music; the second, of \$25,000, will go toward founding two graduate scholarships or fellowships to be named in memory of the donor; and the third, of \$15,000, will be added to the university library fund.

A DECISION.

As a maid so nice,
With step precise
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped: her care in vain.
And at the fall,
With usual gall,
The school-boys call

"Third down; two feet to gain."

—Brunonian.

Three of the books on Political Economy of Prof. R. T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, have been translated into Japanese.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard will be the Trumbull, lecturer on poetry at Johns Hopkins this winter.

The Phormio of Terence is being rehearsed by the Classical Clubs of Harvard for presentation at the Sanders theatre.

There is considerable agitation at Tufts regarding the postponing of fraternity initiations until the Sophomore year of the candidate.

A DECEPTIVE MISSIVE.

When the mail brought this letter for me
My joy I could hardly restrain,
For I thought it was written by Maud,
In her usual light, airy vein.

I opened the seal but, alas,
The contents weren't what I supposed.
Yet I'll own they were airy and light,
'Twas my gas-bill I found there inclosed.

—Trinity Tablet.

Of the 3,000 students enrolled at the University of Berlin, 800 are Americans.

The University of Michigan has a fraternity which admits both sexes to its membership.

Illinois University, having acquired the fish exhibit which attracted so much attention at the World's Fair, is building an aquarium.

The traditional "college fence" at Yale, which was removed to give place to Vanderbilt Hall, is to be rebuilt, at the request of the undergraduates.

The students in Iowa College have subscribed \$10,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has appropriated \$85,000 for athletic grounds and buildings for the State University.

The Yale commons has a seating capacity of 420.

The State University of Nebraska has an enrollment of 1500 students this fall.

A little miss,
A little kiss,
A little bliss,
It's ended.
A little jaw,
A little law,

And lo, the bonds are rended.

—Fisk Herald.

A new psychological review will make its appearance this year under the editorial care of Professors Baldwin of Princeton and Cattell of Columbia.

Bates College contemplates erecting a \$150,000 library as a memorial to the late James G. Blaine. He was one of the trustees.

Professor Goodwin of Columbia has offered to assume the entire debt of the Athletic Union of that institution, amounting to \$2,500.





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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JANUARY 24, 1894.

No. 12.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The ORIENT seldom speaks editorially of the secret fraternities existing in Bowdoin save in the most general way. The rivalry between them makes the subject a delicate one, and the difficulty is increased by the cry of "partisanship" that is sure to arise if an individual fraternity is named or indicated. Then, too, it is almost inevitable that any criticism, in however fair and sincere spirit it may be made, be taken as a slur on the society mentioned, or as an attempt to belittle it or bring it into disrepute. Therefore, before touching on this half-forbidden theme we wish to say frankly and truthfully that we have no wish to cast the least reflection on any fraternity, nor are we seeking, in the remotest degree, to praise and magnify any society at the expense of any others. We simply wish to express the honest opinion of many graduates and under-graduates in regard to the conditions of fraternity life in Bowdoin, with especial reference to what we may term "College Politics."

There must in the nature of things be constant rivalry between six fraternities, all pursuing similar ends and essentially the same in spirit and purpose. It might be allowable to ask what these aims are, and whether the acquiring of offices for members

is the chief end of fraternity life, but passing over this we will consider briefly the threatening evil from a purely materialistic standpoint. Look at the facts as though you were a disinterested party. What college election of the last two years can you mention in which some if not all the candidates were elected on purely "party" lines, the "parties" consisting of the members of some two or more fraternities whose imagined common interests held them together? How many men elected to the management of the various departments of our athletic work can say that they were elected purely for their capabilities and without the aid of a "combine"? How numerous are the cases we all recall in which a nominee has withdrawn from an office to which he aspired and which he could have filled with honor, because of society pressure, his resignation leaving the place open to a less desirable man, simply because the former's fraternity desired another office which they deemed of more importance. The recent elections of base-ball and foot-ball captains are cases in point. One may not find fault with the selection made in either case, but the hard feeling engendered has not yet subsided.

The injury done the athletic interests of the college is apparent. The feeling of indifference which characterizes winter training among us is the direct result of these fraternity strifes and the antagonisms aroused by them. One man will not train because he considers himself defeated for the captaincy by unfair means, another because he recalls some slighting remark of his victorious opponents, while a third bluntly declares that nothing can make him train under the supervision of a member of such and such a society. One party is always dissatisfied and maintains a constantly critical attitude. Harmony is all essential whenever combined effort is required, and in

a hard-fought match the inharmonious nine or eleven must always go to the wall.

We have said nothing of this evil as it appears in class elections. Among forty men who have been constantly together for two or three years, fraternity feeling, however strong, would seem powerless to occasion bitter disputes and questionable schemes to obtain the ascendancy. And yet it does. When two or three delegations deliberately form a plan to secure every office in the gift of the class, it is time to call a halt. But this has been done, or at least attempted, and more than once. If even class pride is not proof against the foe, what can avail?

A graduate, himself an ardent fraternity man, and now prominent in his profession, writes: "As far as the athletic interests of the old college are concerned I regard the fraternities as the chief obstacles to championship teams. It would be better for Bowdoin's athletics if every chapter were extinct." We are not prepared to fully endorse this view, for we regard the trouble as one due to fraternity ambition, crystallized by the custom of succeeding years, and not as an evil co-existent with fraternity life.

A practical opportunity of deciding whether society feeling is supreme over class and college loyalty will occur in the approaching class and athletic elections. We do not expect a revolution in sentiment. Most good things are of slow growth. But we hope and believe that a more patriotic and liberal sentiment will eventually prevail. Let every one remember that although he is a fraternity man he is first of all a Bowdoin man.

A MOMENTARY hesitancy on the part of the editor as to whether a certain article should be finally domiciled in the ORIENT or in the waste-basket, resulted in the resolution to establish a new department, which

appears in this number under the title of "Inter Nos." We shall endeavor in this department to introduce a somewhat new element into the ORIENT, a series of articles lighter in treatment than the average effusion. We do not vouch for their literary excellence, or for their merit as would-be "funny" sketches. We do, however, believe that the sombre succession of "Hints on Chapel Etiquette," "Suggestions," and "Odes to the Chapel Towers," should be relieved by an attempt at something less funereal. The permanence of the arrangement will depend upon the support the column receives, both in the comment of the students and contributions from them.

BOWDOIN'S graduates are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the college needs no better advertisement. Honorable positions fall to their lot in the West as in the East. The brilliancy of the little group of Bowdoin alumni residing in Washington has often been commented upon, and the other large cities have no reason to be ashamed of the Bowdoin men in their midst.

We give elsewhere a brief account of the recent meetings of the Washington and New York Alumni Associations, and in the Rhyme and Reason column, by the kindness of Mr. James McKeen, President of the Bowdoin Alumni Association, present a sonnet read by him at the New York meeting.

THE subject of a college whist tournament was broached last winter, but so late in the term that the scheme was deemed impracticable. The game has many devotees and a contest would be of general interest. We suggest that steps be taken at once by those interested to bring about a tournament, either between representatives of the fraternities and non-society men, or open to all

pairs who care to compete. There are plenty of men ready to play, and all that is needed is some one to set the ball in motion.

At the Fair.

CHICAGO, with its lofty buildings and smoking chimneys, was basking in the sunlight of one of August's hottest days. The crowd, stretching through the gates of the Fair Grounds, in and around the different buildings, and through the many streets and ways, walked listlessly along, rarely stopping to study any of the marvelous exhibits spread out before it. All wore an air of weariness. Even the guards lost their habitual air of stolid indifference and sought the shade of trees or buildings; and the chairmen were less clamorous for a passenger than usual. The men were noticed to gather in the German gardens, while the women, under wide-spread parasols, strolled leisurely along or seated themselves in the shade and waited for their escorts to rejoin them.

One young man in particular, leaning on his cane under the shade of a friendly tree, and looking reflectively at the tips of his shoes, presented an especially thoughtful appearance, accounted for by the fact of his approaching departure after a stay of only two weeks. He couldn't really see why people should wear themselves out in the attempt to see things that weren't so very interesting after all. He had ridden on the Ferris wheel, and visited state and national buildings and buildings of all sorts, which contained a great deal of what might interest a man much more *blasé* with the sights of the world than Harry Harwood believed himself to be.

But then he must be somewhat pardoned when one takes into consideration that barely two months had elapsed since he had graduated from a university with honors; and, moreover, that he was tired and warm.

He had tramped all day, passing rapidly from one object to another, and from building to building, until his head whirled with the multitude of things he had seen, and he longed to get away from it all, back to the sea-side and his yacht.

As he was thinking seriously of returning to his lodgings and packing his things in readiness for the early morning train, it occurred to him that he had omitted to look up that picture of Forrester's, an artist friend of his, which he had promised certainly to do. So, in pursuance of this idea he turned his steps towards the art building. To be sure he felt no real interest or curiosity in regard to the picture itself, but he decided to hunt it up, just to please his friend and carry out his promise. Obtaining a catalogue of art exhibits he ran over the list rapidly. At sight of the familiar name of his friend he remembered that Forrester was also coming to the fair with his family, and would probably be there in a very few days. And he thought how disappointed his friend would be when he found that he had gone away.

But he decided it would be better for Forrester if he wasn't there, for he was so tired with sight-seeing that he would only be a bore to him, and he could explain it all when they met at the sea-side. Soon he approached a part of the gallery entirely deserted, save for a few stragglers here and there. Consulting his catalogue again and referring to the numbers of the pictures, he came at length to the object of his search. He first got a comfortable seat in good light, and then turned to study the picture.

His first glance drew from him an exclamation of surprise and admiration: "Whew! Frank has fairly surpassed himself here." And then followed a long contemplative study of the picture before him. It portrayed a scene in early summer. A background of trees with freshly-tinted leaves, here and

there relieved by a blossoming cherry-tree, and above all a perfect spring sky dotted with fleecy clouds, showed the artist a devoted lover and admirable imitator of nature. But in the foreground, and what claimed all the notice and admiration of the observer, was a slight girlish figure, half turned toward one, and reaching upward for a cluster of apple-blossoms. The head in perfectly natural pose, with its finely-proportioned features and dark lustrous eyes, would have furnished a fascinating study for any lover of the beautiful.

Harwood, gazing delightedly at this representation of grace and beauty, forgot that he was tired and worn out with sight-seeing, and did not even think of the statement he had made only a little while previous, that he had seen all there was worth seeing at the fair. But instead, settling back comfortably in his chair, he gave himself up to dreamy fancies and musings of his absent friend.

"What is there," he thought, "in that face that reminds me of Frank? It can't be the nose—nor the chin—nor yet the mouth, because Frank is making an attempt at a moustache"; and he laughed softly to himself. "But—yes, it must be the eyes, although there aren't many women blessed with such beautiful ones as dear old Frank possesses. I guess he must have taken those from a mirror. How strange it would seem if one met in real life the original of such a picture."

"Well, I should like to see Frank before I go away, but I suppose I will have to wait till he is through with the fair, and gets back to New York. How he will enjoy looking through these galleries, and I should like to share the pleasure with him, if I weren't so tired of it all."

Just at this point a rustling at one side attracted his attention and disturbed his thoughts. A trifle irritated at having his meditations interrupted he turned to look at the intruder. But even as he looked at the

face of a young lady, attentively studying a portrait which had caught her fancy, he thought himself gazing on the picture before him. The resemblance at the first hurried glance was startling. Amazed, he turned to look at the picture again, and then back to the living face. The likeness was too real to be a mere fancied similarity of features or expression; it must be the very face his friend had sketched.

As he noted how truly his friend had copied every detail of feature and appearance of the face before him, and was dimly speculating who she might be, he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and heard a familiar voice saying: "Harry, old man, how are you?"

Turning, he grasped his friend's hand, and was about to ask him the question with which his mind was full, when, to his great surprise, he saw the young lady advancing toward them, and heard Forrester saying: "I believe you have not met my sister, Harry." After the introduction she asked: "How long do you remain in Chicago, Mr. Harwood?"

"I have not yet decided," he answered, "a week or two at the least, and I hope that you and Frank will allow me the pleasure of accompanying you in your sight-seeing. Perhaps I might be of some aid as a guide."

Alumni Association of New York City.

THE annual meeting and banquet of the Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York City and vicinity was held at the Hoffman House, Wednesday evening, January 10, 1894. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Wm. A. Abbott; Vice-Presidents, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, John Goodenow, Wm. J. Curtis, Dr. F. W. Ring, F. R. Upton; Corresponding Secretary, Lincoln A. Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. F.

H. Dillingham; Executive Committee, A. F. Libby, Charles L. Clarke, H. W. Grindal, Dr. W. O. Plimpton, George E. Moulton, P. P. Simmons, E. H. Cook, G. F. Harriman.

Appropriate resolutions on the death of Judge Granville P. Hawes, '60, were drawn up. One of the most pleasing incidents of the evening was the receiving of a poem written for the occasion, entitled "An Imaginary Visit to Old Bowdoin," from Isaac McLellan, class of '26, and the oldest living alumnus in New York. Mr. McLellan was a classmate of John S. C. Abbott and a personal friend of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cillely, Bridge, and Bradbury. After a most pleasant evening the banqueters finally and reluctantly adjourned.

Among those present were President Hyde, Dr. G. F. Jackson, '50, Hon. J. H. Goodenow, '52, Thomas H. Hubbard and E. B. Merrill, '57, Wm. A. Abbott, '58, Geo. E. Moulton, '62, James McKeen, '64, Dr. F. W. Ring, '69, James A. Roberts, '70, Charles L. Clarke, Wm. J. Curtis, Geo. F. Harriman, and Parker P. Simmons, '75, Dr. Frederic H. Dillingham, '77, H. W. Grindal, '80, W. H. Hubbard, '90, H. E. Cutts and H. S. Chapman, '91, and Roberts, '95.

Washington Alumni Meeting.

THURSDAY evening, January 11th, the Washington (D.C.) Association of Bowdoin Alumni held its annual meeting and dinner, and as usual it proved one of the notable occasions of the Washington winter. This association is not a large one, but as one speaker aptly said: "If old Bowdoin had no more to show for her hundred years of work than the little group of men around that table, she yet might well feel repaid for the time, the money, and the effort she has expended."

There were less than thirty sons of Bowdoin present, and of this number one was a

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, two Senators, one Representative, a major-general of the army in command of a department, two others who have the title of general, and a number of others who are equally successful in other lines of life that have not given them so much public prominence. There was present a member of the President's cabinet, who, though not a son of Bowdoin, ranks as one of her grandsons, as his father took his degree at the old Maine college under the whispering pines.

The dinner was presided over by Chief Justice Fuller, the president of the Washington Alumni Association. Prior to the banquet a brief business session was held, and officers elected for the ensuing year as follows: Chief Justice Fuller, President; Senator William P. Frye and Llewellyn Deane, Vice-Presidents; Stephen D. Fessenden, Treasurer; Professor J. W. Chickering, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. James C. Strout, Recording Secretary, and Executive Committee, Gen. Ellis Spear, chairman; Mr. W. H. Owen, Mr. F. E. Dennett, J. N. Whitney, and H. L. Prince.

Shortly after seven o'clock dinner was announced and the guests left the parlor where they had gathered informally and entered one of the large dining-rooms, where the table was arranged in the shape of the letter T. Chief Justice Fuller occupied the seat of honor at the center of the head table. At his right sat President William DeW. Hyde. At his left was Secretary Hoke Smith, whose father, Mr. H. H. Smith, had sent a letter of regret at his inability to be present at this celebration of his fellow-alumni. The others who were present were Dr. J. E. Rankin, President of Howard University, Senator Frye, Senator Washburn, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, S. I. Kimball, Amos Allen, Llewellyn Deane, F. E. Dennett, F. O. Fish, S. S. Gardner, C. S. Noyes, Col. William H. Owen, Benjamin W.

Pond, Howard L. Prince, Woodbury Pulsifer, Rev. Frank Sewall, Gen. Fred D. Sewall, Gen. Ellis Spear, James C. Strout, L. D. M. Sweat, Chas. H. Verrill, Henry D. Whitcomb, J. N. Whitney, and Dr. D. P. Wolhaupter.

Mr. Dean acted as toast-master, and read several letters of regret from absent members. Gen. Spear read an eloquent eulogy on Commodore Horatio Bridge, '25, a member of the association who has died within the year. The leading after-dinner speakers were President Hyde, Secretary Smith, Gen. Howard, Senator Frye, Hon. T. B. Reed, Senator Washburn, Dr. Rankin, and ex-Congressman Sweat, all of whose efforts were well worthy the speakers and full of loving and eulogistic words for old Bowdoin.

Inter Nos.

"E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan child in one."

NO MEN are perfect, therefore college men are not perfect. The deduction is simple, true, and (to some of us at least) pleasing, for is not a flavor of wickedness generally attractive? In some cases the flavor may become too strong, but the true golden mean is often found and in it we delight. Take any example of such a college man you may know of. You scoff at his learning, joke about his follies, scold him for his heedlessness, but you like him. You know his time is not all well spent, that he may be "A-wasting Christian kisses on a 'eathen idol's foot," but still you welcome his approach and secretly regret his departure. "He is different," you say, "I don't approve of him, but, somehow, I like to have him around." You read in the morning newspaper of some new scrape. "Ridiculous!" you exclaim and then, when you see the reprobate, proceed to laugh with him instead of

giving him the good advice you had decided upon.

These same newspapers, you will notice, always present his worse side. They do not hesitate to call him hard names. But you pass lightly over his foibles. Say to yourself, if you will, that

"'E's all 'ot sand and ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead,"

And, again quoting Kipling, sorrowfully admit that

"'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree."

But you always remember that his heart is in the right place, that his word is as good (or better) than his bond; and that his code of ethics involves the concealment of his merits and the flaunting exhibition of his faults.

No one can blame you for liking him. There is a gleam of mystery about his student life and associates, a touch of recklessness in his talk, an odd combination of manliness and boyishness in his demeanor, which combine to interest you. He is brightness personified. He flippantly contrives to tell you that he is head over ears in debt and the next moment asks you to accept a costly gift, or, with equal nonchalance, requests a loan of ten dollars. He is startling; he is unique; but he is undeniably attractive.

And if the popular idea of a college as a place

"Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst"

does occasionally come into your head, get rid of it as soon as you can. It's wrong.

A dramatic society has been organized at Brown called the Hammer and Tongs society. Members are elected only from students who have been in the university at least two years, although any student may take part in the productions of the society. The society expects to produce a play shortly. Positions on the cast will be given through competition.

Rhyme and Reason.

Sonnet.

[Read by James McKeen, Esq., at the New York Alumni Dinner.]

No wooded slopes of Helicon allure
The youth who tread the breezy pine-clad plain
Of Brunswick. But the babbling brooks as pure
As Grecian founts, where heavenly muses reign,
Wend seaward. And the river plunges there
And finds Nirvana in the absorbing tide.
Echoing the greater thundering roar from where
The rocky islands stem the billows wide,
Islands as fair as those where Sappho sang.
No mediæval minster with its towers,
But heavenward-pointing granite spires, whence
rang
The college curfew in those days of ours
When art was short and boyish hopes were strong,
And merry voices chorused Bowdoin's ways.

Down by the Sea.

(An Old Story in New Words.)

Down by the sea in summer-time,
Where dash the rolling waves sublime,
Alone there walked a maiden fair,
With rosy cheeks and nut-brown hair.

From out the city came, one day,
A joyous youth, that self-same way,
And walked, with happy heart and free,
Upon the beach, beside the sea.

Down by the sea in summer-time,
Where dash the rolling waves sublime,
Upon the cliffs, across the sand,
A maid and youth walked *hand in hand*.

Penelope.

I see her sitting in the morning sun
That makes a halo of her golden hair,
And lights with longing fires the eyes so fair,
Grown dim with watching for the lingering one.

The sails are gleaming on the shining sea,
The roving waves are laughing at her feet,
And far away she hears, so faint and sweet,
The rowers singing in their morning glee.

The sea-birds wheel and circle o'er the tide
With swift and mighty wings their distant flight.
And yet no message bring they from the height
That folds the wanderer from his loved one's side.

Her hands are weary and her heart is sad.

She weaves in vain the fated web that seems

A burial shroud to her, and longing dreams
Of him whose face alone could make her glad.

Far in the spring-time of the earth, apart

She stands, cloud-wrapped in mythic mists,
and yet

Through all the years the world cannot forget
The loving sorrows of one faithful heart.

The Pessimist.

WE HAVE heard a good deal of late concerning the augmented finances of Bowdoin College, and it seems a fit time to propose that a small portion of these funds be set aside for the purpose of providing proper modes of heating for the various recitation rooms on the campus. During the winter term the chapel is never more than partially warmed, while the students who have recitations during the first hour or two of the morning frequently find gloves and ulsters necessary in the rooms in Memorial Hall. To men suffering from colds and the peculiar disease now termed winter cholera, such a state of things is something more serious than disagreeable, and the evil should be remedied at once.

* * * * *

There are certain conditions under which mortal man seems justified in having thoughts not sweet concerning his rightful superiors. Such are those lately imposed on several members of the Junior history class, as a result of their last term's work. In the first place the conditions were a surprise, as they struck men who were supposed to be capable of doing meritorious work. It also appears from that latter fact, as well as from the method of "making up" allowed by the instructor, that the conditions were not given so much on account of really low rank as on the ground that the students marked were

not doing their full amount of work, and that it would be a great scheme to drop some hot shot among their parents and friends in the hope of thus forcing a reformation.

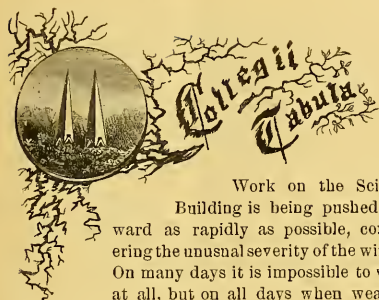
At any rate the conditions went home, and the students got the benefit of them, and are now spending hours of reverent contemplation of the ranking system that puts "conditioned" on a man's bill as a pleasant surprise to one's "governor," and a gentle spur to one's own mental powers.

* * * * *

While all of us are proud of the prospect of a new Science Building, we are watching with anxious eyes the progress of work, or rather the lack of it, on the structure. To be sure, cold weather and delays in receiving materials, have cost several weeks of idleness, but to the casual observer there have been many opportunities for work that might have been improved to the advantage of both contractors and college. It doesn't look well to complain of a gift, but the blame for the delays, if any exists, is, we surmise, to be laid at the door of the contractors, not the donors.

* * * * *

The first fruits of the moral rights policy recently propounded by joint action of the jury and the faculty are beginning to appear. Not so very many hours ago I stood on the edge of a most interesting "scrap" between three Freshmen and one doughty Sophomore. The scene was one of the ends, the weapon was Androscoggin, 1894, all of which was very well. The point to the whole affair was that the Sophomore was unarmed, and was getting ducked by the youthful Freshmen in a manner that would have caused the braves of '91 to become petrified with amazement and despair. Verily these are the days of reformation and higher civilization. . . . Fortunate is the Freshman, who now has not only a just Providence but the jury on his side.



Work on the Science

Building is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, considering the unusual severity of the winter. On many days it is impossible to work at all, but on all days when weather permitted, a crew of men have been kept steadily at work.

Christie, '95, is teaching in St. Albans.

A. Hersey, '92, was in town last week.

Parcher, '92, called on friends here recently.

Haskell, '95, is teaching in West Cumberland.

McArthur, '93, was here the first of the term.

The Junior assemblies have not yet materialized.

Spillane, '90, was on the campus a short time ago.

Bucknam, '93, visited Brunswick and Bath last week.

Fessenden and Ward, '96, are at their homes this term.

Moore, '95, is teaching in a commercial school in Ellsworth.

The new course in Constitutional Law is proving quite popular.

Hardy, M. I. T., '96, visited friends here several days last week.

Russell, '97, is back after teaching a successful term in Friendship.

Warren, '97, was called home recently by the death of a relative.

The Sophomores are having lectures on Physics instead of studying a text-book.

The present lovely moon and fine sleighing have been improved by many students.

Barker, '93, was in town last Saturday. He will enter the Medical School in February.

The Seniors are preparing papers on "The Cynics and Cyrenaics," for President Hyde.

It is strange (?) how everybody tries to keep on the right side of the omnipotent *Bugle* editors.

Strickland, '97, is compelled by ill-health to remain at home this term. He will be back in the spring.

Professor Johnson has given the Sophomores the alternative of reading Hugo's "Les Misérables" in place of the other outside reading in French.

Thursday will be observed as the day of prayer for colleges, and no recitations will be held on that day. Rev. Mr. Folsom, of Bath, will deliver the sermon in the chapel at 10 A.M.

The Juniors elect Ivy-day and other class officers Wednesday, January 24th. A committee has reported several nominations for each office, and considerable interest has been manifested.

The college quartette has been rehearsing lately for the winter campaign. On March 5th it appears at Wiscasset, and it is negotiating for dates at Dover, Guilford, and several other places. Lord, '94, Peakes, '96, Willard, '96, and Dana, '94, compose the quartette.

The '68 prize speakers were announced at the close of last term. Following are the six: Harry Edwin Andrews, Kennebunk; Trelawney Clarendale Chapman, Springfield, Mass.; Fred Joseph Libby, Richmond; George Anthony Merrill, Pownal; Frederick William Pickard, Portland, and Edgar Myrick Simpson, North Newcastle.

Alumni reunions are claiming considerable attention from President Hyde this month. Previous to this week he has attended the meetings of the old Bowdoin boys in New York and Washington, and this week he attends those in Boston and Portland. Professor Chapman was also one of the speakers in Boston.

One of the latest organizations of which Bowdoin boasts, is a Snow-Shoe Club. It had a most auspicious beginning, and the members expect much enjoyment on their snow-shoes during the winter. The following officers have been elected: President, Sykes, '94; Leader, Stubbs, '95; Secretary and Treasurer, Pierce, '96; Whipper-in, Warren, '96.

Gymnasium work began this term, Monday, January 15th. The different classes have their class work as follows: Freshmen, 11.30 A.M.; Sophomores, 3 P.M.; Juniors, 4 P.M.; and Seniors, 5 P.M. Under Captain Sykes the base-ball men are getting down to work that will tell. An unusually large number, about 30, are taking base-ball training. Some have already begun work for next spring's field and track events.

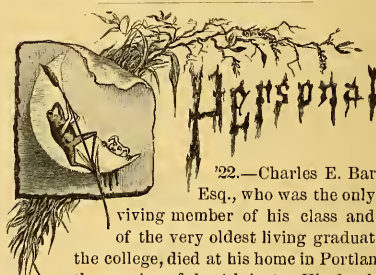
The President of Bowdoin College has set his face against hazing, and seems to have discovered an effectual remedy. With every Freshman's term bill there comes an agreement to abstain from hazing and a note to the Freshman's father stating that the son must sign the agreement or give up all hopes of matriculation. It is to the credit of the college to say that there has been no violent hazing for years, and President Hyde's efforts to eradicate it bid fair to be successful.—*Kennebec Journal*.

A delay has been caused in the regular opening of the Art Building to the public by several important changes in the Sophia Walker gallery. Soon, though the exact date cannot be given, the building will be open several hours each day. Bates, '96, and Haines, '97, have been appointed attendants in charge, and one or the other will be there whenever it is open. In the near future a series of lectures on art and its history will be delivered in the lecture-room by Professor Johnson, giving an opportunity that will be gladly seized by all who can attend.

From the Washington *Star*, which devoted over two columns to the recent meeting of the Bowdoin alumni in that city, the ORIENT clips the following extract from the report of the able after-dinner speech of President Hyde:

Ten years ago the finances of the college were in a very unsatisfactory condition; now they are entirely satisfactory. The buildings were put down then as worth \$144,000; now they are worth \$450,000. We have finer dormitories and an observatory, a building for sciences, laboratories, and an art building that will compare favorably with the best. Buildings and money, however, are not everything. The course of study is the most important, and this has been materially improved. Instead of scattered courses we now have continuous courses, so that a man may pursue the same study consistently for two years. We have grown from 108 to 219 students. We will not try to become a university, the community from which we draw our students is too small, but we are satisfied to remain a college, and are turning out some of the very best men who go to other universities to pursue advanced courses. We are not going in for co-education, not because we do not believe in the education of women, but because with three colleges in Maine for women, it remains the province of Bowdoin to educate young men. Three things a college must be able to do. First, it must give a severe and rigid discipline and drop out men so that the quality and not the quantity of the classes shall be maintained. At Bowdoin we are willing to drop a tenth of the class for this purpose. Second, it must give him a reason for his work and make him interested in what he is doing. This is the object of the elective system, a system which

has been greatly misunderstood. Third, it must get a man to interest himself in the study for its own sake. These three things are what Bowdoin is standing for so successfully. Morally, the men of Bowdoin are of a superior class, and it would be hard to find a community more respectable and free from vices. Through the agency of the college jury, the men govern themselves better than the faculty could do. In eight years only four men have been severely disciplined by the college. All other cases have been dealt with by the jury. Morally, socially, and intellectually, the college is in a most satisfactory condition, and is doing a good and creditable work. We have every reason to be thankful and hopeful that we shall continue to send out men equipped for any sphere of life.



'22.—Charles E. Barrett, Esq., who was the only surviving member of his class and one of the very oldest living graduates of the college, died at his home in Portland on the evening of the 4th inst. His death was due to the troubles incident to old age. He had been failing for some weeks. He was born in Northfield, Mass., January 6, 1804, and would therefore have been ninety years of age if he had lived two days longer. He entered Bowdoin, where his elder brother, Dr. John Barrett, had come the year before, at the age of 14, and was a classmate of Prof. Joseph Hale Abbott, Senator Bell of New Hampshire, Chief Justice Appleton of the Maine Supreme Court, Prof. Smyth, Prof. Storer of Harvard, and other men prominent in their communities. After graduation Mr. Barrett studied law with Woodbury Storer, and was admitted to the Cumberland bar in 1825. At the time of his death he was probably the oldest living member of this bar. He never practiced his profession extensively, preferring a life of business. One of the first positions of trust that Mr. Barrett held was that of treasurer of the Cumberland & Oxford Canal Company. In 1845 he was active in the movement which resulted in the building of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence railroad. He was one of the original corporators and was its treasurer when it was leased to the Grand Trunk. Mr. Barrett retained this position, under the name of accountant, up to 1888. In the monied institutions

of Portland he has been prominent, serving for ten years as President of the Canal Bank. He was also President of the Bank of Portland. He had some connection with the Savings Institution. He had been President of the Portland Common Council, and served three years as alderman. In 1826 he married Eliza Mary Baker, daughter of Joseph Baker, a Portland merchant. They had five children, of whom three are now living in Portland: Franklin R., George P., and a daughter.

'33.—Deborah, wife of Rev. John Pike, D.D., died at her home in Rowley, Mass., on the afternoon of December 30, 1893, at the age of nearly eighty years. She was the daughter of the late Colonel Adams of Newbury, Mass.

'36.—At a meeting of the Maine Historical Society, in Portland, on December 7, 1893, George F. Emery, Esq., read a paper entitled "A Red-Letter Day."

'37.—The death of Rev. John Orr Fiske, D.D., pastor of the Winter Street Congregational Church, a member of the board of trustees of the college, and for some years past its vice-president, occurred at the very close of the old year of 1893. Dr. Fiske's good work in his community and his wide influence throughout the state have been the result of a long and faithful ministry of more than half a century, during which he preached no less than 1,404 sermons and made 20,000 personal calls. A background of extended and faithful service like this gives added weight to what he said not long before his death: "I have loved to preach, have loved the pastoral work, have loved the whole work of the ministry, and my only regret in reviewing my life is that I have not fulfilled the work of preaching the word of the everlasting gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ more faithfully." Dr. Fiske was born in Bangor, July 13, 1819. After graduation he entered Bangor Theological Seminary, graduating in 1842. His ministry has been in Bath, Me. He took the degree A.M. in course from the college and received that of D.D. in 1868. He retired from active service ten years ago. His death was due to emphysema of thirty years standing, aggravated by an attack of grippe.

'38.—The death of Edward Webb, Esq., one of the best known lawyers of St. Paul, Minn., occurred in that city on the afternoon of November 5, 1893. He was born in Newcastle, Maine, November 15, 1814, and was therefore within two weeks of four-score years of age. After his graduation he went south and taught school for two years in Louisburg, Mason Co., Ken. He then moved to Washington,

in the same state, teaching for some years and afterwards pursuing the study of law there, and tutoring in Greek, Latin, and French at the same time. Having been admitted to the bar he was obliged, for a time, to give up the idea of practicing on account of ill health. After a period of travel he spent some years in farming at Washington, Ky. In 1857 he went to St. Paul and opened a law office, being largely interested in real estate also. He was one of the oldest members of the St. Paul bar. Mr. Webb married while living in Washington, Ky., and a son and daughter survive him.

'48.—Dr. Edward Watts Morton, of Kennebunk, died of meningitis, at his late residence in that town, on the evening of Wednesday, the 10th inst. He was born in Kennebunk, August 30, 1828, and fitted for college in the schools of that town. After graduation he studied medicine with Dr. Jefferds, of Kennebunkport, and in 1856 graduated from the Hahnemann Medical School (Homeopathic) of Philadelphia, and settled in his native place, in the practice of his profession. In addition to an extensive practice, he filled many positions of trust and responsibility, being at same time selectman and member of superintending school committee, and at the time of his death was town treasurer, president of Ocean National Bank, and secretary and treasurer of Hope Cemetery Corporation. He was very prominently connected with the secret orders of the town. January 1, 1857, he married Olive, daughter of Capt. Ivory Lord, who died in August, 1884. Three children were born to them, of whom only one survives, Louisa D., wife of Dr. F. M. Ross. In May, 1886, he married Luella, daughter of Henry Jordan. She died a few days before her husband. They leave three sons to survive them. A local paper says: "Dr. Morton's genial nature and frankness, his aversion to deceit and meanness, his unswerving fidelity in his friendships, and kind words for every man in whatsoever walk of life, made him beloved throughout his life, and his death will be deeply felt by the whole community."

'50.—Gen. O. O. Howard will, on November 8th of this year, be sixty-four years of age, and on that day, will go on the retired list of the United States Army. General Howard is perhaps the most famous survivor of the great Civil War, and his achievements reflect great glory on the state and college. May he live many years to enjoy the laurels he has so nobly and modestly won.

'53.—Rev. William Carruthers has recently resigned the position of city missionary of New Bedford, Mass.

'53.—Rev. E. C. Cummings read a paper on "The Mission at St. Sauveur," before the December meeting of the Maine Historical Society.

'54.—Colonel H. Clay Wood, U. S. A., now stationed at New York City, has been promoted to full rank as colonel, a position he has held for some time past by brevet. He has also recently had conferred upon him the "medal of honor," for distinguished gallantry at the battle of Wilson's Creek. This medal is of bronze, in the form of a five-pointed star, and is the only military decoration conferred by the United States. It corresponds to the Victoria cross in England, the iron cross in Germany, the cross of the Legion of Honor in France, and the cross of St. George in Russia. It is made from cannon captured in battle. Colonel Wood is a native of Winthrop, and has been an officer in the army for thirty-seven years, having filled every grade from that of second lieutenant to his present rank. For many years he has been connected with the office of the adjutant-general, and is considered one of the most accomplished officers of that department.

'58, Medical.—News has been received of the death of John O'Connell, M.D., which occurred on the 5th of December, 1893, at his home in Boston, Mass. Since graduation he has been settled in that city in the practice of his profession.

'60.—Hon. A. W. Bradbury, of Portland, made an address at the dedication of the new high school building in that city. It was in this school that Mr. Bradbury fitted for college.

'60.—Ex-Judge Granville Parker Hawes died suddenly on the morning of December 29, 1893, at his home on Forty-Sixth Street, in New York City, after a day's confinement to the house with a cold, from which developed intestinal troubles. Death was caused by *angina pectoris*. Judge Hawes was born at Corinth, Me., July 4, 1838. After graduation, he studied law at Columbia, until the outbreak of the civil war. He entered the 128th N. Y. Volunteers as 1st Lieutenant, serving also on the staff of Major-General William H. Emery, who commanded the Nineteenth Army Corps. After his return he was, for a time, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the State College of Maryland, but soon resumed the practice of his profession in New York City. He was very successful, and in 1879 was nominated for Judge of the Marine Court. He was elected after an exciting contest, being the only Republican who achieved success on the entire city and county tickets. Judge Hawes wrote a great deal for periodicals and law journals,

and was the author of a work on assignments. He was for many years a director of the Union League Club, and at one time its secretary. He was a founder of the A. K. E. club, a member of the New England Society, Loyal Legion, University Club, Lawyer's Club, and Bar Association. In 1870 he married Euphemia A. Vose, of New York, and she with two sons, survive him.

'60.—Hon. T. B. Reed presented the minority report on the Wilson tariff bill in the House of Representatives, December 21, 1893.

'60.—Judge Joseph W. Symonds made an address at the opening of the new high school building in Portland, January 15th.

'62.—At the last monthly meeting of the Maine Historical Society, Rev. Henry O. Thayer read a paper entitled, "Some Further Notes Concerning Port Richmond."

'64.—Hon. Charles F. Libby spoke at the high school dedication in Portland, January 15, 1894.

'66.—Professor H. L. Chapman addressed the teachers' convention, held in Brunswick, December 15, 1893.

'68.—Hon. John S. Derby, of Alfred, Me., has received the appointment of consul to Halifax, N. S., under the Cleveland administration.

'69.—Clarence Hale, Esq., made an address in Portland, on January 15th, before the Portland high school.

'70.—Col. D. S. Alexander, late United States district attorney for Northern New York, was married, on December 30, 1893, at Buffalo, N. Y., to Mrs. Anne Bliss, a prominent society lady, and president of the board of managers of the Newsboys' Home in that city. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for a wedding tour to Egypt.

'71.—Rev. E. S. Stackpole, who has been doing evangelistic work since his return from a five years' absence in Italy, is conducting evangelistic services in Auburn.

'72.—Marcellus Coggan, Esq., formerly editor of this paper, was a candidate, on an independent ticket, for Mayor of Malden at the recent municipal election.

'73.—Augustus F. Moulton, Esq., made a speech at the recent celebration of Jackson's birthday, in City Hall, Portland.

'73.—Professor F. C. Robinson addressed the teachers' convention, held in Brunswick, December 15, 1893.

Ex-'74.—Rev. James R. Day, D.D., LL.D., of New York City, was unanimously elected Chancellor of Syracuse University on November 15th.

'76.—The *Boston Journal* has recently published a long account of Professor Arlo Bates's literary life.

'89.—Rev. Charles F. Hersey has recently accepted the position of city missionary in New Bedford, Mass.

'89.—Married, in Brunswick, December 12th, Dr. Frank Lynam, of Boston, and Miss Bertha Knowlton, of Brunswick. Dr. Lynam is to settle in Duluth, Minn.

'90.—George B. Chandler, recently in charge of the Nashville, Tenn., office of Ginn & Co., has been transferred to Minneapolis, Minn., as Northwestern agent. Office address, 706 Boston Block.

'91.—The sad news of the sudden death of George H. Packard, at Boston, January 10, 1894, was a great shock to his many friends among the under-graduates and alumni. The cause of the death was appendicitis. An operation had been performed, but the case became complicated with peritonitis, and death ensued. Mr. Packard was about twenty-four years of age and the youngest son of the late E. F. Packard of Auburn, where he fitted for college. While in college he was prominent in athletics, was captain of the base-ball team, and one of the most popular men in college. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. Since graduation he lived in Boston, having gone into partnership with the Raymond Grocery Store in that city. The funeral took place at Boston, on Friday, January 12th.

'91.—Born at Exeter, September 24, 1893, to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Jackson, a daughter (Ethel).

'92.—F. G. Sweet has completed his second year as coach of the foot-ball team of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., with great success.

'92.—Charles S. Rich, of Andover Seminary, preached at the Second Parish Church in Portland, Sunday, January 7, 1894.

'93.—A. M. Jones attended the teachers' convention in Brunswick, December 15, 1893. He is teaching in Cornish, Maine.

The new chemical laboratory at Amherst has just been completed.

There are one hundred and sixty candidates for places on Harvard's track team.

Thirty students were suspended from Cornell at the end of the fall term on account of failures.

The smallest university in the world is in Africa, with five students and twelve instructors.

There are graduates from forty-three colleges at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF ALPHA DELTA PHI.

Whereas, In his divine wisdom, an all-merciful God has seen fit to remove from our midst, our much-beloved brother, George Harris Packard, of the class of '91, whose manly virtues and generous zeal in the college and fraternity have left an abiding memory in the hearts of all;

Resolved, That, while humbly bowing to the decree of our Heavenly Father, we do recognize our great loss in the death of this brother:

Resolved, That the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the Fraternity be extended to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

EMERY H. SYKES,

JOSEPH T. SHAW,

GEORGE T. ORDWAY,

Committee for the Chapter.

HALL OF THE KAPPA, PSI UPSILON, January 12, 1894.

Whereas, It has pleased our Almighty Father to remove from us our beloved and esteemed brother, Edward Watts Morton, M.D., of the class of '48; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Psi Upsilon Fraternity meets with a great loss in being separated from one who was pre-eminent for his high character, integrity, and ability;

Resolved, That our most heartfelt sympathy be extended to the family of the deceased;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and be published in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

WILLIAM M. INGRAHAM,

ALLEN L. CHURCHILL,

HENRY HILL PIERCE,

Committee for the Chapter.

The Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York records with sorrow its testimonial of regret for the death of Hon. Granville P. Hawes and of respect for his memory.

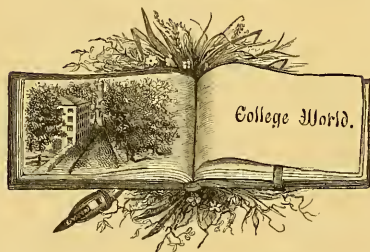
Judge Hawes was one of the founders who, in December, 1869, first met to organize the Association.

He took a prominent part in framing its constitution and by-laws, was its first secretary, was one of the orators on the occasion of its first annual reunion in New York, and has since held high office in the Association. His death has made the latest breach in its membership. As an educator, as a writer, as a soldier in the war for the preservation of the Union, as a lawyer, as a judge, as a citizen, active in advocating reforms, he has done the state good service. In many and varied stations he has shown marked ability, and has honored the college which this Association cherishes as *Alma Mater*.

The Association tenders to his wife and family its expression of bereavement in his loss; its appreciation of his distinguished merit; its sympathy for their affliction.

F. H. DILLINGHAM, *Secretary*.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1894.



Only forty-five per cent. of Vassar graduates ever marry.

As a result of the intercollegiate chess tournament Columbia stands first, Harvard second, Yale third, and Princeton last.

At the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or term work exempts a student from examination.

We had a dream the other night
When everything was still;
We dreamt that each subscriber came
Right up and paid his bill.—*Ex.*

The Legislature of Wisconsin has appropriated \$85,000 for athletic grounds and buildings for the State University.

The classes in social Pathology at Leland Stanford University, spent some days in studying criminal life in San Francisco. Among other places they visited the jails and house of correction.

Michigan University has the largest number of living alumni in the United States. Yale ranks second.

The government spends \$30,000 a year to educate the two thousand pupils in the schools of Alaska.

The Amherst senate lately expelled ten students for raiding a restaurant on their return from a football game.

David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, receives the largest salary paid to any college president in the United States.

The students of Chicago University have formed a "Students' Express Co.," incorporated under the state law with a capital stock of \$10,000.

Two men have been expelled by the students of Vanderbilt University for cheating in examinations.

"The Tufts Song Book" is to take the place of the regular annual published by the Junior class.

LAW OF LOVE.

No formal contract is required,
No attestation is desired,
No witty lawyer need be hired
To plead in equity.

If only love their hearts has stirred
And each that love has felt or heard,
They may without a single word
Commit embracery.

—*University Chronicle*.

A yacht club has been organized at Harvard. The club is to take an annual cruise lasting from a week to ten days.

Since co-education was adopted at Bates College, the number of ladies has so increased that they outnumber the men in the Freshman class.

The main building of the University of South Dakota was destroyed by fire recently, but for all that not a single recitation was missed.—*Adelbert*.

The universities and colleges of this country have \$8,635,385 worth of scientific apparatus and appliances; their grounds and buildings are worth \$64,259,344, and they have \$74,070,415 in productive funds.

No college in all England publishes a college paper. This is another illustration of the superior energy of America. About 200 colleges publish periodical journals.

The faculty of Cornell University has decided upon a series of radical changes. After this term there will be no more examinations held at the end of each term. The student's knowledge will be decided by the character of his daily recitations and by short examinations during the term.

A new museum of fine arts at Harvard, to be known as the Fogg Museum, will shortly be erected. Its frontage and depth will be 115 feet. The building will be of Indiana limestone, and only two stories high.

JUSTICE.

[Suggested by the words of Mr. Herron.]

A vision came to one who loved mankind
Of that true Justice, perfect and supreme,
Perceived by poets in some swift, sweet dream;
Unpictured, nor by metered bond confined.

Not her who weighs a tortured soul, to find
If right or customary virtue turn the beam,
And sees not, love-like, what she may redeem,
But stands with mocking scales, unmoved and blind.

For Justice, rather, has a thousand eyes,
To see in man gleams of a light above;
And has a heart which human needs control,
Else Justice never truly judged the soul.
A healing for the weary nations lies
In perfect Justice, whom men know as LOVE.

—Unit.

A new literary magazine has been established at the Chicago University, entitled the *Calumet*. Three students have started it, and expect to draw contributions not only from the university, but from the men of letters in the whole West.

In the future every Freshman at Yale will be requested to fill out circulars answering certain questions in regard to his athletic record and qualifications. In this way the managers hope to draw out each year the class of undeveloped athletes.

A FRESHMAN'S LAMENT.

[With due apologies to Mr. Tennyson.]

Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
To the foot of my class each day!
I would that my tongue could utter
The things that I wish to say.

Alas! for the foolish prep,
That he longs to the college to come!
Oh! well for the Senior proud,
That his A.B. is well-nigh won!

And the stately prof's go on
Their dreadful exams to make,
But O for a peep at the vanished hooks
From which their questions they take!

Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
To the foot of my class. Oh dear!
The rules and forms of the books that are gone
I can never recall, I fear.—*Silver and Gold*.

Brown's track-athletic team went into training November 13th, with thirty men. Dartmouth, with sixty men, is also training. When will Bowdoin's team begin to work?

TRIALS OF A BUSINESS MANAGER.

An undertaker's "ad" he sought,
Alas, the fates forbade.
For the undertaker, smiling, said
He'd take it out in trade.

—*Trinity Tablet*.

The attendance at chapel at Columbia is voluntary and is increasing steadily.

The following is the question to be debated by rival literary societies at the University of Wisconsin: "Would the national ownership and operation of the railroads in the United States be preferable to ownership and operation by private corporations? It being conceded, first, that the change can be made constitutionally and legally, and at a cost not to exceed \$6,000,000,000, which is assumed to be just and reasonable compensation; second, that all government railroad officials and employes shall be appointed and promoted upon a basis of business efficiency only. (This concession to be construed as restricting neither the form nor the modes of appointment of the central administration authority.)"



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 7, 1894.

No. 13.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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J. E. DUNNING.

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Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Managing Editor.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Rhyme and Reason Department should be sent to Box 0, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 140, Brunswick, Me.

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In many respects last year's Athletic Exhibition was not a brilliant success. The absence of some of the best performers of preceding years, and the disinclination to practice until the exhibition was close at hand, combined to make the event rather less attractive than usual. The financial result was worse, for the net receipts from the three performances were less than they have been for one. That we must have an Athletic Exhibition this year seems a foregone conclusion, but the advisability of giving it outside of Brunswick, on the present plan at least, is open to question. Our experience in Portland has been unsatisfactory. Moreover, this year, the Portland Athletic Club are planning a similar entertainment which would alone be enough to wreck our prospects of financial success in Portland. Possibly the Bath trip might be repeated with a fair chance of profit.

The chief obstacle to making money outside of Brunswick lies in the large sum necessary for railroad fare for the seventy-five men participating. Now we believe that nearly as attractive entertainment could be given by less than half the number of performers. If only the "prize" class squad were taken, the exhibition would be little marred and the expenses greatly reduced.

Again, there is no reason why, if this is

done, an entertainment should not pay in Lewiston or Augusta. Both places seldom see anything of the sort and both are within easy reach of Brunswick. One element which, in "tug-o'-war" days, served as a great attraction, was the annual contest with Bates, Colby or the Medical School. Any genuine competition is interesting and draws the crowd. If we should go to Lewiston why not arrange a series of wrestling matches or sparring contests with Bates men, or let our prize squad compete with theirs?

We believe that a series of exhibitions, under careful management and with proper regard to the features which please the public and draw the dollars, could be made a popular and financial success.

THE Junior class is to be commended for its enterprise in attempting a series of assemblies after the discouraging results of the last few years. With energetic managers and hearty co-operation on the part of those who attend, we see no reason why a number of pleasant evenings should not be assured.

It may not be out of place to mention here that those among us who seem to pride themselves on their lack of acquaintance with Brunswick people and Brunswick society, would do well to read the "Wail from the West," in another column, and see if there is not a bit of a moral for them contained therein. The writer, if he were here to-day, would find that a considerable change had taken place since his graduation. As regards the relations of the students to one another, and their general bearing in public and private, a decided change for the better is evident. But in respect to social connection with the town, the opposite is true. Several causes have been suggested, all having, doubtless, some force, but the explanation does not justify the fact.

The proposed assemblies may serve as a stepping-stone to other social events. If so, their value will be far more than doubled.

A Wail From the West.

THE writer appears in the unwelcome rôle of a growler. If you are thin-skinned, perhaps it were mutually advantageous that we part company at this point. If, however, you persist, please to recall that you have been fairly warned.

Bowdoin undergraduates have been so long accustomed to hearing sounded the praises of the old institution at commencement dinners and divers other like assemblies, that there has gradually grown up a faith in her infallibility, almost religious. This is well. It is, in itself, an educational force—loyalty to associations and institutions. However, as one comes in contact with men and affairs in different parts of the country he discovers defects which, from the very nature of the case, could not have been apparent to him at the time of his undergraduate membership.

The fault of which I propose to speak is one which must look for its correction to the student body. In speaking of it, I shall call a spade a spade. To be blunt, our undergraduates are ill-mannered; ill-mannered at the club tables, ill-mannered on the campus, ill-mannered at the intercollegiate contests, and, in society, awkward and unsophisticated. This applied to my day, which was a by no means remote one, and, if the Puritan conservatism of the college has not lost its force, conditions cannot have materially changed. The fact that this applies with equal directness to other colleges, does not exonerate Bowdoin.

Society is willing to wink at certain college extravagances, but it has a right to require students to be gentlemen. This social leniency leads the average undergrad-

uate to arrogate to himself a certain superiority to conventionalities, and he feels licensed to commit barbarisms of manner that would not be tolerated by decent folk anywhere in the outside world. This is manifested in such puerile diversions as passing questionable jests, rallying visiting teams and shouting at strangers upon the campus. (I once saw two young ladies, sisters of a student, frightened from the grounds by an ill-mannered outcry from the room of a student). In society, those whose homes are in cities or large towns, should have acquired some ease and self-possession. This suffers during their student days. The country boy enters college unsophisticated, and so he passes out. Not infrequently the most boisterous, from some faculty for bright raillery or from some absurd mannerism of speech joined with better qualities, will become among the most popular in his class. Thus it sometimes happens that a premium is put upon oddity or roughness.

This, apparently, works all right in college. But let him get out in the world among mature gentlemen and fine-grained ladies, and he will find himself avoided for some reason which he may not comprehend. Rough country boys form a large percentage of our successful men to be sure. But pray do not confuse *post hoc* with *propter hoc*. They are successful not because of their roughness, but because a rigorous rural training ingrains certain traits of character which make for manhood. Their lack of polish is a blemish, and society will so account it. They are accepted not because of their awkwardness, but in spite of it.

How to reform club and campus etiquette is not entirely self-evident. There is, however, a method of cultivating ease of manner, which, while it ought not to require pointing out, needs, at least, to be emphasized. It is calling at the homes of the members of the faculty. I know it is "harp-

ing on a mouldered string" to recall your attention to this possibility. You have tried it. You felt ill-at-ease. You could think of nothing to say and wore a sickly smile. Like "Lemuel Barker," you said, "Well, I guess I'd better go," and were glad to get out. Granted. That is conclusive proof that you should make society a new elective. You should keep at it until this is overcome.

I am very sorry to learn that the hops at the Town Hall have fallen into decay. They are not the best social training; for a man may acquire a certain ball-room bravado and yet be a perfect stick in the drawing-room. Yet, they are good in their way. Perhaps the faculty and their wives should patronize and dignify them. Again, students should call upon the Brunswick girls. (Here permit me to offer a personal apology. During my management of the ORIENT I took a malicious delight in printing certain doggerel effusions designed to criticise Brunswick society. They were alleged to be funny, but bore internal evidence of being "not guilty." That action is *prima facie* proof that I lacked just that sense of personal courtesy for which I am now pleading. I have seen a bit of our national character, East, South and West, since being graduated, and I want to tell you that the purest, finest-grained, most sterling elements of American society are to be found in the Puritan villages of old New England, of which Brunswick is a type. It had then, and doubtless has now, some refined, cultured young ladies whom some of us untutored countrymen should esteem it a privilege to meet and an honor to have known.) Call on these ladies. Push yourself. "Keep a' hammerin'," as Gen. Grant did.

I believe there is not a student so poor that he can afford to be without one tailor-made suit. A well-dressed man is confident and appears at a better advantage. At all

events, there is no rhyme nor reason in his going about the campus with coat collar turned up in summer, necktie askew, and shoes unpolished. It marks him as a "chump," and, in so far, *the mark is a true one*. Society is a part of life. Those who sneer at it are the ones who cannot get into it. It is just as much a part of life as the ornamental portions of those new buildings which, we are all glad to learn, are going up, are a part of the architecture. If you teach, it will help you in the town where you are located. If you are a doctor, it will give you ease in your patients' homes, and bring you more of them to visit. If you are a lawyer, it will bring you clients. The veriest boor has a vague respect for that indefinable something in a man's manner which stamps him as a gentleman.

The student is in a formative state. Social polish cannot be acquired in after life. I do not expect any marked reform to follow these remarks. Since reading the last part of the preface to John Fiske's Civil Government, I have given that notion up. Reforms come by the "culminative efforts" of individuals. If any one, except the proof-reader, the compositor, and the managing editor, have taken pains to read this through, I am much obliged, and hope that he will take a hint before the world gives him a kick.

The Cripple Creek Trail.

THE Cripple Creek stage-coach stood beside the depot at Boulder. Sam Denton, the grizzled old driver, had not yet left the bar of the Red Eagle Hotel, across the street, where he was taking his last drink before beginning the thirty-mile drive to the mines. Sam had distinguished passengers booked for this trip, and he accordingly treated himself liberally to every variety of hot drink that the bar-tender of the Red Eagle could mix.

Two directors of the Shepherd Maid were going out for their annual examination of the mine. The pay-master had come to Boulder for currency with which to pay the miners' monthly wages. He was a strong, wiry young man, nervously pacing the length of the bar and repeatedly refusing the drinks proposed by the directors. The party was completed by two miners, who were returning from an extended spree at Leadville.

Pay-master Ben Lakin stopped in his uneasy walk and addressed Denton. "Sam, you must not fail us this time. If Black Charlie gets this money that I am taking out, you lose your job. Can you keep the horses in a run if he attempts to hold us up?" "I will do my best," answered Sam, "but who will drive if I am plugged by Charlie's men?" "I will ride outside with you—there I can get a better shot at them, and will be by you to manage the horses if necessary."

"Do you expect the highwaymen to waylay us?" asked Mr. Tobin, one of the directors. "It will be strange if they don't," replied Lakin, "you know how regularly they tax the Shepherd Maid. Last month as Jim Stone was bringing out the cash Charlie attacked them and Jim was shot." Mr. Tobin carefully examined a pair of derringers. "Haven't you a gun?" asked Lakin, noticing the action. "No, but these will do." Lakin said nothing; but when they were starting he came out with an armful of Winchesters. Giving one to each of the directors and two to the miners, he climbed up beside Denton with the rest.

From Boulder the trail winds over the mountains to Cripple Creek, which lies between two ranges. For twenty miles it leads up Williams Canyon. Bitter Creek, a sparkling mountain stream, tumbles over huge boulders, chattering as it hurries down to the valley. Devil's Slide stands at the head of the canyon. It is an immense rock trough

worn out of the solid granite. Its lower end rests on the bed of Bitter Creek, and its upper, on the ledge over which the trail leads. Hanging Rock reaches down over the road, only leaving room for a single team to pass between it and the Slide. At this point Black Charlie usually attacked the stage.

When Sam took the reins at Boulder it was five o'clock. It was dusk when they passed the lower end of Devil's Slide. Lakin's plan was to rush past Hanging Rock at a gallop. Accordingly, when they came within one hundred yards of it, he gave the word to Sam, who touched one of the leaders with his whip. At pistol-shot distance from the Rock, Black Charlie's voice was heard. "Stop! Sam Denton, or you are a dead man." Sam's answer was a cruel cut at the near leader. The next moment Lakin felt a sharp sting in his side; but he reached down and picked up the lines which Sam had dropped. Holding his rifle in his free hand he sent back a shot. A second volley from the highwaymen brought down one of the lead horses. Lakin felt that all was lost, for the fallen horse had become entangled with the wheelers. While Lakin returned the second volley, one of the miners left the coach and cut the dead horse loose, giving him a push that rolled him out of the way over the cliff. The next moment the miner fell. Lakin urged his horses on and they passed the Rock. But behind it waited a detachment of Charlie's band on horseback. Yelling at the horses, Lakin opened fire at them. The groan from inside the coach that followed the shots from the bandits, told him that another of his company was hurt. The horsemen rode beside the coach and one of them had his Winchester against Lakin's body when a shot from inside the coach brought the robber down. Another volley from the coach caused the robbers to fall back. Lakin forced his team into a run and soon reached Cripple Creek.

On reckoning up their loss, Denton and the miner who left the coach were found to be dead. Lakin's wounds were serious, in fact, they nearly proved fatal. But he afterward had the satisfaction of knowing that the highwaymen had received so thorough a whipping, Black Charlie himself being killed, that they did not recover sufficiently to still be the terror of the Cripple Creek stage trail.

Debating.

NOW February is here and we have entered upon the routine of the proverbially dullest term of the college year, let us think a bit about what we are going to do aside from our prescribed work.

The last term has been a successful one in many ways, but in none more than in athletics. Foot-ball has been well supported and the team has attained a worthy record.

With the present term there comes that work which is so interesting to some, the gymnasium work. Base-ball and class athletic squads have been formed and good work is being done. The Juniors will, we hope, give a series of assemblies which will help also to pass away the time, but cannot we give our time to something outside of athletics and social pleasures?

While we applaud the victories of Yale on the athletic field, we cannot but admire the brainy men who defend Harvard in the debates between the two colleges. Bowdoin, in former days, was a strong opponent in debate. Is she now? If not, why not?

Last year the Freshmen formed a Debating Society and received benefit from it, but this year the spirit which actuated them then seems dead, and as yet no steps have been taken toward re-establishing the society. Several of the upper-classmen have spoken about getting up a College Debating Club, such as was here a dozen years ago, but no one has essayed to take the first step toward forming it.

The athletic exhibition presents an opportunity to each class of winning a prize for excellence in squad drill. Why should there not be a chance offered to the same classes of winning in college debate this term?

Why cannot each class form a Debating Society and elect its best three men to represent it in the debates? After this is done, three dates having been fixed for the debates, the two upper classes should be pitted against each other, and the two lower classes in the same way; and then let the two winners meet. The judges could be chosen from the faculty.

There are many of us who intend to study law ultimately, and this would afford us excellent practice.

There is no doubt that all these debates would be well attended as they would be innovations and would serve to excite class spirit.

If this plan does not seem to be the right one, think up another, and suggest it through the medium of the ORIENT.

An Hour's Experiment.

ARE the actions of a man under the influence of liquor governed by direct control of will, by dictate of memory, as through habit, or are they the carrying out of mere vagaries as thoughts work in a dream?" asked Tom Harris. We were all sitting at luncheon at our club. No one answered at first, for Tom is one of those fellows who periodically comes out with some queer notion like the one he had just advanced, usually followed by a long discourse or lecture. We had got used to his ways and wanted to avoid the sequel to his question if possible, so we started to change the subject, but he interrupted us. "Now," he said, "you fellows very well know that you haven't got the least thing to do this afternoon which

will be of benefit to your fellow-beings, and why not try to answer this question for the good of science? There are just three of us and we might each take the side of the question that he favors, and when we see a man in that afore-mentioned deplorable condition we will all follow him and note his doings, to see on what psychological point his actions are based." We couldn't exactly see how science would be benefited, but we thought it might be a good way to pass our otherwise unemployed time, and so agreed to Tom's proposition.

"Well," said Tom, "I think that a drunken man, if not dead drunk, has control of his will, although I admit his brain may be somewhat clouded; but, yet, I assert that he does nothing without the action of his will. What do you fellows think about it?" Harry Danvers winked at me and said, "How absurd, Tom, of course he acts altogether through habit. Every one of his actions has been gone through by him at some previous time, and when he is under the influence of liquor he conducts himself in different circumstances by the dictation of memory."

As there was only one side of the question left unchampioned, I declared that a drunken man acted entirely as if in a dream. "That's well," and Tom smiled. "Now for the man":

We posted Tom in the window to watch for a suitable subject and turned our attention to finishing dinner.

We had just lighted our cigars and settled back for a comfortable smoke when Tom called from the window, "Come on, you fellows, here we are."

Rather reluctantly we donned our overcoats and followed him down stairs. As we emerged on the sidewalk Tom's "jag" was just abreast of the door. We all fell in behind him, note-books in hand, and watched for points. He seemed to be in a very happy mood, his head and elbows were raised, and

a beam of imperturbable joy lighted up his face, while he walked as though he was treading on air. I called the fellows' attention to this and said that he had never, probably, soared from earth at any previous time in his life, so memory couldn't be controlling his action, nor would he be likely to attempt to float in space with any shoes excepting, perhaps, Mercury's; therefore, I asserted that he was acting as if in a dream. They yielded to the weight of my argument and I put down one for vagaries.

Soon we saw a baby carriage pushed by a nurse girl who was looking in every direction, save straight ahead, bearing right down upon our subject. We looked for a collision and I was just going to score a second time for the somnambulistic theory when "our jag" carefully engineered his way around the carriage, at the same time making a desperate but futile attempt to take off his hat. Harry claimed one for force of habit at this manœuvre. Tom's theory was beginning to appear utterly without foundation when suddenly, without warning, the victim of science stopped in the midst of his eccentric career, and, with many gestures, commenced to sing one of the latest street songs. Tom, observing that we could not very well expect a man to dream that or habitually to sing in just that manner, therefore claimed that it was through the action of will, clouded though it might be; and we reluctantly granted him his point.

We were even then, and things began to be interesting. Our "study" who had heretofore been in blissful ignorance of the benefit he was to science, now became aware of our presence, so we fell back a little to give him undisturbed scope for action. In picking our way among the crowd he got out of our sight, but soon we came up to him standing in front of a tobacco store and evidently in conversation with the typical modern Indian. As we got within hearing

distance we heard him say, "Shay, young feller, give's a shigar." Not receiving any answer, he repeated the demand. The continued silence on the part of the dummy enraged him, and, without another word, he struck it in the face and started to run; but he hadn't proceeded more than ten feet before he landed in the open arms of a policeman, and, with a sigh, we started back for the club with that important question of science still unanswered.

Psi Upsilon Reception.

THE fifth annual reception of the Kappa Chapter of Psi Upsilon was given in Memorial Hall on Friday evening, February 2d. Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Lee, and Mrs. Little, who were the patronesses, received the guests on the left of the hall. Dancing began about half-past nine. The following was the order:

Waltz.	Toreador.
Schottische.	Darkies' Pastime.
Lancers.	Robin Hood.
Waltz.	Espana.
Polka.	Gussie.
Two Step.	Boston Post.
Waltz.	Obespale.

INTERMISSION.

Waltz.	Sweet Dream.
Schottische.	Picanninies' Picnie.
Two Step.	High School Cadets.
Waltz.	1492.
Portland Fancy.	Fine Old Times.
Schottische.	Hayseed Club.
Waltz.	Auf Wiedersehn.

Supper was served at intermission by Murray of Waterville. Among those present from out of town were: Mrs. Thomas W. Hyde, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Ethel Hyde, Miss Kate Mussenden, Miss Catharine Pat-ten, Mr. John Hyde, Mr. Edward Hyde, and Mr. Frederick Drake, of Bath; Mrs. Littlefield, Miss Mary Fogler, and Miss Elizabeth Gay, of Rockland; Mrs. D. W. Thompson of

Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, Mrs. Folger, Mrs. W. W. Mansfield, Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Marguerita Davis, Miss Ethel Pierce, Miss Quita Folger, Miss Florence McMullan, Miss Belle Brown, Miss Elizabeth C. Allen, Miss Julia Noyes and Mr. Benj. Webster, Jr., of Portland; Mr. E. B. Young, Mr. G. B. Sears, and Mr. E. B. Burpee, of Boston; Mr. George Downes of Calais. The committee of arrangements was: H. E. Andrews, '94; F. W. Blair, '95; F. B. Smith, '96, and H. S. Warren, '97.

Inter Nos.

Primer Exercise in Social Science.

(With Apologies to Bill Nye and H. Spencer.)

Question. Ah! What have we here?

Answer. A woman.

Q. Is it, that is, is she a young woman?

A. Yes, that is, she is not *old*.

Q. What is her age?

A. Well, that's not certain; you see she is not exactly certain herself. Once she came near forming an engagement to marry, and was then in the Stone Age.

Q. How perfectly rocky! Is she in society?

A. Not precisely. But she belongs to the Pythian Sisterhood, and has lately bought an entrance to a Retreat for Antiquated Femininity.

Q. Then she is not married?

A. Not extensively.

Q. Then she has no children of course; but—

A. No, but she has a Sunday-school class.

Q. What is her favorite Golden Text?

A. "All men are liars."

Q. Does she believe that?

A. At times, yes.

Q. Then her experience with men must be wide?

A. Yes. About four years wide by thirty-five long.

Q. Has she never had a suitor?

A. Dozens! But they didn't suitor.

Q. Why not?

A. Well, she says (this on the q. t. you know), she says that beer and bills (unpaid) took the place of brains and bravery to too great an extent. Besides, she says, none of them had a reach of more than 30 inches, while she could never get below 32 without getting a red nose.

Q. Is she named?

A. She is.

Q. What is she named?

A. She is named College Widow.

Rhyme and Reason.

The Lament of a Junior Poet.

I have gift for making verse,
Both sacred and profane,
And never hesitate to make it known;
But now this very genius
Gives me reason to complain,
I think that it can readily be shown.

When first I mounted Pegasus
('Twas in my Freshman year),
Of matter for my muse I had no lack;
But, lo, into my poet's soul
There comes a dreadful fear,
For now good poet lore is very slack.

I've sung the "Pines," "The Chapel
Towers,"
"The Memories of the Past,"
And "Falling Leaves" have washed my
sleeping lyre,
And worthy "Old Alumni Dear"
Have held me hard and fast
While in their praise awoke my smouldering fire.

But now I sit in black despair,
My pen is still and cold;
I can't evolve a solitary thing.
If a poet isn't furnished
With a subject for his mould
You really can't expect that he can sing.

A Bowdoin Song.

(Air: *Marching Through Georgia.*)

Here's a song to Bowdoin, boys,
For Bowdoin boys to sing,
Until the loved old halls and groves
Shall back their echoes fling;
Sing it so the Past shall hear
And all the Future ring;
For Bowdoin's marching on in glory.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, she's the apple of our eye;
Hurrah, hurrah, her fame shall never die;
She has the speed to keep the lead, and
outstrip those who vie,
For Bowdoin's marching on in glory.

A hundred years ago or more,
On the pine tree forest green,
They founded here our college, boys,
The fairest to be seen,
And named as her first president
That noble man McKeen;
And Bowdoin began to march in glory.

In every land and clime, my boys,
You'll find a Bowdoin son;
And on the scrolls of fame you'll read
The mighty deeds they've done,
Which have for our loved college, boys,
Immortal honor won;
For Bowdoin's marching on in glory.

And all the world admits, my boys,
We are in the lead to-day,
In all that makes a college great,
And in intellectual fray;
And as for sports, why, 'tis well known
That we have our own way;
For Bowdoin's marching on in glory.

President Andrews of Brown University, Providence, R. I., has refused the position of Chancellor of Chicago University and the head professorship of the Department of Philosophy at a salary of \$10,000 a year, with six months' leave of absence.

The Pessimist.

THE very latest phase in the construction of the two magnificent buildings that will adorn the westerly side of the campus, is the complaint by certain good people of Brunswick that their hitherto unobstructed view of the green field and the little boys at play, is spoiled, and the Pessimist hereby calls the attention of the trustees to this most vital point. What a selfish, unchristian idea was that, to place a great yellow building right in the way of the fascinated gaze of honest citizens outside the college fence! What more insulting than the situation of the ugly Art Building, with its most uninteresting back turned townward! It's like a rear view of a Boston belle in evening dress. Touching complaints, these, and worthy of attention. Too much moved are we to reply more than this: Look on page 189½ in the Hon. Buck McGooley's "History of U. S.," where you will read how a man named Fulton once built a steamboat, and how the people wouldn't let him run it on their Hudson river, because it would scare all the fish away, to say nothing of the poor defenceless cattle on the banks. Oh, progress, what havoc is caused by thy ruthless advancements!

* * * * *

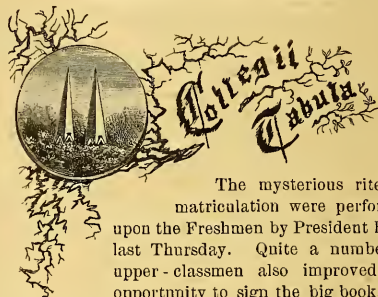
All well-regulated municipalities now have well-enforced ordinances for the provision of fire-escapes on all buildings of any considerable size within their limits. Great hotels never provide a room without placing therein the hook and long cord so familiar to metropolitan visitors, and those in charge of other structures where large numbers of people lodge, are exceedingly careful to furnish these simple but effective means of escape from the flames. Bowdoin is a long way behind in this matter, and steps ought to be taken immediately to place in every

room in the dormitories, above the first floor, rope of sufficient length to reach the ground, and of size to render descent a matter of little difficulty. This seems like an attempt to scare up a bugaboo, but we never miss the water till the pipe bursts, and the Pessi-optimist doesn't want to have to say "I told you so," by the side of a pile of ashes. Provide fire-escapes! Buildings are high, stairs are narrow and dry as tinder. Give us fire-escapes!

* * * * *

The Pessi-optimist learns from indisputable authority that his remarks in the last issue of the ORIENT, relating to the conditions lately imposed on eight members of the Junior history division, contradicted the facts in the case, and gave an unjust impression of the instructor and the marking. In so far, therefore, as it was implied that the conditions were hardly fair, the Pessi-optimist is glad to acknowledge his mistake, and to hasten to correct what he believes to be a general opinion concerning them. There is no doubt that the conditions were given according to the rank on the book, and eight men received them because eight men did not attain to the rank of five. Of this we may be sure, however unpleasant it may be to the eight thus mentioned. But this fact has nothing whatever to do with our previous remarks on the system under which such rank was given, and the Pessi-optimist holds to his opinion, and believes that he expresses the sentiment of not a few, when he says that the ranking system that will allow eight conditions like those noted is inadequate and incapable, when used conscientiously, of ascertaining the real standard of the student in the course. There is not the slightest doubt that the conditions were imposed with strict impartiality; there is serious doubt of the wisdom and future popularity of the ranking system that allows such unprecedented marking to be given.

By the way, how about that minstrel show? Shall Bowdoin have one next spring? These affairs used to be a great feature of the college year, and were successful, both financially and from the standpoint of mere amusement. There are good voices and plenty of funny men in college this year, and the right man in the manager's office and hearty co-operation on the part of a couple of dozen students would give us a show that would do credit to a Primrose or a Dockstader.



The mysterious rites of matriculation were performed upon the Freshmen by President Hyde last Thursday. Quite a number of upper- classmen also improved the opportunity to sign the big book, and become in reality members of the college. Not a few, however, are still unmatriculated.

The term of the Medical School opens Feb. 8th. Eastman, '96, has been out sick for over a week. Rhodes, '97, has been at home some time, sick. W. W. Thomas, '94, has been quite ill in Portland.

President Hyde addressed the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon.

Robinson, '96, was obliged, by illness, to go home last week.

Baker, '96, is back with his class after teaching a successful term.

A French conversation club is in an embryotic state of organization.

Croswell, '91, now principal of Wilton Academy, was here a few days ago.

Some talk of a Sophomore banquet this term is heard among the '96 boys.

The illness of Prof. Hutchins has given the Physics class several adjourns.

The Ψ χ national convention will be held here with Kappa chapter next spring.

Leighton, '96, has been out a week sick.

Clark, '84, called on friends in college last week.

Merrill, '87, was on the campus a short time ago.

The '68 prize speaking comes April 5th this year.

Keyes, '96, was obliged, by a severe cold, to go home last week.

Several students are said to be active members of Bath card parties, this winter.

P. E. Barbour, of Bath, who was here as a special last fall, is not back this term.

The college quartette went to Bowdoinham January 28th to sing at a funeral there.

Heald, '97, has dropped out of his class and will enter the Medical School this term.

Whist is having quite a boom among those who are able to find spare moments for it.

Knight, '96, is to be made a member of Alpha Delta Phi at a special initiation this week.

Swan, '96, who has been teaching in Windham, has been very sick, but is reported better now.

The absence of Dr. Whittier gave the students a three days' cut in regular "gym" work recently.

Newcastle and Wiscasset are among the places to be visited by the college quartette during March.

The Snow-Shoe Club had its first run as a club January 31st. Eleven members enjoyed a trip of about six miles.

The Junior German Division is reading Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," with a modern novel, "Brigitta," for sight reading.

It is not a thing of safety or pleasure to travel the present campus paths after dark, or, for that matter, in daylight.

The Freshmen are agitating the question of class and banquet officers, and the air is charged with political electricity.

Russell, '97, has closed his term of school in Friendship, and is now finishing out a term for a friend who had to give up his school.

The Sophomores have elected Bates, athletic captain, and will keep their field and track athletes steadily at work during the winter.

The introductory lecture at the opening of the Medical School will be delivered February 8th, at 3 P.M., by Professor John F. Thompson, M.D.

The mathematical experts are already reckoning up what proportion of winter is gone, and how

long it is before Bowdoin's campus will don its spring apparel—mud.

This week President Whitman makes a tour of the Washington and Arrostook County schools, looking after material for the class of '98.—*Colby Cor. of Lewiston Journal*.

Thursday, January 25th, was observed as the day of prayer for colleges. Rev. Mr. Folsom, of Bath, preached an able sermon in the chapel at 10.30 A.M. There was a good attendance.

The Sophomore French Division is reading "La Mare au Diable" and "La Petite Fadette," both by George Sand, for outside reading. Sight reading in a modern French play is tried once a week.

The roof of the Science Building is now all on. The completion of the central tower over the main entrance, which will contain the clock, will leave but little more to be done to the exterior of the immense structure.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Saturday, G. L. Kimball, '95, was elected captain of the field and track-athletic team. Lyford, '96, and McMillan, '97, were appointed to fill vacancies among the directors of the navy.

Perhaps some do not recall that the new name of Radcliffe College, now applied to Harvard Annex, is the one by which Bowdoin has been known by thousands of readers. It was applied to Bowdoin by Elijah Kellogg in his popular stories.

Hicks, '95, and Coggan, '97, now preside over the destinies of the College store. The ORIENT wishes the new firm success. It is understood the former proprietors are sure of a good income the rest of their lives—if they can collect their bills.

The first Junior assembly is announced for next Wednesday night, February 14th. Apply to any of the following for tickets or information: Quimby, Mitchell, Hicks, Roberts, or Stetson. It is undecided whether it will be held in the court room or in the town hall.

The prospect of a College Glee Club is not so bright as it might be, and class glee clubs seem to be coming into style. The Juniors and Sophomores have made good steps toward such organizations and have been doing some active rehearsing. Both classes contain some fine musical material.

Those who are informed on such matters say that the class of '98 promises to be by far the largest in the history of Bowdoin. Unusually large numbers are coming from the various fitting schools,

cities, and towns, from which the supply is commonly drawn, and many from unaccustomed sources. Quite a number are known to be coming from out of the state.

The subjects of the first themes of the term were as follows: Juniors—The Income Tax Bill, The Problem of the Unemployed, and Has the Novel or the Drama exerted the more influence upon English Literature? Sophomores—Should the United States Re-instate the Hawaiian Queen? University Extension, and The Moral Significance of "Elsie Venner."

The second themes of the term are due Feb. 9th, and the following subjects are given out: Juniors—Ancient and Modern Methods of Physical Culture. Does Labor-Saving Machinery Drive Labor Out of Employment? and Compare Talmage and Brooks as Preachers. Sophomores—Is Profit-Sharing a Solution of the Labor Problem? The Evils of Prize Fighting, and Scott's "Kenilworth."

At a recent mass-meeting of the college the following officers of the Athletic Association were elected: President, T. V. Doherty, '95; Vice-President, H. O. Clough, '96; Secretary and Treasurer, G. B. Mayo, '95; First Director, J. W. Crawford, '95; Second Director, F. B. Smith, '96; Third Director, Robert Newbegin, '96; Fourth Director, J. G. Haines, '97; Fifth Director, F. A. Thompson, '97.

Since the last issue of the ORIENT, the Alumni Associations of Boston and Portland have held their annual meetings and discussed the condition of the college and the viands set before them. Owing to lack of space we can give no detailed account of the meetings. Suffice it to say that there was a good attendance at both gatherings and the usual interest and enthusiasm was manifest. The Boston Association includes over 200 alumni.

Bowdoin was well represented at the big Bath fire of Sunday morning, January 28th. The alarm came just before church time, and it is said many absences from divine service that day will be excused with the words, "Out of town!" Some secured transportation to the Shipping City on the special trains on the ground they were special firemen, and many went in teams. All reported an exciting time and many adventures. There was a report at one time that a Bowdoin Senior had a narrow escape from the burning hotel, leaving behind part of his worldly possessions.

The class of '95 has elected the following officers

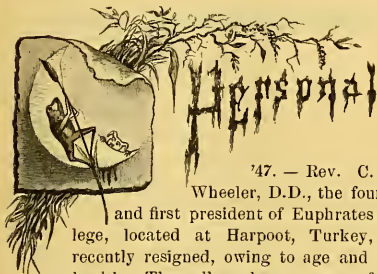
to serve during Junior year: President, J. B. Roberts, Buffalo, N. Y.; Vice-President, S. R. Savage, Augusta; Secretary and Treasurer, W. P. Haskell, Westbrook; Marshal, J. S. French, Norway; Chaplain, E. R. Woodbury, Castine; Orator, G. B. Mayo, Smethport, Penn.; Poet, A. L. Churchill, Houlton; Odist, J. T. Shaw, Gorham; Curator, H. B. Russ, Freeport; Committee of Arrangements, W. S. A. Kimball, Portland, L. F. Soule, Phillips, and A. Mitchell, Jr., Brunswick.

A highly interesting miscellaneous entertainment was furnished for the crowd before the regular business of the athletic meeting, Saturday. An orator (?) of doubtful intelligence, but of undoubted Democratic tendencies, whom somebody had induced to come in from the street, delivered a long and ringing address on the glories of a "Democratic Democracy"; denounced the "hypocritism" of Republicanism; said the high tariff laws of Maine were responsible for the hard times, and made a plea for free rum. The closing part of his programme was of a terpsichorean and musical nature.

The popular opinion in college seems to be that Bowdoin was near the centre of greatest activity in the recent terrible blizzard. The college was literally snowed under. No attempt was made to keep paths open, and the drifts were full of struggling students. Members of the Snow-Shoe Club were greatly envied mortals, and more than one of the faculty came to recitations on snow-shoes. The terminus ladies did not dare to face the elements, and the students took compulsory lessons in chamber work. Meals were cut by many who generally devote their attention in this line to chapel and recitations. All recitations were as usual except that the Freshmen dared not risk their delicate constitutions in the afternoon storm, so cut Greek, and the Seniors secured an adjourn in English Literature.

The students of French at Stanford have organized to give a French comedy.

Ex-President Harrison will go to the Stanford University early in March. Instead of lecturing upon international law, as was primarily intended, he will devote the entire course to an original discourse upon constitutional law, based upon the development of the constitutions of the original thirteen colonies. The time and manner of delivering the course of lectures has not been definitely fixed.



'47. — Rev. C. H. Wheeler, D.D., the founder and first president of Euphrates College, located at Harpoot, Turkey, has recently resigned, owing to age and poor health. The college has a corps of five American and twenty-six native professors and teachers. There are about 600 students in attendance in all departments. The last graduating class in the academical department numbered seventeen.

'50.—At the ninth annual dinner of the Psi Upsilon Association of Washington and vicinity, in that city on January 8th, Senator William P. Frye was re-elected president of the association for the ensuing year. The following Bowdoin men were at the dinner: Llewellyn Deane, '49; Hon. Wm. P. Frye, '50; Rev. Wm. S. Southgate, '51; Col. J. H. Gilman, '54; Hon. S. I. Kimball, '55; H. L. Piper, '63; A. D. Willard, '63; Hon. J. B. Cotton, '65, and R. L. Packard, '68.

'51.—At a meeting of the directors of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railway in Portland, on January 29th, an appropriate set of resolutions was adopted concerning the death of the late Philip Heury Brown, Esq., of that city, a member of the board of directors.

'60.—Gen. John Marshall Brown was present at the meeting of the Episcopal Club in Boston on January 24th.

'60.—Judge Joseph W. Symonds is one of the ablest and hardest working lawyers in New England, yet is always willing to give freely of his time and ability to matters outside his profession. He recently delivered a lecture before the Portland Law Students' Club upon "The Police Powers of the States." On January 30th he addressed the Rhode Island Historical Society upon "The Silent Changes of Laws and Institutions." On the evening of January 20th, he gave a reception to Judge W. P. Whitehouse, of Augusta, and his wife, at his residence on Pine Street in Portland.

'62.—At the last meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, Frank Alpine Hill, principal of the Boston Mechanic Arts High School, was elected to succeed J. W. Dickinson, secretary

of the board, who recently resigned. Mr. Hill was born at Biddeford, Me., in 1841. After graduation from Bowdoin College he became principal of the Biddeford High School. This position he held for two years, when he took a similar position at Milford, Mass., where he served for five years. He was then called to the head of the Chelsea High School. Here he remained for some years till induced to accept the principalship of the Cambridge English High School, from which he went to the Boston Mechanic Arts High School. He studied law with Hon. John M. Goodwin in his early years at Biddeford, but never engaged in the practice of law. He has been an occasional contributor to the public press and has been heard as a lecturer on scientific subjects.

'64.—Dr. Charles Jewett, for many years lecturer in the Long Island Medical School, and practicing physician in Brooklyn, N. Y., is in the first rank of specialists in obstetrics.

'66.—Dr. E. H. Cook, of Flushing, Long Island, is sick with the grippe, at the home of his sister, Mrs. O. G. Douglass, of Wood Street, Lewiston. He came east to make a visit and was taken sick.

'67.—At a recent meeting of the Maine Press Association at Portland, Hon. Henry S. Webster, of Gardiner, read the poem of the occasion, in which occurred the following lines:

Land that art set like a gem in the sea,
Hawaii!
What is the voice coming hither from thee,
Hawaii!
Down with the tyrant! I hear the bold cry,
Cleaving the cloud-drifts that darken thy sky.
Faint not, despair not, for succor is nigh;
Hold to thy purpose and thou shalt be free,
Hawaii!
Here dwell my people, the mighty, the brave,
Hawaii!
Their is the power to help and to save,
Hawaii!
They too have felt the oppressor's fell blight,
They too have groped to the day from the night.
See how they stand in their manhood and might,
Strong with the gifts which thine agonies crave,
Hawaii!
Think not their ears will be deaf to thy cry,
Hawaii!
Fear not they'll leave thee to weep and die,
Hawaii!
Cowards may falter and cravens may fail,
Truth is immortal and right will prevail,
Light out of darkness and blessing from hale
Surely shall spring as the ages go by,
Hawaii!

Kingdoms must crumble and despots must fall,
Hawaii!
Monarchs must drink of the wormwood and gall,
Hawaii!
Man shall not languish in terror and tine,
For by a right and a sanction divine
I shall bear rule o'er the palm and the pine,
Freedom be known as the birthright of all.
Hawaii!

'68.—Hon. Orville D. Baker, of Augusta, has formally announced to his friends his decision to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for member of Congress from his district.

'69.—Hon. John S. Derby is U. S. consul at St. John, N. B., not Halifax, as stated in our last issue.

'72.—Hon. George M. Seiders, of Portland, ably conducted the defense in the recent Prawda murder trial in that city.

'74.—W. M. Payson, Esq., has been nominated a Justice of the Peace and Quorum by Gov. Cleaves.

'77.—The ORIENT has to announce the very sad news of the death of Helen Ganson, wife of Dr. F. H. Dillingham, which occurred at 636 Lexington Avenue, New York City, on January 20th. It was but very recently that we announced Dr. Dillingham's marriage, which took place on Nov. 15, 1893. The cause of Mrs. Dillingham's death was gripple.

'78.—H. C. Baxter, of Portland, has perfected a corn canning machine which was tested at his Westminster, Vt., factory last season and proved so successful as to warrant his exhibition of it at the annual session of the Corn Cannery Association, to be held at St. Louis, February 24th. By its use three cans can be packed at once.

'84.—Dr. P. S. Lindsey and family have removed from Norridgewock, Me., to Santa Monica, Cal., where they will reside for the present.

'87.—Edward B. Burpee, of Boston, is one of the ablest among the younger members of the Massachusetts bar. He has been writing extensively for the stage recently.

'87.—Mr. E. C. Plummer, of Bath, recently made an invention by which a water-motor should utilize both the impact and the pressure of the water combined, whereas the ordinary motor only uses the impact or reaction water. On presenting his drawings at Washington it was found that some other genius had made almost precisely the same invention, and presented it a short time before Mr. Plummer presented his.

'89.—Bernard C. Carroll is engaged in the practice of law at Stockton, Cal.

'89.—News has just come east of the death of George W. Hayes, who went to Colorado in the hopes of regaining his health.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THETA, }
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON. }

Whereas, It has pleased our Almighty Father to remove from scenes of earth our beloved and esteemed brother, John S. H. Fogg, of the class of '46, a charter member of our chapter,

Resolved, That our chapter and fraternity have met with a great loss in one who was so active in their early history, and who, for half a century, has so well exemplified their principles and honored their name;

Resolved, That the sincere sympathy of our chapter be extended to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them and be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

CHARLES A. FLAGG,
LOUIS C. HATCH,
J. CLAIR MINOT,

Committee for the Chapter.

HALL OF THETA, }
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON. }

Whereas, In His divine wisdom, God has called from our midst our loved and honored brother, Hon. Granville P. Hawes, of the class of '60, whose zeal and interest in our fraternity have played so important a part in his life.

Resolved, That while we humbly bow to the decree of the all-merciful Father, we do recognize our great loss in this brother whose noble virtues of private life and whose signal ability and integrity in the performance of high public duties have reflected so much lustre on the name of Delta Kappa Epsilon;

Resolved, That the sincere sympathy of our chapter be extended to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them and be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

CHARLES A. FLAGG,
LOUIS C. HATCH,
J. CLAIR MINOT,

Committee for the Chapter.

Book Reviews.

(*Within College Walls*, by Charles Franklin Thwing. Baker & Taylor Co., New York.)

For fifteen years President Thwing has been writing constantly upon college subjects; his first work having borne the title of *American Colleges*. His position as president of Adelbert College and his close connection with student life, has made him a special authority upon subjects of this kind. In this work he gives the result of his observations and experiences among colleges and college men. He discusses in a liberal manner those questions which come to every student and parent concerning college work and welfare, such as: "The Good of Being in College," "The College Forming Character," "College Fitting for Business," "Pre-eminence of the College Graduate," etc. The work is well written and sets forth, in a forcible manner, the advantages of a college education. He says: "Into one group gather ten thousand infants and send no one to college; one person out of that great gathering will attain, through some work, a certain fame. Into another group gather forty college men on the day of their graduation, and out of these forty one will attain recognition." The book is well worth the reading.

(In Green and White. *Xmas Sketches* from the Dartmouth Literary Monthly, edited by Edwin Osgood Grover, '94.) It is not often that we can welcome to our column a work which is the embodiment of pure college talent. We are very glad to receive this little volume, not alone for the literary merit which it possesses, but also because it is the beginning of a work which, if pushed forward, will be a great incentive to literary work among colleges. We compliment the "Lit." on having so much talent from which to draw, and Mr. Osgood for his taste in making his selections.

College World.

Latest law in Physics.—The deportment of a pupil varies directly as the distance from the professor's desk.—*Ex.*

Beloit has received two carloads of Greek statuary from the World's Fair.

Prussia has just erected at Charlottenburg the finest technical institution in the world, at a cost of four millions.

Of the twenty-nine mayors of Boston, thirteen have been graduates of Harvard.

The Junior class at Stanford will publish an annual to be called "The Stanford Quad."

She's my sandwich,
I'm her ham,
She's my Lillie,
I'm her Sam.
Soon I'll annex her,
You may bet,
Little Hawaii
Will be my pet.—*Ex.*

At the University of Wisconsin ice-boating on Lake Menona is a popular pastime.

Professor Jameson is constructing a gigantic kite by means of which he expects to send up a camera and take some views of Iowa City.

FRED A. NICHOLS,

✧ TAILOR, ✧

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 21, 1894.

No. 14.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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A gloom of genuine sadness was cast over Bowdoin last Friday by the news of the death of Roy Fairfield Bartlett, '92, at his home in Caribou. The present two upper classes were in college while he was here, and the shock of his death comes like a personal blow to every member of them, and it almost seems as if an active member of the college had been suddenly taken from our midst. Mr. Bartlett was a prominent leader in scholarship and athletics, and was one of the most universally popular men the college has had for many years. Not his ability, however, so much as his honest, open, noble character, won the hearts of all. He was an ideal specimen of manly young manhood, true to his friends and high principles, energetic and upright in all he undertook. His life, cut off early though it was, can teach all of us helpful lessons. The ORIENT, representing the college his presence honored, and on which his works and character have left a lasting impress, pays its tribute to his memory, and extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

"POETRY is as contagious as measles," says Oliver Wendell Holmes in "Over the Teacups," but either poetry in its acute form has not ventured among us this winter, or else its vaunted power of communicating

itself to all whose system is prepared for its attack has deserted it. For certain it is that poetical contributions to the ORIENT have seldom been so few and of so uncertain a quality. The prize of five dollars offered by the ORIENT to the contributor of the greatest number of poems, and the prize of three dollars to the writer of the best poem, will be awarded at the end of this term. Apparently the judges will have an easy task in deciding upon the recipient of the latter, and certain it is that the shorter methods of algebra and integral calculus will not be needed to figure the number of poems contributed by even the most prolific of our under-graduate wooers of the Muse.

WE ARE glad to note the signal improvement in the conduct of the class elections held this term. Objectionable features were almost entirely eliminated and the best of feeling apparently prevailed. The example of '94 in appointing a representative committee which was instructed to report a ticket to be voted upon as a whole, each nomination being agreed to by every individual on the committee, cannot be too highly commended.

IN SPITE of frequent moral editorials on the brutality of hazing and the rise of civilization in Bowdoin College, as illustrated in the decline of Sophomoric spirit and success, the editors feel, deep down in the bottom of their hearts, a vague dissatisfaction at the new *régime*. Theoretically it is eminently right and proper that the Freshman should be considered the equal of the Sophomore, and treated accordingly, but practically the old-time impulse to seize the nearest water-pail and use it in the good old-fashioned way is often with us, for we cannot yet quite grasp the new idea that the Freshman is to be treated better than he

deserves. We say "better than he deserves" advisedly, for the incipient braves of '97 seem to have a strange faculty for brashness both in public and private. The faculty and jury have chilled the ardor of Sophomoric interference and the Freshmen seem to infer that the earth, with various neighboring planets, is therefore their own individual property, to be used as they see fit. Possibly it is, but the upper-classmen have not yet been advised of the fact, and we imagine that with the advent of warmer weather they may be inclined to dispute the claim. Meanwhile we would counsel the Freshmen to wear their laurels modestly, and not be deluded into believing that their own estimate of themselves is entirely correct.

A CONTRIBUTOR to this issue requests that the managing editor of the ORIENT call a meeting of the newspaper correspondents of the college with a view to the establishment of some definite organization, designed to secure a more extended system of reports from the college, especially in the papers outside the state. The idea has often been broached and is entirely commendable, for no harm could result from it, while some advantage might be gained. If such a meeting is to be held, however, let it be called at once and by those directly interested, not by the editor of the ORIENT.

Bowdoin Abroad.

SEVERAL times, through the columns of the ORIENT, writers have lamented the fact that Bowdoin men as correspondents for newspapers outside of the State do not do their duty, and this is due to mere indolence, for newspapers nowadays are anxious to obtain college news, if written in a bright, breezy style. Is it not disappointing when, on taking up an issue, we read how Amherst or Dartmouth is working at base-ball and athletics, and search the paper as we may,

no news about Bowdoin's progress is to be found? Is it not a trifle embarrassing to the members of our athletic teams, when off on trips they are asked: "Where is Bowdoin?"

Take another instance of our supineness. When the fall foot-ball record of the various colleges was summarized in one of the magazines devoted to college interests, the only place where we could find Bowdoin's name was the mention of our defeat by Andover.

Colleges that beat us are very ready to give to the press full accounts of the games. If they consider us foemen enough to be proud of their victories, surely we have pride enough to give good, reliable accounts of ours. To the alumni is due some consideration. If we live only for ourselves, and in so doing rail against the graduates for not helping the college more, surely we are acting in a censurable manner. Our alumni are devoted to the college and wish to do all in their power to help it. But if they read nothing about it in the papers, not even in the Sunday editions, their interest naturally becomes weakened. How much more would they contribute to our funds if they often saw our upward progress reported! It would increase their pride and revive their interest, and we would be the gainers.

If we should go to them asking for subscriptions for an athletic field or cinder track, they would ask us: "What do you need one for? We have seen no mention of your making yourselves prominent in that line, and until we see that advancement we do not feel like giving our money where it is not certain to be advantageously expended."

Now, this spring our base-ball nine is going to meet teams from the most prominent New England colleges, and people outside of the state will take the pains to look for the accounts of the games; thus it is imperative to our reputation that the contests

are well reported in the great dailies. If we do this well, we are advancing. But we should not forget that there are magazines and periodicals devoted to college interests, and we must be represented in these also.

There has never been a concentrated effort made at Bowdoin to keep her progress and interests before the public, and with the surprising growth of the college is coming a new *régime*, and a press club should be one of the important innovations. This could easily be formed. Let the editor-in-chief of the ORIENT call a meeting of all those who are representatives of any paper or magazine. Then draw up a constitution and elect suitable officers. This club, in case of a scandal in college, would hold the key-note of the situation as regarded the reading public. It would insure that persons interested in colleges would have plenty of opportunity to keep posted on Bowdoin. It would stimulate more care and enthusiasm among our reporters, and would keep them up to their duty. This is a need we have long felt, and it should be supplied before spring.

A Daring Ride.

IN THE early fall of 1882 I was touring a wheel in the north of England. The weather had been fine and I was enjoying to the utmost a rambler's life. All day I spun over smooth roads, between fragrant hedges and through a varied scene of mountain, mead, and lake. At night I found some rustic inn where "mine host" would entertain such a rare traveler with bounteous table and countless stories of country lore.

One day, in wheeling through a dreary waste of fen and heath, I came upon a rather broad and brawling stream, whose banks were spanned by an ancient bridge, serving both for passenger and railroad. It was a sort of two-storied affair, the track running over the roof of what might be called the bridge proper. The boarding on

the sides was warped and colored a soft and sheeny gray by wind and rain and sun.

Your first thought was of its frailty; for, perched upon piers a hundred feet in height and with signs of decay everywhere, except in one broad band that was bright with newness, there seemingly could be nothing more easy than for a train to crash through the roof to the river beneath. And then I thought that perhaps that was what the new part meant; perhaps some train did fall through.

That night I passed in an inn but a mile from the bridge, whose landlord was more than commonly garrulous. Seated before a blazing fire of logs, he rambled on about anything and everything, and I was almost nodding, when he asked me if I had seen the bridge that was burned last summer.

I answered, "Yes, or at least one that looked as if it might have been burned."

"Yes, yes; your machine reminds me of a story about that bridge. Would you like to hear it?"

"Surely."

"Well, one dark and rainy night—'twas the 23d of August, a year ago yesterday—we were wakened at midnight by a man who said that the bridge was on fire. We rushed to the river and saw the bridge just bursting into flames. The fiery tongues were lapping around the eaves and shooting up between the railroad ties. Glowing brands, which were once big timbers, began to fall into the river, and soon, with a roar, the whole span went down, leaving only one big timber.

"We shuddered to think of the train that soon would try to cross the bridge. Such was the torrent beneath that you could not cross it, and the nearest bridge was too far away to be of any service. There was no man who could or would dare to cross that slender timber that, though weakened by the fire, still stretched between pier and pier.

"Standing in the midst of us was a young fellow who had come to my inn that day. He was touring awheel as you are, and, for the excitement's sake, had ridden down to the bridge.

"All at once we saw him tie a wet handkerchief around his face, and, to our eager questioning, he answered: 'I am going to cross that timber on my bicycle.' We told him it was madness to try it; he would meet his death. 'My mother and my sister were to meet me here, and are coming on that train. Make way!'

"He pushed his wheel up the track to the bridge, where he mounted and rode quickly toward that gap filled with seething flames. The machine and its rider stood out in bold relief, lighted up by the blaze of the bridge. Several times the flames flared up around him, red minions of destruction, angry that any one should try to warn their coming prey.

"You know that the Mussulman's road to heaven is a lengthy sword-blade stretched over their hell, and that he who will gain future bliss must walk that blade. Well, it was a feat of similar character that this rider essayed. The timber was near enough a knife blade and the hissing flame supplied a very good mundane hell.

"When he reached the middle of the timber we saw it bend; we heard it crash. It swayed—it fell—and the daring rider fell with it. Down, down, it hustled, and we heard its hiss of hellish joy as it struck the water. The flames were dying out, and from a little distance you would have thought the bridge unharmed.

"All hope was gone. We could but wait to see the train, with its freight of humanity, crash through the bridge to a fearful destruction. Women fainted, and many a burly man closed his eyes with horror as we heard the whistle of the coming train away in the distance, for we all knew that the road

turned a sharp curve just beyond the bank of the river. The engineer would not see his danger until he was upon it.

"Nearer came the train. We could hear the rumble of the wheels and the puff of exhausting steam. It seemed an age before we saw the head-light glide around the curve—and then two long, reverberating whistles. 'Down brakes!' shrieked out upon the air. Like some monster, tugging hard against its chain, the train struggled on, slowly but surely yielding to its master, with shriek on shriek from its brakes.

"Within a dozen feet of the broken span the engine came to a standstill; then slowly backed to a place of greater safety."

"Who stopped the train?"

"The bicycle rider. He had fallen upon the floor of the lower bridge, and, though bruised and shaken, had found strength to run up the track and signal the train. So much had he risked for his mother and his sister."

I thanked "mine host" for his story and retired to my room. All night I dreamed of burning bridges and daring riders, and the next morning I went back and saw the bridge again. That bridge, with its span so bright and its story of daring, somehow stays in my mind.

"Tatters."

TATTERS was a singular individual. Strange and various were the traits that chance or fortune had mixed together to be molded into a character. He was undeniably lazy. When Fortune smiled upon him and gave him a crust for dinner and a straw-bed for a resting-place, he would bask in the warmth of her sunshine and—loaf. But when the reverse happened and he was without money and saw no prospect of food or shelter, he would search around for some odd job, obtain enough money to supply his wants for the present day, and return to his

accustomed place on the wharves, where he delighted to sit in the sunshine and watch the steamers plying to and fro and the merchant vessels discharging their cargoes or loading, preparatory to a long voyage.

His was a most wretched appearance; such an one as people in higher stations are satisfied to have designated by a name, preferring to forego the minute description; let it suffice to say that the state of his personal condition won him his name among his associates, a name he had carried so long that I doubt if he would have replied to any other.

Whenever, in his day-dreams Tatters thought of his childhood, so vague were his recollections that it seemed to him much like trying to look across the bay or out to sea when a fog was setting in. He dimly remembered a crowded tenement-room, dirty and littered with stuff that made it serve for both a kitchen and sleeping-room. His brothers and sisters were numerous, how many they were or where they had gone, Tatters had not the least idea. A man whom he supposed, on reflection, must have been his father, used to come staggering into the room, his clothes reeking with the fumes of tobacco and vile whiskey; cross when drunk, but uglier when not intoxicated, which latter condition was very rare indeed. But this person never disturbed Tatters' thoughts. He regarded him simply as an incident relating to earlier life.

There was, however, one face of his childhood that haunted him with its expression of hopeless misery and utter sadness. It was that of his mother. Whenever he thought of her his eyes would grow misty, he would feel a choking in his throat, and he would be surprised by a curse on his lips for the drunken brute who, for some reason he had never clearly defined, seemed to him to have been the cause of all that misery and wretchedness.

On the whole these moments of reflection were rare to Tatters. The thoughts that oftener occurred to him were of a light and flitting character, and seemed to come merely of their own accord, as half-dreaming he sat on the edge of the wharf, dangling his feet, and watched the swirling water below, or lay curled up by the outer wall of a storehouse. Among all his faults, Tatters had one redeeming characteristic, as if nature had inadvertently placed a flawless gem amidst worthless clay. He was never known to steal or beg. His companions attributed the latter quality to pride; the fact of the former was so entirely beyond their comprehension that they never thought to define its cause.

If you had asked Tatters why he did not beg, as a great many of his associates did, he would not have known how to answer you. He had never troubled himself to define why begging was so abhorrent to him. But it was different in regard to stealing. For once, long ago, after his mother had died, and they had all left the tenement, each to shift for himself, he had gone a whole day without food, and as night was drawing near he walked along the street desolate and hungry. Presently, in his aimless walk, he saw a baker's cart draw up to the sidewalk, while the boy driving it stopped the horse and went into a neighboring store. Tatters' hunger assailed him with additional force as he saw the tempting loaves of bread and cake in the cart, and with few scruples he decided to have one.

As it often happens when one is contemplating an action that for good or evil will cast its shadow over the remainder of one's life, the simple remembrance of one who had been held dear, occurs and checks the first intention; so it was with Tatters, for this was the first time he had ever felt a desire to steal. As he was about to seize a loaf and convey it to the inside of his coat,

he thought of his mother and remembered that she had always told him never to steal, and his recollections of his mother's life were so enshrouded with sadness that he held sacred every wish or command she had uttered. So, now, Tatters crept off into a dark alley to seek a resting-place, the pangs of hunger seeming to give way to the feelings of sorrow conjured up by his sad thoughts. Often, of a morning, when Tatters, penniless, started out in search, the boys in the neighborhood used to jeer at him, but in the evening, when he returned with a few pennies in his pocket and a loaf of bread under his arm, he never failed to share his last crust with any hungry urchin clamoring around him.

One morning Tatters had wandered far up-town. It had been snowing the night before and he had been forced to leave his usual shelter, on account of the cold and the drifting snow, and being driven from other places of refuge he sought, he had been compelled to walk nearly the whole night to keep warm. Besides this he was very hungry, not having had even a crust for his supper the night before. When morning came he tried to get work shoveling snow off the sidewalks and crossings, but all his petitions for work were refused, and policemen noticing his wretched-looking appearance ordered him to move on.

So he staggered on, weak and sick with exposure and lack of food, not heeding nor caring whither he went. In the afternoon, as he sat on a curbstone shivering with the cold, he felt that his condition was getting desperate and that he would have to do something in the way of obtaining food or starve. Soon he heard footsteps approaching, and, looking up, saw a well-dressed gentleman coming toward him. Staggering to his feet Tatters spoke to him, "Sir, will yer please"—he was about to say give a poor fellow something to eat, but then he realized

that he was actually begging and, instead, added, "Tell me what time it is?" The man answered him with a look of disdain and pushed him roughly aside. Poor Tatters, sick at heart, leaned against a tree and could not restrain tears from flowing down his cheeks, thin and drawn with hunger and suffering. It is doubtful how long he would have remained there and what he would have done had not an accident and his own generous nature decided for him.

Hearing cries in the street before him, he glanced up and saw a little child sprawling on the ice in the middle of the street, seemingly unable to rise, while a cab, driving at a furious pace, was almost upon her. The driver was apparently drunk and did not heed the cries of a lady and servant girl, on the sidewalk, running toward the child.

As fast as his weakened limbs would allow him, Tatters ran towards the child, caught her in his arms, and started to carry her to the sidewalk. But he slipped and fell forward. With a quick effort he pushed the child out of the way just as the front wheel of the cab laid him bleeding and insensible on the pavement.

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Late that night a little group gathered around Tatters, lying unconscious on a cot in the operating ward of the hospital. The attending physician answered gravely to the oft-repeated questions of a lady, and shook his head sadly.

Finally, Tatters regained consciousness, and, with a rallying effort, opened his eyes and moved slightly on his pillow. The lady, who had been kneeling beside the cot, quickly seized his hand, exclaiming brokenly: "You were so kind—I am so sorry—" Tatters looked at her with a wan smile on his face, and faintly answered: "I was never no good, mum, but I'm glad I didn't beg"—and then sank quietly to sleep.

"Deacon" Titcomb.

IF there had not been one disfiguring trait in Deacon Titcomb's character, the probabilities are that his fellow-townsmen would have done themselves incalculable injury by breaking that law of the Tablets which forbids hero-worship. The one prominent and forbidding excrescence upon the fair, open face of his mental being, offered the loop-hole of escape to his would-be adorers. The Deacon was obstinate; not chronically so, but more prominently than pleasantly.

The gossips (beguiled emissaries of the Tempter) declared in one voice, and with a simultaneous wag of heads, grown gray and bald in wise prognostication, that it was more than a pity to see so noble a character warped and twisted by one small vice.

The Deacon's obstinacy, like that of the quadruped whose distinguishing features lie in its amplitude of ears and dexterity of hinder feet, was held within bounds on ordinary occasions, but became unduly prominent when least expected. "Missis Titcomb was the only woman who knew how to take him," again and again affirmed Miss Winter, a spinster of uncertain age, and the nods of approval from her chosen intimates confirmed the truth of her reiterated remark. Yet to a stranger not acquainted with the intricacies of his character, the Deacon, genial, and beaming with a wealth of brightness on his rosy face, seemed the least liable to have such a slur cast upon him. Strangers are proverbially poor observers, however; the exterior dazzles or disgusts them, and until their eyes grow accustomed to the light, or their disgust is softened by new discovery, their criticisms amount to but little.

He was a goodly object, however, to both friend and stranger, this Deacon Titcomb, as slowly and calmly he walked to and from his office, through the quiet streets of Woodfield. Erect as those warriors in embryo

that West Point so carefully nurtures for the delectation of the "gentle savage," ruddy and seasoned by years of pure air and constant labor, the Deacon would have gained favorable comment in the busiest street of the most active city.

Mrs. Titcomb, the wife, whose intelligence and gentle persuasive power was so highly commended by that select assembly of observers, the tea-circle, had given up her task years before, and slept peacefully under the trees in the old cemetery. Here, on the quiet Sabbath afternoons, with the voices of the children, through the open windows of the church, coming sweetly and caressingly to his listening ear, the Deacon brought the flowers that she had loved and trained, and laid them tenderly and reverently on her grave. Then, as slowly and as sadly would he return, and, in the room that once her being had beautified, think deeply of her. The servants, when he pondered thus, would walk noiselessly and say to one another, with tremulous voice, for they, too, had loved her, "He's with his wife." And so indeed he was.

His pastor had remonstrated with him on his neglect of the Sabbath-school, but his reply had so touched him that the conversation was never renewed. "I feel as if no other day were good enough for me to show my love for her," he had answered with quivering lip; and the good pastor, with a firm hand-pressure, had taken his leave.

So it came about that the widows (and Woodsfield appeared to be their Mecca, so many were there) sighed afar and threw their pickets into other fields to reconnoitre for vantage ground.

Of all the men in Woodsfield, none respected the Deacon more than the proprietor (owner is so intensely commonplace) of the one hostelry that the old and prosaic town barely allowed to live. Strangers, seated on the broad piazza, seeing the Deacon pass by,

were impressed by his appearance, apparently so incongruous with his surroundings, and were wont to ask his name. In return, they received the story of his life, from his enthusiastic admirer, "mine host."

Seated in his wide-armed chair, his pipe held loosely in his hand, the blue rings of smoke curling lazily toward the ceiling, the landlord would tell the story with many expressive winks and frowns.

"You saw, sir, that the Deacon looked pleasant and warm-hearted as he went by; well, so he is, but there ain't many men that have had the same trials as he has had. He was born here, and all his forefathers too, for the matter of that. I went to school with him. Even then he had an awful determined nature. Seems only yesterday, too, sir. After he got through with our school, he took first place in an academy—his father sent him to college. You'd have thought that he would have come back, high-strung and proud? Yes? but he didn't. He was just the same as before, only his chin was set rather firmer, and he said things more determined-like. He settled right down here among us. Well," and here the worthy host would pause and puff energetically at his pipe, "he kept company with Mary Oliver, the most likely girl in Woodsfield. No!" reflectively, as if conjuring up a picture of the lass of other days, "she weren't pretty, but gentle and winning, with great eyes, that looked as appealing as a lamb's. Of course she married him, he was so handsome and grand, unlike any of us, and they seemed made for one another. They had one daughter who looked like her mother, only she had the Deacon's grit. Things went on, and it was the happiest family in Woodsfield until the Deacon's wife got sick and died. I never saw a man that felt as the Deacon did. He moped and sighed, and some of us used to see a great tear on his cheek sometimes. Cowardly? Soft-hearted?

Not a bit of it, sir. He'd do anything if he were put to it. I don't blame him. Most of us felt like crying, when she lay white and still in the coffin. She looked so peaceful." Could it have been the recollection of that dreary day that made the landlord talk a trifle thicker than usual? "Then the daughter, she was Mary too, grew up. I tell you the Deacon set some store by her; he kinder spoiled her, but perhaps it was the mother's care she wanted. When she grew up to about eighteen there was an artist came here. He was a slick, glib-tongued fellow. Mary fell in love with him. What freaks women do take! The Deacon would have nothing to do with him, didn't like the looks of the cuss, and ordered him away from the house. I was up there that day, seeing about my lease, and Mary went by the door. She looked as if she had been crying, but just as spunky as could be. 'She's got your spunk, Deacon,' says I. He snapped me up. 'Go on with the lease,' said he, savagely. Well, before any of us thought anything about it, away she went with that artist critter and got married to him. Then the Deacon took her picture out of his album and would have burnt it, but her old nurse begged it away from him. No one knows where she is. The Deacon walks just the same, but I've always thought he grieved over it to himself. He's one of the best men that ever lived, religious too, but he's powerful set," and the landlord would rise and go to his side-room, leaving the guest thinking of the wisdom of the Egyptians, in having their skeletons ever with them.

[To be continued.]

The Harvard faculty has announced the names of 70 members of the Senior class for commencement parts. Twenty per cent. are members of athletic teams.

At Exeter it has been decided by vote of the faculty that the manager in any of the school athletics must give the faculty a bond of \$250 before he can enter upon his duties.

Inter Nos.

THREE or four years since one of Bowdoin's bright scholars who had a *penchant* for writing verse, was down on the programme of a literary meeting for an original poem. The young man's Muse was more facile under the touch of Venus than of Mars, and the production which he decided to deliver rather disagreed with the practical turn of the presiding officer to whom it was shown. Wishing, perhaps, to prepare the audience, and willing to compromise his dignity by the suggestion of a pun, the president introduced the writer briefly but pointedly: "Mr. Blank," he said, "will now read an original erotic poem, with the accent on the *rot*."

AMONG the college "yarns" we have heard recently, the following story, related of the president of a New York institution, seems worthy of repetition. The end of the college dormitory enclosed one side of the worthy professor's garden, which contained an orchard that was his constant pride. Fortunately for the safety of his crop there were no windows facing the garden on the two lower floors, but nevertheless considerable fruit was spirited away, greatly to the mystification of the professor, who determined to investigate. Armed with a "bull's-eye" he laid in wait at the garden's end, one crisp October night, and was rewarded by the sight of a huge basket descending from the third story, containing an enterprising youth in search of prize fruit. Allowing him to disappear in the orchard's classic shades, though with a twinge as he thought of the havoc to be wrought among his favorite trees, the president stepped into the basket and pulled the cord. The signal was heeded and strong arms, impelled by the desire for the luscious treat awaiting them, soon

brought him to the window, which was open to receive him. With a chuckle of glee he drew the slide of his lantern, and casting the glare on the astonished faces before him, ejaculated, "Well, gentlemen, I have caught you." "Not a word, Professor," said a quick-witted fellow, drawing his knife, and glancing significantly at the rope, "or down you go." The president decided upon the regulation mode of descent, and the annals of the year do not record that any students were disciplined for indulging in forbidden fruit.

Rhyme and Reason.

A Romance.

'Twas on the ice,
And in a trice
A broken strap was mended.

A step is heard,
An earnest word,
Her dainty hand's extended.

A diamond ring,
A little thing,
But one romance is ended.

The Snow Fairy.

Beneath the stars of the winter night,
Across the sleeping world, in flight,
A fair snow fairy met my sight.

She paused above the northern land,
And raised aloft her crystal wand,
In graceful token of command;

"O fall," she cried, "O fall, ye snow,
And blow, ye bitter north winds, blow,
Heap high the drifts o'er all below!

"Heap high, heap high, ye snows, I call;
Above the flowers and brooks and all;
'Tis for the world's own good ye fall!

"Heap high, ye snows, make pure and fair
The world all dark and gloomy there;
Give flowers and brooks a sleep from care!

"Heap high, and cover deep from view
All evil things the old world knew;
From out the old world make a new!

"And would that every soul might know
A cleansing weight of pure white snow,
Till heaven's spring-time breezes blow."

Sphinx.

Silent, mysterious, it stands
In thirsty wastes, 'neath bowing skies,
And winds have blown the desert sands
For ages in its stony eyes.
The secret of long buried years
Its sealed lips relentless hold.
The wanderer bends to them, yet hears
No whisper from the days of old.

A fairer face there is to me,
Fair shining eyes with mirth aglow,
Yet deep, unfathomed as the sea.
The world were mine could I but know
The meaning of that hidden smile,
Which fills my heart with vague unrest,
And hopes of which I dream the while
Light longing fires within my breast.

The Pessimist.

THE recent action of the Amherst College senate in setting itself squarely against the faculty in a matter of discipline is of interest to students, as well as to members of the governing boards of other institutions. The controversy leads us to see correctly the relation of the two bodies, and will, in its conclusion, establish a useful precedent for future cases of a similar character. That relation needs to be plainly understood by all of us. The faculty is the ultimate governing body; theirs is the sovereign power under which students place themselves by matriculation. The college senate or jury, or whatever it may be termed, holds place only by privilege from the faculty, and when its decisions or opinions are unfair or unwise, to the latter goes the case without question, for consideration. College juries are useful organizations, and the feeling of independence and self-government which they foster is, under ordinary circumstances, valuable;

but they must realize their responsibility to the faculty, and must keep always in sight the fact that their power is of the negative sort, and is, with undeniable propriety, liable to be ignored when exceeded without warrant.

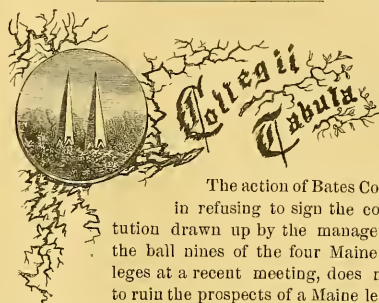
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Probably the "most unkindest cut of all" the college history occurred when the Freshmen sent a delegate to their Professor of Greek a few days since and informed him that he needn't trouble to leave the house, as the class, like great Cæsar, would not go to-day. To be sure the day was far from balmy, the breezy blizzard blew in booming billows round the ragged corners, and soaked the Freshman's tile from off his studious head. But the blizzard "died quick"; the angry clouds drew back in confused defeat; the bitter breezes bowed obeisance; they had met the Freshmen "gall,"—and, as ever, gall won.

* * * * *

About once in a half-dozen years, so runs the chronicle, some individual from out back comes in on the draught, and settles on these premises to let his glory shine about for a term of from one to four years according to—well, say circumstances. He is generally of a quality of clay vastly superior to that of those about him, and he rules supreme, like a Plymouth Rock rooster in a bantam harem, and has the favor of the gods. The men he ignores, the ladies he regards with more favor, as he realizes his irresistible irresistibility, and gives them the benefit of his presence. The ceremony of introduction he regards as an unnecessary formality, and he addresses unknown fair ones with all assurance, his fame having long preceded him and won their hearts before sight won their eyes. Sometimes he asks compellingly the name of the fair lady, but except when he needs to make some social memorandum, even this is dispensed with.

He is, in short (oh, Micawber!), a most remarkable specimen of an unwinged vertebrate, and we bow in awe before him. He ought to go to Arizona, where the latest rule of etiquette says that "no gentleman will shoot to kill in the presence of ladies."



The action of Bates College in refusing to sign the constitution drawn up by the managers of the ball nines of the four Maine colleges at a recent meeting, does much to ruin the prospects of a Maine league next spring. The other colleges are perfectly willing that the Medical students should be admitted to all the athletic privileges of Bowdoin, which is the main point in dispute; but Bates will not agree, and unless there is harmony and unanimity, it is very doubtful if there is a league. League or no league, however, Bowdoin will not cease to insist on her point, as the college has far higher and broader athletic aims and interests than merely the pleasure of crossing bats with the Bates lads. In football, rowing, tennis, and field and track athletics Bowdoin has been and is far ahead of her sister Maine colleges, and there is no reason why she should not keep the lead she has gained in base-ball also. She can have all the dates she wants with Massachusetts teams, and there is every prospect of an exciting season for the Bowdoin nine, whether there is a Maine league or not. It is hoped, however, Bates will see the folly of her objections and agree with the other three colleges, and at the same time settle her internal quarrels.

Bodge, '97, went home sick last week.

R. W. Mann, '92, was in town recently.

Brown, '96, had to go home last week on account of sickness.

Pierce, '96, has been at home, in Portland, sick for a week.

President Hyde was confined to the house a few days last week.

Knight, '96, has been made a member of Alpha Delphi Phi.

The Freshmen are working on Bender's Roman Literature once a week.

"The Sultan's Favorite" drew quite a number at Town Hall last week.

It is about time for the Freshmen to issue their challenge for the spring boat race.

Prof. Lee has recently lectured in Bethel and Gorham, N. H., and in Castine, Me.

Electricity is that branch of physics now receiving the attention of the Sophomores.

Washington's Birthday, February 22d, will be observed as usual as a holiday in the college.

Strickland, '97, is quite sick at his home in Houlton, and it is doubtful if he returns to college.

Something in the line of a premature Senior vacation was in order nearly every day last week.

The Freshmen are nearly through with solid geometry, and will next take up plane trigonometry.

The Seniors have elected Thompson and the Sophomores Bates as leaders of their squads for the exhibition.

Dewey, '95, Leighton, '96, and Holmes, '97, play the piano in the gymnasium for their respective class drills.

Fairbanks, '95, went to Caribou last week as the delegate of Δ K E, to attend the funeral of R. F. Bartlett, '92.

The students of Appleton Hall have, to a man, signed a strong petition that the hall be remodeled the coming summer.

Professor Hutchins lectured in Augusta, recently, before the Kennebec County National History and Antiquarian Society.

Gymnasium assemblies are of frequent occurrence among the dancing students, who seem to get much pleasure out of them.

Plumstead, '96, is back after teaching a successful term in Wiscasset. He is still a little lame from the effects of last fall's injury.

The Sophomore Greek division has finished the Iphigenia in Tauris, by Euripides, and are now on the Philoctetes, by Sophocles.

Now is the time that anxious glances are cast into the coal closet, and close calculations made as to the time when it will be empty.

Quite a party of students went to Portland last week to witness the presentation of "Injured Innocents," by the Portland Athletic Club.

"Chronique du Règne de Charles IX," by Prosper Mérimée, is the third book of the term on the list of outside reading for the Sophomores.

Rev. G. C. DeMott, '94, who has preached at the Richmond Congregational church for a year and a half, has given up his duties there and will give his undivided time to his college work till graduation.

The Juniors think that the second law of Logic, which says that "nothing can be and not be at the same time" is in the wrong, since they find that they can be in certain recitations and yet are not there at the same time.

It was a Bowdoin Sophomore who made an evening call in Bath, and who was dazed when the next issue of the *Independent* appeared, to find the fact chronicled in four distinct and separate items in different parts of the paper.

Book agents have swarmed on the campus this fall and winter and their victims are numbered by the score. The installment plan of payment is the favorite method. Many fine sets of the standard American and foreign authors have been disposed of.

The first of the series of Junior assemblies was held in the court room last Wednesday evening, and it was, in all respects, a most delightful occasion. Twenty-four couples participated. The patronesses were Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Hutchins, and Mrs. Mitchell. The music was furnished by Wilson of Lewiston.

Monday afternoon, February 12th, everybody made a visit to the Art Building. The occasion was the arrival of the bronze casts of Sophocles and Demosthenes from Naples, Italy. They were at once placed in the large niches on the front. They are of heroic size, and add much to the general appearance of the noble structure. The building will be open regularly very soon.

All who go into the library now notice a welcome change, a handsome large clock having been placed on the wall over the door leading from the registering room into Banister Hall. It is a clock with an interesting history. It was presented to the college by Mrs. Sarah Bowdoin, the wife of Hon. James Bowdoin, the first benefactor of the college, and for many years did faithful service in the old wooden chapel. Of late it has had a dusty repose in the library, but now new works have been put in and the case polished up, so that it looks as bright and ready for service as it did in its youth, nearly a century ago.

The open course of lectures on American Literature now being delivered in Memorial Hall offers a

rare opportunity, which it is pleasant to notice that very few of the students are missing. Rev. E. C. Guild, the Brunswick Unitarian clergyman, is a profound scholar, and has a most attractive way of expressing himself. The course gives all a chance to strengthen much a place often regarded as weak in a college education. The lectures come each Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, and are to be seven in number. The following authors are treated: Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. Quite a number of town people are attending the course.

The third themes of the term are due February 26th and the following subjects are given out: Juniors—Should Hours of Labor in Manufacturing Industries be shortened? Some Characteristics of New Englanders. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." Sophomores—Should the Federal Elections Law be Repealed? A New England Town Meeting, and the Character of Dickens's "Uriah Heep."

The 74th session of the Medical School opened Thursday, February 8th. Lower Memorial was crowded with students and their friends at the opening introductory lecture, which was delivered by Prof. John F. Thompson, M.D., of Portland, on the problem of "The Preliminary Education of the American Medical Student." President Hyde and the medical faculty occupied the platform. There were fifty-eight medical students present, and the whole number in attendance this term will probably be rather above the average number of one hundred. Among those entering on the medical course are Baldwin and Barker, both Bowdoin, '93, Kenniston, '92, and Blanchard, '90. President Hyde says there are several new departures to be made in the school, about which he is not yet ready to speak.

Last June the board of overseers authorized the publication of a new general catalogue, and Professor Little has been steadily working on it of late. The last general catalogue appeared in 1889, and this will be thoroughly revised, and additions made up to date. The new volume will be prefaced by a historical sketch of Bowdoin, of one hundred pages, written by Professor Little, which will be illustrated with pictures of the college buildings, past and present. In addition to the list of graduates, their residence, occupation, etc., the volume will also contain a list of all those who have attended, but who have never graduated. There will be about three hundred pages in all, and the book will be published by the middle of May. The price of the

catalogue will be one dollar, and it will be a most valuable addition to Bowdoin literature.

Last week the class of '94 held its election of officers for Senior year and the election was one of the fairest and most satisfactory that has been held in the college for years. An entirely new method was adopted, which ought to be considered at future class elections. The ticket was the unanimous choice of a committee representing all the elements of the class. Following is the list: President, E. H. Sykes; Vice-President, F. H. Knight; Treasurer, R. H. Baxter; Orator, G. A. Merrill; Poet, H. E. Andrews; Chaplain, Norman McKinnon; opening address, F. W. Dana; historian, F. W. Pickard; prophet, R. H. Hinkley, Jr.; odist, H. E. Bryant; statistician, R. P. Plaisted; marshal, H. A. Ross; parting address, F. G. Farrington; toast-master, H. C. Wilbur; committee of arrangements, W. P. Thompson, E. Thomas, Jr., and C. E. Merritt; committee on pictures, C. M. Leighton.

The Freshmen have elected the following class and banquet officers. There was much interest in the election, but there were none of those combines that have unfortunately been so common in college of late, and everything was pleasant and satisfactory. The Freshmen have made a good beginning in class elections and it is to be hoped they will keep up their good record. President, A. S. Harriman; Vice-Presidents, J. H. B. Fogg and R. W. Smith; Secretary, F. G. Kneeland; Treasurer, J. S. Shute; Toast-master, E. G. Pratt; Orator, M. S. Coggan; Poet, H. M. Varrell; Prophet, J. E. Rhodes; opening address, G. S. Bean; history, T. C. Koehan; committee of arrangements, W. A. Purnell, J. H. Morse, and S. O. Andros; committee on odes, C. H. Holmes, D. D. Spear, and E. B. Remick; committee on class cups and colors, H. S. Warren, T. C. Koehan, and E. C. Vining. E. L. Bodge was elected to represent the class on the general athletic committee.

Gymnasium work is going merrily on each afternoon, and the building, up stairs and down, presents a most lively appearance during working hours. Captain Sykes is keeping his men hard at work every day, batting, throwing, running, etc., and the battery men are getting into fine form. The whole squad goes through a stiff dumb-bell drill each day. A piano has been moved into the gymnasium, and each class goes through its drill to music, resulting in much better work. Soon the squads from each class will be picked out for drill

at the exhibition, and then will begin the annual struggle for the cup. Besides the regular drills, boxing, wrestling, starting, hurdling, jumping, diving, and tumbling receive attention each day. There is unusual interest in boxing; and several stars have been developed. It is proposed that an informal tournament be held, and that the winners in the three classes, heavy, middle, and light weights, take part in the exhibition. Dewey, '95, has charge of the pyramid squad and is getting his men well at work. Heads for the various other departments of the exhibition work have also been appointed. Ross, '94, is in charge of the boxing and wrestling; Foster, '95, of the work on the bars and rings; Bates, '96, of the pole-vaulting and diving; Smith, '96, of the jumping; and Lord, '94, of the tumbling.

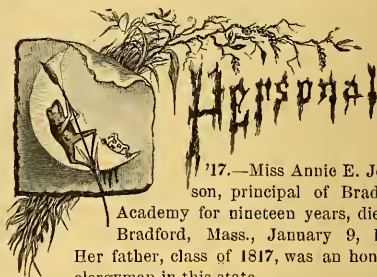
J. W. Crawford, '95, represented Bowdoin at the recent eighth annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association held in Boston. Among other business was the admission of Massachusetts Institute of Technology to the Association, and the choice of Worcester Oval and May 23d as the place and time of the next field-day meeting. There were seventeen delegates present, representing nine New England colleges, as follows: Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Trinity, Wesleyan, Williams, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The University of Vermont did not send delegates. The following officers were all unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, W. M. Ames, Dartmouth; first Vice-President, E. W. Davenport, Worcester; second Vice-President, C. D. Broughton, Trinity; Secretary, S. H. Hanford, Amherst; Treasurer, Benjamin Hurd, Jr., Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Executive Committee, W. M. Ames, *ex officio*; S. H. Hanford, Amherst; J. W. Crawford, Bowdoin; R. C. Taft, Jr., Brown; A. G. Bugbee, Dartmouth; C. D. Broughton, Trinity; W. W. Peck, Wesleyan; R. H. Jeffrey, Williams; F. W. Parks, Worcester, and Benjamin Hurd, Jr., Boston.

Brown will celebrate her one hundredth anniversary in June.

Yale has dropped arithmetic from the list of requirements.

The Andover base-ball team is to make an East-trip.

Only eight speakers are to appear on the commencement stage at Dartmouth hereafter. The Latin salutatory has been abolished.



'17.—Miss Annie E. Johnson, principal of Bradford Academy for nineteen years, died in Bradford, Mass., January 9, 1894. Her father, class of 1817, was an honored clergyman in this state.

'20.—Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D., of Rock Bottom, Mass., the oldest living Bowdoin graduate, who has been seventy years in the ministry, recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday and received a large number of congratulations.

'35.—The *Brunswick Telegraph* for February 15th, announces, in its editorial columns, the retirement of its veteran editor, A. G. Tenney. His remarkable editorial career has extended over nearly fifty-eight years, nearly thirty-seven of which have been spent in Brunswick on the *Telegraph*. From all parts of the state come notices of this change in management accompanied by expressions of universal regret. Mr. Tenney and the *Brunswick Telegraph* have for so long been identified that his hand in it will be very much missed. We quote the following from the *Kennebec Journal* of February 5th, printed before the announcement of Editor Tenney's retirement: "The sudden illness of Editor Tenney, of the *Brunswick Telegraph*, made a greater impression on the community than does the sickness of most good editors. The *Telegraph* was suspended for four issues and comes out February 1st in miniature as the *Brunswick Telegraph, Jr.* We impatiently await the *Telegraph*, senior. Old friends are good enough for us.

Medical, '36.—Dr. Moore Russell Fletcher, of Cambridge, Mass., died at his home, on Mt. Auburn Street in that city, on Friday, February 9th, and was buried from his late home the following Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Dr. L. A. Banks conducted the service. Dr. Fletcher was born in Campton, N. H., January 17, 1811, and studied medicine at Harvard in addition to his course at Bowdoin. After graduation he settled in St. Andrews, N. B., where he married Miss Ann Catherine Allenshaw, daughter of Hon. James Allenshaw, who owned extensive tracts of New Brunswick timber land. There he managed eighteen saw mills, and it was at this time that he

began experimenting in the making of paper pulp from wood fibre. In 1850 he removed to Cambridge, and for ten years devoted himself to the practice of his profession. After that he occupied himself principally in pushing his inventions, which were very numerous and remarkable. He secured no less than seventy-five patents from the government for inventions, including a process for making wood pulp, a truss for the cure of hernia, an improved steam engine, a revolver, and numerous other contrivances of more or less ingenious design; but his skill as a business man did not prove equal to his ingenuity as an inventor. In 1883 he published a popular medical treatise, entitled "The Home Doctor," which met with a considerable sale. Dr. Fletcher left a widow and one son, Mr. John M. Fletcher of Boston.

'49.—Mr. Joseph Williamson is the author of a new and complete "Bibliography of Maine," from the earliest period to 1891, published by the Maine Historical Society by subscription only. The work is a valuable one, and will be the standard for years to come.

'54.—A recent number of the *Lewiston Journal* gives a very good picture of Senator William Drew Washburn of Minnesota, together with a long interview concerning his youth in Maine. Of his college days Senator Washburn says: "There were thirty-six in my class, among whom were Frank A. Wilson of Bangor and James R. Osgood, afterwards well known in the firm of Ticknor & Osgood, publishers, Boston. William L. Symonds of Portland was also a class-mate of mine, and a most promising young fellow, but he died soon after leaving college, and Charles P. Chandler went into the war as colonel of a Massachusetts regiment. Senator Frye graduated the year I entered and Chief Justice Fuller was in the class ahead of me, while Judge Putnam of Portland followed a year behind."

'56.—Galen C. Moses of Bath is a director in the company of the newly-completed Portland & Rumford Falls Railway.

'57.—The munificent gift of Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard of New York City to Hallowell has materialized in a handsome addition to the library, costing with its equipments \$12,000. At the dedication, March 15th, Professor Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth, who gained his foundation in literature from the old Social Library, will deliver an address on the mission of the public library; a poem by Mattie Baker Dunn of Waterville, and other literary exercises, will make the occasion a memorable one.

'60.—Edwin Berger Shertzer of St. Louis, Mo., died in that city recently of pneumonia. He was born in Annville, Penn., December 25, 1834, and has been for many years a successful lawyer in St. Louis. After graduation at college he was, for a short time, an instructor in the Seminary, Wilton, Me. In 1861 he studied law at St. Paul, Minn., and was admitted to the bar in that city in that year. From 1861 to 1863 he practiced his profession in St. Paul. Then for three years he acted as clerk to Major S. F. Adams. In 1866 he removed to St. Louis. In college he was a member of Psi Upsilon and Phi Beta Kappa.

'60.—At the Bowdoin Free Baptist conference held at Lisbon, Me., on February 14th and 15th, a prayer and conference meeting was conducted by Rev. Dr. Charles Fox Penney of Lewiston.

'60.—Hon. Joseph Law Symonds addressed the gathering at Rumford Falls, February 10th, on the occasion of the completion of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway.

'62.—Gen. C. P. Mattocks, one of Maine's World's Fair directors, is trying to induce Portland people to advance the money necessary for bringing the Maine building at Chicago to Portland and setting it up there again. It will cost \$7,000 to bring it to that city and rebuild it there.

'64.—Charles F. Libby has been elected president of the Maine Bar Association for the coming year.

'66.—Professor Henry Leland Chapman recently gave a Shakespearean reading in Camden, under the auspices of the Monday Reading Club of that place.

'68.—Orville D. Baker, of Augusta, is a vice-president of the Maine Bar Association.

'69.—Clarence Hale, Esq., of Portland, spoke at the dinner given February 10th, at Rumford Falls, in honor of the completion of the new road to that point.

'54.—F. A. Wilson, Esq., of Bangor, was elected a vice-president of the Maine Bar Association at the recent annual meeting held in Portland.

'77.—On February 12th, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the Lincoln Club, of Portland, gave a large and very successful dinner in their rooms in that city. Carroll W. Morrill, president of the club, presided with his usual grace and eloquence, and to him very largely was due the extreme smoothness and success of the dinner.

'81.—Hon. D. J. McGillicuddy, of Lewiston, presided over the recent meeting at Rumford Falls station on the occasion of the opening of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway.

'85.—H. L. Lunt is now in his second year as supervising principal of the schools of Ontario, Cal., and is meeting with splendid success in his chosen profession. He has had interesting meetings with fellow-teachers and discussions of public school questions recently.

'87.—Mr. Austin Cary, of East Machias, passed through here recently. Mr. Cary was one of Professor Lee's party from Bowdoin College in the expedition to Labrador in the summer of 1891. He is at present employed on the Forestry Department of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, and is engaged in the exploration of the lumber woods in northern Maine, in order to ascertain the comparative growth of the different varieties of forest trees of this section, says the *Houlton Times*.

'87.—A. C. Shorey has recently taken charge of the *Brunswick Telegraph*, so lately given up by A. G. Tenney, '35. It is pleasant to have a Bowdoin man still at the head of the *Telegraph* staff, and we wish every success to Mr. Shorey, whose previous experience in newspaper work is extensive. He has been connected with the *Bridgton News*, of which his father, Maj. H. A. Shorey, is editor, and the *Bath Times*.

'89.—THE ORIENT has to chronicle the very sad death of George William Hayes of Lewiston, whose severe illness we announced in our last number. He had recovered from a very severe hemorrhage and was seemingly better, when a sudden change occurred, resulting in his death on January 31st. Mr. Hayes was born at Lewiston on October 22, 1867, and, after graduation, did considerable work in the West as a journalist, at the same time pursuing his law studies. He gained an admission to the bar, but his health began to fail and his life during the last months was but a struggle to regain this. In college he showed great promise. He was a member of the Glee Club and Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. At the funeral, which took place at the house of his father, William Hayes, Esq., of Lewiston, Rev. George M. Howe of the Pine Street Congregationalist Church officiated. There were many floral tributes, including a beautiful bank of roses from the class of '89. Among the bearers were Professor George T. Files, F. L. Staples of Augusta, and W. P. F. Robie of Gorham, all of '89.

'91.—Thomas C. Spillane, Esq., of Lewiston, has received an invitation to deliver the Memorial Day address at Waldoboro.

'92.—Roy Fairfield Bartlett, whose sudden death is noticed editorially in this number, was born in

Caribou, Aroostook County, Maine, October 26, 1869, and was, therefore, about twenty-four years and four months old. He fitted for college at the Caribou High School, and entered Bowdoin in the fall of '88. He was a member of Δ K E, and roomed throughout his course in South Appleton. He possessed a remarkable faculty for making friends, and was universally liked for his genial, companionable qualities and his manly virtues. There was no more popular student in college, and that he should be elected the popular man of his class Junior year was a foregone conclusion. Everybody liked him, and the news of his death was a severe shock to the members of '93 and '94, who knew him during his course here. In scholarship he was one of the leaders of '92, being one of the provisional commencement appointments, and being elected a member of Φ B K. In athletics he was also a leader, and his record in this line is still fresh in the minds of the student body. He was a member of his class crew, and in his Senior year was the captain and inspiration of the 'Varsity foot-ball eleven. Since graduation he has been studying law in Caribou, and would soon have been admitted to the bar where his ability, determination, and noble character would have won him a high position. A short time ago he was taken with la grippe, resulting in typhoid fever, from which he died Thursday, February 15, 1894. Last June, at commencement time, he was back to see his old friends, full of life, ambition and hope, and it is hard to realize that this noble and promising young life has now ended.

'93.—Alley R. Jenks is very critically ill at his home in Houlton, Me.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THETA, }
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON. }

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has removed from our midst our beloved brother, Roy Fairfield Bartlett, of the class of '92, whose manly virtues in all things and whose unselfish zeal in college affairs have left an abiding memory with all who knew him;

Resolved, That the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, of which he was so worthy and active a member, has suffered a great loss in the sudden cutting off of his noble and promising young life;

Resolved, That our sincere sympathy be extended to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be published in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

W. W. THOMAS,
LOUIS C. HATCH,
J. CLAIR MINOT,

Committee for the Chapter.

HALL OF ALPHA DELTA PHI.

Whereas, In His divine wisdom an all-merciful Father has been pleased to remove from our midst our much beloved and esteemed brother, George William Hayes, of the class of '89, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity meets with a great loss in having removed from its membership this brother;

Resolved, That the sincere sympathy of the fraternity be extended to the bereaved family and that a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

GEO. C. DEMOTT,
CHAS. E. D. LORD,
GEO. M. BRETT,

Committee for the Chapter.

HALL OF THE KAPPA PSI UPSILON.

Whereas, It hath seemed good to our Almighty Father in His infinite providence to remove from us our beloved brother, Edwin Berger Shertz, of the class of '60, a faithful and loyal member of our chapter,

Resolved, That while we humbly bow to the all-wise decrees of an ever-merciful Father, we do recognize our great loss in the death of this, our brother;

Resolved, That the sincere and heart-felt sympathy of our chapter be extended to those who are bereaved by this loss, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them and be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

WILLIAM M. INGRAHAM,
ALLEN L. CHURCHILL,
HENRY H. PIERCE,

Committee for the Chapter.

Princeton leads in the amount of money spent for religious purposes.—*Brown Daily Herald*.

The University of Chicago conferred its first degree of Ph.D. upon a Japanese student.

College World.

A week of "exam"
Is a horrible grind.
With stuffing and cram,
A week of "exam"
Is nothing but sham,
The intelligent find.
A week of "exam"
Is a horrible grind.

—Unit.

A Philosophical Club has been formed at Brown.

The students at Brown will produce an operetta, "Priscilla," the proceeds going to the support of athletics.

Professor Henry Drummond has been called to the Presidency of McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

At St. John's College, all the lectures in Philosophy are given in Latin and examinations are carried on in that language.

Columbia's endowment, amounting to \$9,000,000, is second only to Girard College, while Harvard comes third with \$8,000,000.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 7, 1894.

No. 15.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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A petition was recently sent to the Governing Boards of the college asking for a complete renovation of Appleton Hall the coming summer and the abolishment of the present system of drainage. This petition was signed by every student rooming in that building, and expresses accurately and forcibly the unanimous sentiment of its signers. It is a noticeable fact that there is, and for some years has been, more sickness in Appleton Hall than in all the rest of the college combined. The records of the Faculty will show, we have no doubt, that more excuses for sickness have been granted to students from that hall than from any other.

Not only is the drainage entirely inadequate, but the building itself is liable to be deluged by every rain storm. On at least one occasion this year, the occupants of the upper floors have had to vacate their premises without ceremony, and leave their household goods to the mercy of the incoming floods. Indeed, on the night in question, one unfortunate slept on a mattress delicately balanced on the top of his table; another, awakened by a full-grown rivulet merrily trickling over his face, was obliged to move his couch no less than three times before, like Noah's dove, it found a dry resting place. Of course the

usual amount of fallen plastering, damaged books and spoilt tempers resulted from the evening's downpour.

The need of steam heat, water-closets and kindred contrivances in the dormitories is apparent, but the mere sanitary condition of Appleton should alone be sufficient to secure its renovation.

THE annual election of the ORIENT Board will be held in about three weeks. Five vacancies are to be filled, and it behooves those desirous of obtaining a place on the Board to hand in their contributions at once, as the new men are selected for the quantity and quality of the work they have done for the ORIENT during the year. Hereafter an exception will be made in the case of the Business Editor, who will be chosen in view of his fitness for the position, irrespective of his ability as a writer. So if you can write stories, send us a few samples; if some crying abuse needs to be corrected, transfer the wail to paper and the paper to us; if you are a poet, sing for us; but whatever you do, do right away.

IT IS time the new foot-ball management was elected. If good dates are to be secured with strong teams they must be secured at once, and every important game for the season should be under consideration at least before the middle of next term. This is important, and the election should be held immediately.

TWO weeks ago we were called upon to mourn the loss of one of Bowdoin's most beloved graduates of recent years; to-day we sorrowfully chronicle the death of a member of last year's graduating class, A. R. Jenks, of Houlton, Me. Mr. Jenks was a man of more than ordinary ability, and his genial, hearty fellowship gained him the good will of all. To many of us, asso-

ciated with him for three happy years, the news of his death comes with all the force of a personal bereavement. The resolutions in another column are far more than a perfunctory expression of sorrow, and the whole under-graduate body sincerely concurs in them.

AT THE annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Tennis Association at Lewiston, last Saturday, it was decided to hold the annual tournament in Portland, the first week in June. This is of course to our advantage, as several of our probable representatives live in or near that city, and a consequent saving in hotel bills will result. It is possible that matches with both Amherst and Tufts will also be arranged for the last week in May. Here's to a successful season!

College Commons.

MUCH discussion has been heard recently among us concerning our alleged lack of college spirit. The most practical remedy for this evil seems to be to devise some method of bringing the student-body together as a whole as often as possible.

Now, as "common eating nourishes common feeling," what better way than to institute a college eating club? Here the different sets would be mingled and a more harmonious spirit would be engendered. Moreover, training-tables for the athletic teams could be maintained, thus solving one of our much-mooted problems. The diminished cost under this system is a point that would appeal to most of us. Those acquainted with the subject state that full one dollar a week per man could be saved on this plan, for good substantial board could be afforded at the moderate sum of two dollars and seventy-five cents a week, and extras, to give a greater variety, could be served at a moderate cost to those wishing them.

Of course, the advantages to be derived from such an institution, for both the individual and the student-body in general, are most obvious. We would develop socially. Our common interests would bind us in more sympathetic relations. The common wants of the mass would serve to extinguish the petty prejudices of the individual. The college teams would go to the athletic field with more intelligence and harmony of purpose after having discussed their plans around the training-table. "Combines would be no more; and, indeed, the whole effort of every student would become employed in advancing the interests of the college.

It is estimated that a building suitable for a dining-hall, with a reading-room adjoining, could be built for ten thousand dollars.

The college is at present too poor to afford even this sum for such a building. One or two gentlemen have signified their willingness to contribute liberally, and it is to be hoped that another year or two will see the plan consummated.

My Treasure Find.

THROUGH the town of Kport, on the coast of Maine, there flows a sleepy, shallow river. At high tide the salt water runs up about a mile, where, 'mid meadows and willow-lined banks, the stream makes a sudden bend and becomes a brawling brook. Here, where the brook and the ocean meet, where the banks rise steep and threaten to clash together and crush the unwary oarsman like the Symplegadeae of old, was once a lock. The masonry, all splashed with moss and carpeted with green grass, still marks the place, and on the rough-hewn riders of the piers can still be seen the bolts that held the gates in place.

It happened that I had made this a favorite resting place in my summer-day rambles, and many a sultry day had I dreamed

away, outstretched beneath the willows' kindly shade. It was early in the season, long before the flight of city starvelings to sea-shore and mountain. In this lovely seaport town I had settled for the summer. My rooms were in an old sea-captain's house, and faced the ocean, which lulled me to sleep each evening with the roar of its waves.

My landlady was an old maid, the only survivor of a once powerful family which in days gone by had flourished in the village.

I was indebted to her for many an interesting story of the folk who once had seen the ocean roll in upon the beaches that stretched so firm and white on either side of the river's mouth. One of her stories charmed me much—a tale of a youth and a maiden who, when parental sternness forbade their love, but fanned it to a deeper passion by secret meetings on the old lock. A crack in the masonry, safe hidden from the casual glance, served as post-box for their missives.

In mere curiosity I searched the old lock over, poked into every crack, and tested every stone, half hoping I might find the old letter-box, perhaps some scrap of paper, yellow with time and freighted with words of love. It seemed in vain; I could find no crevice and the stone was all solid. Half sad, half vexed because I was disappointed, I sat down upon a battered, whittled bench that once gave rest to the weary lock-keeper. Noticing that the seat was loose, I idly tried to pry it up. It offered no resistance, and under one of its corners lay a letter directed on its face "To the Finder." Opening the envelope I read:

"I am young and pretty, and want a friend. Somebody who is willing to have some fun please answer.
MARGARET MOORE."

Seeing a chance for romance and feeling that a jolly companion would add to my summer's pleasure, I tore a leaf from my note-book and wrote upon it:

"I have read thy note and am willing to join thee in a pleasant time.
JOHN ALDRICH."

The next day I paddled up the stream, and grounding on the banks just above the lock, I settled back in comfort, prepared to watch for visitors to the old lock. 'Twas strange how great an interest I took in the letter-box. Every sound aroused me. If but a twig snapped, my eyes were on the pier. Three afternoons I wasted in this way. As the time passed and no one came, I was in despair. I vowed I would not watch again. But the very next time I went upon the river, I paddled directly to the old pier.

This time I was successful. Just as the sun was going down behind the hills, while the last slanting beams were lingering on the fields, a maiden came down upon the lock. A vision in white she seemed, her face half hid by the broad brim of a dainty straw hat, while in her hands were masses of golden-eyed daisies. She seated herself on the lock, amusing herself by idly throwing the daisies into the whirling water. I had begun to think that this, my first visitor, knew nothing of the letter, when she suddenly rose and lifted up the seat. I saw her drop it suddenly, then slowly raise it again. She read my note and sat a while in quiet, then scribbled something on the back and was gone.

Waiting impatiently till the maiden was out of sight, I hastened to the post-box and read what she had written: "Find me if you can." Well pleased at the result of my perseverance, I paddled down the river to supper, and that evening commenced a campaign to find out who my fair neighbor was. My landlady could not aid me, nor any of my acquaintances. A week passed with no news. The next Sunday I escorted an acquaintance to church, and, as fate would have it, was ushered into a pew just opposite a hoary-haired old gentleman and a very beautiful young lady.

All through the service I puzzled over where I had seen her before. As we rose to

sing the closing hymn, I solved the question. She was the writer of my note. Passing out the aisle my friend introduced us, and we walked homeward together. I learned that she was the niece of the old captain, an orphan, and was in Kport for the summer. She confessed that she was dull and would be glad to have me call. As I had taken the precaution to sign a partial name to my note she did not suspect me.

For the next three weeks we saw each other every day. We rowed on the river, played tennis on her uncle's court, and rambled through the woods and over the beaches. Little by little we drifted from friendship to love. Our talk was of everything under the sun, books, men, pupils, religion, metaphysics, and nonsense. If ever a courtship was pleasant ours was.

One afternoon, when we had each been telling of the image of our dreams, whose soul should sometime mate with ours, and were drifting, silent, dreaming dreams, with the current up by the lock, I thought of the notes. I told her the story of the old lovers, how here in the moonlight they had plighted their troth. I told of their secret post-box, and proposed that we hunt for it. With a blush she consented, and landing, we searched for the crevice.

She hunted everywhere but in the right place, and seemed intent in keeping her note a secret. But I lifted the seat and showed the letter to her. She tried to look surprised and asked who could have been so foolish. Seating her beside me on the bench and clasping both her hands in mine, I told her that I found her note and had tried to answer it. I asked her if she was glad I answered it. She hung her head and blushed, but answered not a word. Then I told her of my love. All my watching and my waiting, what happiness I had found in her, all this and whispered nothings I poured into her ear.

When I asked her if she had aught of love for me, she hid her face upon my shoulder and whispered softly, "Yes." Long we sat upon the battered bench, so loving that in words we could not tell it. And as in the stories which in youth men read, so we were married happily. Among my keepsakes is a yellow scrap of paper, with the words, in faded ink, "Find me if you can."

"Deacon" Titcomb.

(Continued.)

THE Deacon might properly have been called the "Squire" of the snug little town, for in addition to his religious duties he united the practice of local lawyer with that of farmer. To the farm, stretching far and wide, he gave his mornings; to the office, his afternoons. There was but small need of a lawyer in Woodsfield, and the Deacon's afternoons were mostly given to reading. His library held books of every description,—novels (for his college training had given him liberal ideas), reviews, periodicals, histories—books of every description filled the well-dusted shelves. He even dabbled in Philosophy, and involved himself in the mazes and labyrinths of speculative thought.

Here he sat, on one of the cold December afternoons, warmed and mellowed by the cheery gleam of the open fire-place, with its crackling bank of wood. His face wore a smile of self-satisfaction and serenity, and unconsciously he built about him castles innumerable in the warm air; castles of high and mighty form, turreted and moated against invaders, airy creations of his fancy; towers overrun with clinging ivy, and nestling buds and blossoms; battlements whose gray fronts frowned defiance on the besieger. But the invader entered. No plume-crowned knight was the invader, nor turbaned Saracen, but a form, light as the air on which it floated, as lovely as a Peri, and a face

that darted at him joyful glances, or panting, shot defiance into his musing eyes. What impressed him more than all was that the face, in all its moods and changes, was that of his daughter Mary, his Mary who had left him. Could she be suffering now! Was it her will, the same steel-tempered will as his, that kept her from him! For she must need his help! That conviction was fixed within him. He had helped her all her life. Why did he have such fancies? Why did that face appear to him in all his dreams? Pshaw! he was growing old and childish. She had made her choice, and must abide by it. He would rouse himself and see if his cattle were securely housed. The wind sounded bleak and mournful. It would snow directly. He was thankful that his house was so near the office, for the old horse would not be needed this winter. One hundred dollars—a good price for so old a beast. He must sell the sleigh now, he had no use for it. Yet in his conscience, deep down and nearly hidden, he thought of Mary's pleasure when he had given the sleigh to her.

The Deacon, with his chin firmly fixed and the lines of determination more rigid than usual, arose, muffled up, and faced the storm. He battled against the wind and reached his house, with the blood running freely through his veins, and in good humor. His oldest servant, the one who had held the little Mary in her arms, let him in, and brushed the snow, which had indeed fallen, from his coat. Her face lighted up at his red cheeks and beaming eye. "To-morrow is Christmas, Deacon," said she cheerily; "May you have a merry one." "The same to you, Lizzie. I don't know about myself. I've not much to be merry for." The old servant looked anxiously at him as he went to his study. The master growing old! How strange it seemed. She had received them in the house, his wife and he, when the honeymoon was over. She remembered well how

handsome and happy they had seemed as the Deacon said with graceful courtesy, "This is our home, Mary." Yes! times do change quickly. She, too, was growing old and useless. Yes, they were all going, going fast; and master too as well as maid.

The snow came down with daintiness and grace, as if a fairy's fingers held each flake and were afraid to mar its perfect form and beauty. The aged trees held their naked arms widespread to catch the tiny wanderers and cover themselves with a mantle of immaculate whiteness. The Frost King hardened the yielding earth, and made a resting-place for the fairies' burden to be laid upon, but the air was bracing and keen, and the little elves forgot their dignity, and whirled and eddied with their burdens, in a mad chase after one another. Faster and faster, thicker and thicker, and the earth was covered and the trees clothed with delicate flakes.

The Deacon looked from behind his well-polished window, and watched the flight of the snow-flakes in wonder. Then, sitting at his table, he took up a book and began to read. What book was this; it seemed familiar and yet odd and unnatural to him. He glanced at the heading, "Snow-flakes." Appropriate enough, but to whom did it belong? Not to him. He turned to the first page, "To Mary, from her loving Father." Now he remembered. Yes! he had bought it, and for Mary; Mary who had gone from him forever. He remembered, now that the spell was on him, her silvery laugh when he gave it to her, and her inquiry, with the pretty assumption of dignity, as she asked him if he could not discover that she was a child no longer; and her kiss and grateful thanks when she fancied he felt grieved. Why, yes! She had read it to him, and they had both enjoyed its mirth and sorrowed over its pathos. He laid it down reverently on his table. It had belonged to her before the trouble had come, and was sacred.— What

was that? Did not some one speak? He thought so. Yes! There must have been a voice saying, "Did you think of her as a woman?" for he had heard it. It could not have been any one, for the room was empty. What a foolish old man he was growing, hearing voices and seeing phantoms in every nook and corner. He would take a nap, and drive away these tormentors of his peace. The old man slept at last, but heavily and laboriously, as if by determination alone he had overcome the demon of wakefulness.

Outside the house, sighing and surging, swept the north wind; a whimsical, unreliable wind, now steady and fierce in its force, and now gusty and malicious; a wind given to boasting of its prowess; a tormenting, tantalizing, blustering, and officious wind. The poor little snow-flakes raced hither and thither, obedient to its slightest caprice. They fell silently and quickly, anxious to reach the earth or the hanging limbs, before this wind-monster tossed them about at his supreme and arrogant pleasure; for then they were flung with roughness against the polished panes, and struck the glass viciously, as if to say to the old man sleeping within, "Help us from our tormentor," but their only answer came brokenly and sobbingly from the old man's lips, "Did I think of her as a woman?" and the snow-flakes, ashamed of making their petty troubles known before this greater one, slid down the glass, and became silent and motionless.

Bye and bye, when the wind, disdaining to waste its strength on one small spot, had forced its way on, there came a break in the clouds, and the great, round moon looked down upon the white mass beneath it. And far down the road, with tinkle of sleigh bells, faint and indistinct, came a sleigh with two occupants.

The old nurse, tossing ill at ease, heard the far-away sound, and murmured to herself, "Some one is to have a Christmas greeting."

Down in the study, with the fire making fantastic shadows on the walls, the Deacon slept.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

Inter Nos.

Injured Innocence—a Pastel in Ink.

ALGERNON DE PLUG HARDY sat alone in his palatial study-room in Arizosa Hall. 'Twas mid-June, and the only sound that broke the summer stillness was the melancholy drip, drip, drip of the icicles on the eaves outside the window. A bright wood fire burned cheerily in the radiator, and before it sat Algernon, his feet on the fender, sipping a glass of aerated split, and fanning his heated brow with a life-size photo. of Dr. Mary Walker, in a vain endeavor to keep cool. 'Twas a hot day.

Suddenly the door opened (having been closed before), and admitted a woman, tall, fair and shapely, clothed in a simple gown and the majesty of her sex. "Algernon Hardy," said she in an intense voice, "I am here!" and Algernon swore he did not doubt that. "Algernon Hardy!" and as she spoke again the cigarette pictures on the mantel swung forward in professional expectancy, "I am a wronged woman! You came to me when I was alone and in trouble, and with fair but false words pleaded with me. Now you refuse me even a look of kindness, close your door against me, and swear your gold is gone. I am a wronged woman, and I will have revenge! See this sacred weapon, consecrated by the sweat of my brow and the labor of my hands? With this will I crush you, if you fail in your promise to me!

And as she raised that flat-iron on high, Algernon de Plug Hardy reached within his bosom, and, drawing forth his purse, paid his washerwoman the 38 cents he had owed her ever since his Freshman banquet, three years before.

Rhyme and Reason.

Rondeau.

My trusty "horse," with even pace,
Has won for me so high a place,
And let me quote from writers old,
Of sages wise and heroes bold,
And countless others of that race.
How oft some Prof.'s relentless face
Has looked on me with no good grace,
Whilst I with trembling hand cajol'd
My trusty "horse."

While gazing off in empty space,
Within my empty head no trace
Of bookish lore, but faucies bold
Of "full pat hands" I think I'll hold:
What then can save me from disgrace?
My trusty "horse."

At Play.

Little children playing
All the summer day,
Where the flowers and grasses
Grow beside the way.

Careless, happy children;
Pretty picture they,
Close beside the cottage,
Busy at their play.

Now the sun is setting;
Shadows lengthen more;
Comes a loved voice calling
From the cottage door.

Tired with their playing,
Answer they the call;
While they hasten homeward
Deeper shadows fall.

Thus with all the mortals
In this world of ours;
All are children playing
'Mid the weeds and flowers.

Playing till the twilight
Deepens more and more;
Till a loved voice calls us
To our Father's door.

In Winter Skies.

The winter's twilight faded into dusk,
And darkness deepened where the shadows lie.
So when the earth was wrapp'd in slumb'rous night
I saw a battle in the northern sky.

So far—so far away, I heard no sound;
Thé clarion's peal, the victor's shout and song,
The battle-cry so wild and weird, and moan
Of mortal pain, amidst the struggling throng.

But I could see the conflict waged with might;
The legions armor-clad like knights of old;
The gallant steeds, whose very breath was fire,
And banners glowing with their cloth of gold.

I saw afar the flaming sword grow red,
And off the gleam of battle-axe and brand,
Which fell on burnished helm and casque with force
That tore the weapon from the foe's hand.

I know not how the distant battle fared,
Which foe were masters proven in the fight,
Nor whither turned at last, with strains of joy,
The conquerors on the starry hills of light.

But yet I watched till, on the field of strife,
The last brave warrior sheathed his shimmering
blade;

And seeking, found that blessed peace and rest
For which fair hearts have longed and true hearts
prayed.

Philoctetes in Lemnos.

A two-mouthed cave in Lemnos' sea-girt land
Which cooling zephyr swept on summer days,
While, in the cold of winter, Helios' rays
Kept one lone rock-seat warm on either hand.
And, lying here or creeping toward the strand,
His searching eye fixed on the watery ways,
Philoctetes, the friend of Heracles,
Vowed fearful vengeance on that Grecian band
Which left him there to nurse his foul disease,
Struck low by cruel Chryse. Nine long years,
Slow rolling by, witnessed his groans and tears,
His search for curing herbs, and watch o'er seas;
Till Themis working destiny at last
Gave health and honor as the tenth year passed.

A chair of applied Christianity has been established at Tufts.

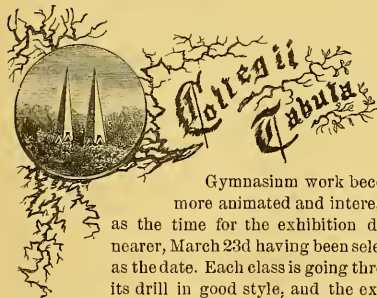
The Pessimist.

AT SOME risk, and with great compunction, the Pessimist (accent on syllables one and two), must remind some of the occupants of Maine Hall of their unexamined carelessness, not to say indolence. Students living in the other dormitories, where the day of modern improvement has not yet dawned, have some small excuse, perhaps, for acts which in those surrounded by conveniences are unpardonable. But occupants of Maine Hall, where everything has been done by the college to make life easy and living convenient, have not the slightest excuse for using the campus, as some of them do, as a cess-pool and general dumping-ground for all the stuff they wish to dispose of. There is some wisdom in the recent remark of a college official that "water pipes should never have been put into Maine Hall." Indeed, the practice is a careless and an unreasonable one, and indicative of extraordinary indolence. It should be stopped at once.

* * * * *

Since the completion of the Art Building a good deal has been said, especially by visitors from the larger colleges, about the advantages of the steps and portico as the scene of a Greek play. Greek plays don't seem to be very common here at Bowdoin, where even a glee-club and minstrel troupe find bare, if any, subsistence; an injection of some sort of vital elixir would be necessary ere we make such a move as that. Still the idea is not unworthy of attention, and perhaps some hitherto hidden genius will come forward with a scheme evolved from it. Truly, the broad steps and stately columns, backed by the warm tinting within, and capped with the classic arch, do bring to mind visions of the palmy days of historic Hellas.

If the man who has no music in his soul is fit for the commission of all the crimes in the calendar, as somebody, Shakespeare perhaps, says, then let us all beware. We ought to sing more than we do, more than we have for years. We want to get together on some of the balmy days and nights so near at hand, and, from the band-stand at the Oak, or better still, from the terrace of the Art Building, let our voices ring out the good old college glees and minstrel gems that used to be part and parcel of such a life as ours. We need more life, more healthy activity apart from our books and the gymnasium, more real good-fellowship; "spirit" you may call it if you please, we need it all the same. A man can't grow in grace and good works with his mouth closed, so sing, sing, sing, and we'll find it the best tonic for cases of "that tired feeling" yet invented!



Gymnasium work becomes

more animated and interesting

as the time for the exhibition draws nearer, March 23d having been selected as the date. Each class is going through its drill in good style, and the exhibition

squads which will fight for the cup now held by '96, will be selected without delay. The following leaders have been chosen: Thompson, '94, W. S. A. Kimball, '95, Bates, '96, and Horne, '97. The pyramid squad is doing especially fine work, and this feature promises to be even better than in past years. A new feature which will make a hit and on which some good work is being done, is the Roman ladders. A call has been issued for entries for a boxing tournament, and if enough aspirants appear, the tournament will be held on March 21st, and the best boxers will appear in the exhibition. It is not unlikely that the exhibition will be given

in Bath and Lewiston, and, possibly, elsewhere. Portland will not be visited this year.

Williamson, '88, was in town recently.

Rhines, '97, has returned from teaching.

Eastman, '96, was at home sick last week.

Peakes, '96, was on the sick list last week.

The athletic exhibition will occur March 23d.

Wilson, '92, visited friends in town last week.

Bryant, '94, has been sick at his home in Saco.

Fogg, '96, who has been home sick, returned last week.

Merritt, '94, was confined to his room all last week.

Wiley, '95, went home last week sick with the measles.

Davis, '97, has returned from teaching a term in Ogunquit.

Crossman, '96, who went out teaching last fall, is back again.

The Athletic Exhibition will be given in Bath March 28th.

The Snow-Shoe Club has not had a very active season's work.

The Freshmen have elected Holmes, squad leader for the exhibition.

Hanlon, '97, is thrown out of ball practice for a time by a bad thumb.

Sewell, '97, has finished his school in Wiscasset and rejoined his class.

W. W. Thomas, '94, returned last week after quite a serious illness.

Percy Bartlett, '92, spent several days with friends here last week.

The Freshmen are reading some of the last books of the Iliad now.

Bean, '97, is said to be quite sick with typhoid fever at his home in Saco.

Russell, '97, is back again from teaching a successful term in Friendship.

Prof. Woodruff entertained a party of the Freshman class one evening recently.

The illness of Prof. Files gave the German students several adjourns recently.

Mahoney, '91, has come back to begin his last year's work at the Medical School.

Both Sophomores and Freshmen are now given practice in writing French from dictation.

Prof. Woodruff has occupied the Congregational pulpit in Gardiner several Sundays recently.

The lecture of Senator Ingalls, at Lewiston, last week, attracted quite a party of Bowdoin boys.

Bates, Kyes, and Minot, '96, spent Washington's Birthday with friends at Hebron Academy.

Merrill, '96, now in a Farmington bank, spent Washington's Birthday with his classmates here.

A large number of students went home Monday to exercise their right of franchise in municipal affairs.

Randlett, Maine State College, '92, the crack tennis player of his college, has entered the Medical School.

The Freshmen have not decided yet whether or not it is advisable to challenge the Sophomores to a boat race.

Andrews and Thompson, '94, and Churchill, '95, went to Houlton, last week, to attend the funeral of A. R. Jenks, '93.

The second Junior assembly is to be held in the court room, Wednesday evening, March 7th. Brunswick's social season is far from being a dull one this winter.

The college is holding its breath in anticipation of the appearance of the '95 *Bugle*. It is said the editors will leave for a short vacation when the great day arrives.

President Hyde will speak at Augusta, March 9th, before the Kennebec County Teachers' Association. His subject will be "The Social Mission of the Public School."

The Seniors are now studying the immortal Shakespeare in connection with the course in English literature. "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" were the first plays to be taken up.

Upper Memorial is crowded each Tuesday evening at Mr. Guild's lectures on American literature, and the course is proving one of the best things of our winter term. Hawthorne and Thoreau are the authors who remain to be treated.

The Faculty, in answer to a request of the Sophomores, has voted to shorten the term of suspension of Fessenden and Ward, and to allow them to return March 17th. Thus they can take the reviews and examinations with the class and be all ready to start in square next term. It is thought that both will return.

Six Freshmen, Coggan, Andros, Sawyer, Williams, Koeha, and Thompson occupied a box in the Augusta opera house when Dixey appeared there last week. A Bowdoin flag, which they displayed

conspicuously during the evening, was used by the great actor in the last act to drape the pedestal of his statue of Adonis.

The Bowdoin book-worm record is in danger. One day last week a certain Sophomore, who went into the library to read early in the forenoon, became so deeply buried in his books that he was locked in over the noon hour, and realized nothing of the passage of time or the demands of hunger till late in the afternoon.

F. W. Pickard, '94, with A. R. McMaster of McGill University, is arranging a bicycle tour of seven weeks in England, Ireland and Scotland for the coming summer. A party of about twenty will be made up and the tour will be under the personal management of F. A. Elwell of Portland, whose large experience guarantees a delightful trip.

A committee has been appointed, with Ingraham as chairman, to look over the matter of giving a minstrel show or extravaganza next spring for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It is probable that something in one line or the other will be given. This has been done with great success, and it certainly seems as though it could be done again with the talent in college.

The fourth and last themes of the term are due March 13th. The following subjects are announced: Juniors—Should the English House of Lords be Abolished? The Place of Examinations in College Work; The Moral Elements of George Eliot's "Romola." Sophomores—The Relation of Education to Crime in the United States; Is Foot-Ball Brutalizing? and Gen. Wallace's "Prince of India."

Among the new books recently added to the library are Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary; a large illustrated work giving the history of the United States Army uniform from 1774 to 1889; and Blake's History of Kennebec County, in two volumes of 1,500 pages. A Bowdoin student, Minot, '96, is a contributor to the last work, having written the chapter relative to the town of Belgrade.

The annual meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association was held in Lewiston last Saturday. Pickard, '94, represented Bowdoin. The regular routine business was transacted, and Portland selected as the place of the annual tournament, which will be held June 6-7-8-9. The treasurer's report showed a balance of some twenty-five dollars in the treasury, and everything seems to point to an interesting tennis season.

At an incipient fire in the Methodist church,

recently, some little excitement was caused by the detection of a student in the act of abstracting one of the silver numbers from the back of a pew. He was instantly collared by a stalwart sexton, and very narrowly escaped passing Sunday in the Brunswick lock-up. The fact that he was only trying to rescue the numbers from danger of destruction by fire, shows how the best of motives are sometimes cruelly misinterpreted.

The following fifteen Bowdoin athletes will go to Lewiston, Wednesday evening, March 7th, to appear as part of the entertainment at the annual Lewiston Y. M. C. A. Fair: Lord, Ross, Bryant and Littlefield, '94; Dewey, Leighton, Mitchell and Stubbs, '95; Bates, Dane, Haskell and Smith, '96; Horne and Lord, '97, and Gahan, '87. Their programme will be made up of pyramids, tumbling, broadsword work, fencing, single stick drill, and work on the parallel and horizontal bars.

The Walker Art Building was opened to the public Monday, February 19th, and is now open each day, except Sunday, from 10.30 A.M. to 12.30 P.M., and 1.15 to 3 P.M. Bates, '96, and Haines, '97, are the attendants in charge. Quite a number of paintings and rare objects of interest have been placed in the Sophia Walker gallery. The large and valuable Japanese collection, so kindly loaned by Professor and Mrs. Houghton, attracts all visitors to the Boyd Gallery. There is quite a number of visitors each day. Webber has recently taken several pictures of the building and interior.

The fourth annual meeting of the Maine Inter-scholastic Athletic Association was held at the Tontine last Saturday. Seven schools were represented. The following officers were elected: President, Woodbridge, Augusta; Vice-President, Bean, Bridgton; Secretary, Black, Augusta; Treasurer, Hall, Brunswick; Executive Committee, Woodbridge, Augusta; Snow, Bangor; Wing, Waterville; and Jack, Gardiner. The next field-day will be held either in Lewiston or Bangor. Portland and Thornton Academy applied for membership and will be admitted. Most of the delegates to the meeting spent the afternoon on the campus.

Another year will see some very important and significant changes in the Bowdoin curriculum. Work on history will be begun Sophomore year and a two years' course given. The courses in Political Economy will be increased in number, and will cover the last two years. The English Literature course will be greatly extended, and several other important changes made. With perhaps one excep-

tion all the studies of Junior and Senior year will hereafter be elective; and German and Rhetoric will be the only compulsory studies Sophomore year. These changes will necessitate an increase of instructors at once, and will doubtless lead to more and greater changes in the near future.

The social event of the Brunswick winter is the annual Public Library entertainment, and Monday evening, February 25th, the hall was packed at the Mother Goose party, to which Bowdoin and Brunswick had been looking anxiously forward. The entertainment was unique and was a great success, as was also the dance which followed. Over \$200 was cleared for the library. Among the prominent ones who took part were Professor and Mrs. Lee, Professor and Mrs. Woodruff, Professor and Mrs. Little, Professor Chapman, Mrs. Hutchins, Baxter, Briggs and Lord, '94; Dewey, Crawford, Quimby, Roberts and Thayer, '95; Dane, Smith and Willard, '96; and Holmes, Koehan, Warren and White, '97. From the rather facetious report of the entertainment in the *Lewiston Journal*, we clip the following extracts: "The comb orchestra was led by a college professor's wife in a red peaked cap, Mrs. Professor Hutchins. Professor Henry Leland Chapman put as much grace and eloquence into his comb as he is wont to give to those far-famed literary disquisitions, and Professor Woodruff gave to his melodies the same conscientious rendering he usually bestows upon the old Grecian lyrics. During the evening Professor Lee caught the crowd with his Old King Cole, for he made a most courtly, corpulent, and good-natured old bacchanal and looked a king, every inch and pound of him. With his fiddlers three, he was fittingly recalled three times. Then Professor G. T. Little, in an unkempt red beard, was the toughest-looking old tramp to be seen this side of Chicago, and he, too, demonstrated his histrionic talents in an unmistakable way, lighting his old T. D. after the most approved style.

The class of '94 at Williams will be the largest that ever graduated from that college.

Francis H. Underwood, LL.D., United States consul at Edinburgh, has been invited to lecture before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute.

The Graduate Advisory Committee at Princeton has offered a cup which will be awarded to the man securing the best average distance made in five punts, and also the best average score for goals from the field.



'34.—In the *New York Independent* of February 15, 1894, is a long account of the life and work of Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., together with a critical review of his recently published work, "My Life and Times," brought out by the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago. Pp. 538, demi 8 vo., \$2.50. In this book he gives a complete and very interesting account of his ancestry, youth, college life, and his great work in Turkey. Of course the one great thing which he did for which he is best known was the founding of Robert College in Constantinople. Immediately, upon graduation, Dr. Hamlin went out to Turkey, and his whole life was spent in the missionary field there. He was connected with Bebek Seminary from its foundation, and the beginnings of Robert College were in the greatest danger and difficulty. His tremendous ability and grit and persistency made him a power in three continents and brought him into the closest personal relations with Turkish and English officials. The account of the founding of the college, in spite of all opposition from Russian, Greek, and Jesuit, is one of the most interesting stories ever written.

'50.—The death, in 1890, of Charles E. Butler, a merchant of Fulton, Tenn., has been recently reported to the editor of the *General Catalogue*. He was born in Hallowell, Me., October 15, 1825, taught school for a while after graduation at Trenton, Tenn., and was for many years a successful merchant at Fulton in that state.

'50.—On Saturday, March 3d, the *Portland Evening Advertiser* published a special article from the pen of Gen. O. O. Howard on the subject, "Young Men in the Public Service." It was a paper of very great interest and value.

'56.—Galen C. Moses, Esq., of Bath, was a candidate for alderman on the Citizens' ticket in that city.

'58.—Of intense interest to Maine veterans and all those interested in the subject of Maine in the war must be Gen. J. P. Cilley's publication, "The Maine Bugle," "call 1, campaign 1." It is full of

personal reminiscences of the war, the leading article being a tribute to Gen. Adelbert Ames's brilliant leadership at Fort Fisher. There are two contributions on the achievements of the Maine heavy artillery and the cavalry and infantry, too, have their historians. The Bugle is published quarterly, in January, April, July and October, and will be the organ of the "men of Maine" who served in the war of the Rebellion. It will contain the proceedings of their yearly reunions, matters of historic value to each regiment, and items of personal interest to all its members. It is also the organ of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States, and will publish the annual proceedings of that society and contributions from members of the various regiments, North and South, which participated in the war of the Rebellion.

'60.—At the recent ordination of Rev. E. C. Hayes, of Lewiston, as pastor of the Augusta Free Baptist church, Rev. Dr. C. F. Penney, former pastor of the church, presided over the ordination exercises. Dr. Penney also preached the sermon before the students of Bates College in their chapel on Washington's Birthday.

'61.—Certain parties are actively pushing Gen. Thomas W. Hyde, of Bath, as next Governor of the state. Gen. Hyde has practically decided that the iron works should remain in Bath, although a large number of cities have offered inducements to the works, among them Baltimore, Chicago, Chester, Pa., Portland, Me., Mystic, Stonington, New London and Bridgeport, Conn., Asbury, N. C., Sheffield, Ala., East St. Louis, Detroit, Saginaw, Mich., and Boston.

'67.—Hon. Henry S. Webster recently published a spirited poem on the wreck of the *Kearsarge*, in the *Boston Journal*. The closing stanzas are as follows:

She flees before the tempest's wrath,
She shudders at its roar,
Which, as she cleaves her billowy path,
Increases more and more.
The winds drive on their warlike clan
And Ruin reeks to aid their plan:
A deadly ruin leads the van,
The rocks of Roncadour.

From wave to wave, tossed like a leaf
Upon the maddened tide,
She strikes the grim and jagged reef,
Its teeth have rent her side.
In vain the strength of beam and keel,
In vain the might of iron and steel,
The memory of her cannons' peal,
Her glory and her pride.

Arise, ye giants of the deep
 And raven on your prey,
 Let surges swell and mad waves leap
 And lightnings join the fray.
 Leave not a vestige to proclaim
 The story of her later shame.
 She's moored within the port of Fame,
 And there shall dwell alway.

'71.—Wm. S. Pattee, Dean of the Law School of the University of Minnesota, is the author of "Illustrative Cases in Equity," which has just passed to a second edition.

'73.—F. W. Hatch, of Honolulu, has resigned the office of vice-president of the provisional government of Hawaii and is now minister of foreign affairs, that office having recently been separated from the presidency.

'73.—A. F. Moulton was toast-master of the recent dinner of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Portland.

'75.—G. B. Swasey, Esq., of Boston, was a prominent speaker at the dinner of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Portland, held there February 28, 1894.

Ex-'85.—Richard Webb, Esq., of Portland, recently read a paper on William Pitt Fessenden, before the Maine Historical Society.

'91.—Thomas C. Spillane, Esq., of Lewiston, was a speaker at the recent dinner of the Portland Young Men's Democratic Club.

'93.—One of the saddest deaths that has occurred recently was that of Alley Rea Jenks on the 28th of February. His death was due to trouble in the valves of the heart with which he has always been threatened, but the final attack was very sudden. Mr. Jenks fitted for college at the Ricker Institute in Houlton, Me., where he resided up to the time of his entrance into college, although he was born May 23, 1871, at Brownville, Me. His parents were William Francis and Ruth A. Jenks of Houlton. In college Mr. Jenks was one of the most popular men in the class and had many friends both among his classmates and in other classes. He was a member of the Kappa Chapter of Psi Upsilon during his whole college course. Aside from his heart trouble he always enjoyed very good health, and the news of his death was a very sudden shock to his friends here, many of whom did not even know of his illness. Since his graduation he has been studying law in Houlton. The funeral occurred Friday, March 2d. A. L. Churchill, '95, went on to represent the Kappa Chapter of Psi Upsilon, from which H. E. Andrews, '94, and W. S. Thompson, '94, were also present.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF KAPPA CHAPTER, }
 PSI Upsilon. }

Whereas, The all-wise Ruler of the universe has removed from us our dearly beloved brother, Alley Rea Jenks, of the class of 1893,

Resolved, That the Psi Upsilon Fraternity has lost a most loyal and devoted member and the Kappa Chapter a brother young, full of promise, ever devoted to all the interests of the Fraternity, and one who was most nearly bound to us by every tie of our common friendship and brotherhood;

Resolved, That our deepest sympathy is extended to those whom this blow has touched so nearly by the bereavement of a son whose future seemed so bright and promising;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late brother and one to the *Bowdoin Orient*.

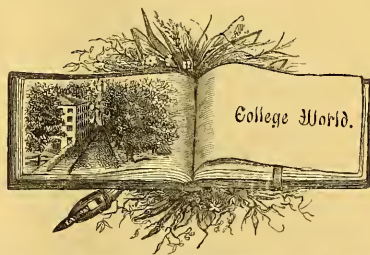
WM. M. INGRAHAM,

F. W. BLAIR,

HENRY HILL PIERCE,

Committee for the Kappa Chapter.

March 2, 1894.



Nearly one-third of the students at Williams have full or partial scholarships.

McGill University of Montreal has received over \$1,500,000 within the past three years.

In the universities of France there are no classes, no athletics, no Commencement Day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.—*University Annex*.

In the early days of Yale College, and until 1776, the names of the graduates were arranged not alphabetically, but in order of the social rank of the family to which they belonged.

You think you are in love, I see,
But much I fear 'tis true
That no fair damsel's speaking eyes
Yet beam with love for you!

—*Columbia Spectator.*

A legacy of \$300,000 left by Senator Stanford to his brother, Thomas Stanford, of Australia, will be donated by the latter, together with \$300,000 more for the endowment of a library at Stanford University.

Oxford consists of twenty-two colleges and has twelve thousand students, including graduates and under-graduates.

"Why do you speak in such sharp tones?"

She asked her lord in some surprise.

"I have to, love," he heartless said,

"Since I must get them in edgewise."

A gymnastic library has been endowed at Yale by John L. Heaton, with \$75,000.

Ohio has 36 so-called colleges and universities, Illinois claims 28, and Missouri 27.

Prospects for the Harvard crew and nine are very poor. But one member of last year's base-ball team can play this spring.

SUB-MISTLETOE.

We two stood near
The chandelier,
With mistletoe upon it.
A lovely girl,
My head a whirl,
Her wrap—I'll help her don it.

A button caught;
I surely ought
To help, when she'd begun it.

A pause, a hush,
A kiss, a blush,
And now, hy Jove, I've done it!

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Professor Williams, of Johns Hopkins University, says that the practice of hazing at colleges is an ancient one. He came across an old rule at Heidelberg University, where he studied, printed in 1430, forbidding the practice by the older students of shaving the heads of the new students and filling their ears with wax.

The Yale University faculty have established two prizes of \$100 and \$50 respectively, for the encouragement of extemporaneous speaking, contestants to be from the two upper classes only.

The Dramatic Society of the University of the City of New York will produce "Nirvana; or, the Spook, the Sage and the Sandwich," on February 16th, in the theatre of the Manhattan Athletic clubhouse.

In a recent Sophomore Latin examination one student commenced his paper with the following:

Come, O Muse, be thou not late,
Help this Latin to translate;
Clear my mind, inspire my pen,
Happy will I be. Amen.—*Wesleyan Echo.*

The colored people of the United States support seven colleges, seventeen academies, and fifty high schools, in which there are 30,000 pupils. They have 1,500,000 children in the common schools, and 20,000 teachers. More than 2,500,000 of the race can read and write.

Mary Garrett has just purchased one of the finest classical libraries in Germany, for presentation to Bryn Mawr. It belonged to the late Professor Saupe, of Gottingen, and contains 16,000 volumes.

The faculty of Cornell University has decided upon a series of radical changes. After this term there will be no more examinations held at the end of each term. The student's knowledge will be decided by the character of his daily recitations and by short examinations during the term.

HIAWATHA UP TO DATE.

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dakotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
And in ninety days returning,
A divorcelet he brought with him,
To his wife he gave the ha ha,
Sent her back unto her ma ma,
In the outskirts of Chicago.—*Ex.*

Yale has five graduates in the present Congress; Dartmouth and Harvard three each; and Amherst, Brown, Bowdoin, Cornell, Georgetown, Washington and Lee, and many of the state universities have two each.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Heidelberg has decided to admit women to the courses leading to the doctor's degree. Göttingen has granted this privilege, and two English women are attending lectures there.

The challenge to an intercollegiate debate sent by Vassar to Smith College was not accepted. Bryn Mawr, however, accepted a similar invitation, and arrangements are now being made for the Vassar-Bryn Mawr debate.

The students of Yale have objected so much to the electric lights on the campus that the faculty has ordered the glass globes painted black, and the students hope to remove them altogether.

LINES TO AN OLD JOKE.

It came out to-day;
Will it come out to-morrow?
Be that as it may,
It came out to-day,
And we groan as we say,
With a feeling of sorrow:
"In the *Herald* to-day?

In the *Crimson* to-morrow!"

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The largest scholarship given by any American college is the Stinnecke scholarship at Princeton. It is awarded for excellence in Latin and Greek, and amounts to \$1,500 annually.

EVOLUTION.

A little hand,
A little sand,
A little whisper: "Be my wife?"
A little ring,
So ends the thing—
Another pair hitched up for life.

—*Brunonian.*

President Low, of Columbia College, has presented the scientific department with a collection of apparatus, photographs of engineering works, and a set of eighteen volumes, each four feet square, of photographs and original detailed plans of all the German universities. They were prepared at great expense for the German government, and were exhibited at the World's Fair.

A SOCIETY SWELL.

Bismarck, though a warlike man,
Was always found in fashion's van;
For when he was the army's head
He also many *germans* led.

—*Brunonian.*

A new dormitory at Smith will be begun next spring.

A graduate student's club has been formed at Bryn Mawr.

The late George W. Childs was a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity.

REPARTEE.

With quite a blank look, the paper said,
"Get out to his royal nibs."
"Here's a horse on you," the pen replied,
As it merrily wrote the cribs.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

During the Mills meetings there were over 150 students who joined the churches of Princeton.

The proceeds of the concerts of the Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs, this year, will be used to aid the poor students of the university.

Vassar has challenged Bryn Mawr College to an intercollegiate debate to take place in the spring at the latter college.

One French and one German play will be given this winter by the students of the Boston University. Both plays are under the management of the professors of these two departments.

James R. Garfield, a son of the ex-President, is a candidate for the position of alumni trustee of Williams College.

A student at the University of Chicago, having more than thirty absences during the year, is required to carry an extra study the next year.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has students from forty states and twenty foreign countries.

A new club, known as the "Coffee Club," has been formed at Northwestern University to save the art of conversation from extinction.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 21, 1894.

No. 16.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Our correspondent, in suggesting the establishment of a literary monthly magazine, and the change of the ORIENT to a weekly publication devoted especially to news and personal items, brings forward a proposition which has been often made, often discussed, and often rejected. Often made, but never made in an exhaustive way, with due regard to details of editorial and financial management; often discussed, but nearly always in a half-hearted way, as a scheme interesting and desirable, but impracticable; often rejected, partly because no one strongly urged its adoption, and partly because those capable of carrying it into effect were either opposed to the plan or unwilling to expend the time and effort necessary to carry it to a successful issue.

Three years' experience on the ORIENT gives one considerable knowledge of the literary ability in the college, and the amount of work which can be expected from the student body. During the spring and fall terms it is with the greatest difficulty that sufficient material to fill the columns of the ORIENT is obtained. Only constant pressure and personal solicitation accomplish the result, and frequently a single article alone is the sum of the contributions of our two hundred students, the balance represent-

ing the work of the ten editors. Now the ORIENT is not, primarily, a literary magazine. It aims to give a reasonably full account of the current events of our college life, a brief *résumé* of the doings of our graduates, and offers an opportunity for free discussion of any subject relating to college interests that may arise. The literary department is a survival, and by no means a survival of the fittest. We do not intend to disparage the productions of contributors, but the fact remains that the weakest part of the ORIENT is the so-called literary portion.

Granting this, the outlook for a literary monthly appears dark indeed. To be sure there would be more incentive to good work, the whole attention of the editors could be devoted to literary merit, more time would be at their disposal, and contributions from professors and alumni would be available. But, on the whole, the paper's success would not seem assured. On the financial side, the aspect seems even darker. Three hundred subscriptions is an extravagant estimate, and advertisements could be counted upon for very little.

On the other hand, the ORIENT as a weekly would, we think, be a decided improvement. The slight reduction in the amount of reading matter, by omitting the articles designed for the monthly, could be made up by more attention to Bowdoin news and reports from other colleges, giving the paper fresh interest, and making it a nearer approach to a *newspaper*. The additional expense, moreover, could be met without special inconvenience by increased activity in the business department. Such a change would bring a large amount of additional work on the editors, and would necessitate either a larger force or aid from the Faculty in the form of an allowance of two or more hours a week to the managing editors.

While we are doubtful of the advisability

of founding a monthly publication here, we do not deny that it *might* succeed. The possibility of making the ORIENT a flourishing weekly seems to us by no means a remote one, and we would be glad to see the attempt made.

IT now seems settled that Bowdoin will not play ball this year with the other Maine colleges as a member of the State League. The announcement of Bowdoin that hereafter Medical students should be eligible for the base-ball nine, as they have hitherto been for other athletic teams, sent such a cold shiver down Bates' back that she refused to ratify the new constitution of the association which contained this provision, and finally succeeded in gaining over Colby and M. S. C. to a scheme for a three-cornered league, leaving last year's champions to shift for themselves, a thing which they are perfectly competent, and by no means loath, to do.

Dates have already been arranged with seven or eight strong college and professional nines, and our season bids fair to be the liveliest in interest and most creditable in results for many years.

Right here let us say that the much-talked of dissensions among our players exist only in the vivid imaginations of a few half-fledged newspaper correspondents. The team will be strong individually and collectively, and no effort will be spared by manager, captain, or players to make the nine's record an honorable one.

Cornell is to have a student's tribunal in general character like the college senate of Amherst.

The Faculty at Cornell are considering the advisability of lengthening the college year at that institution.

At a recent meeting of the Dartmouth Faculty it was voted to make all the studies of the Senior year elective.

Sparring Tournament.

QUITE a crowd of students and visitors congregated in the gymnasium, Saturday afternoon, March 10th, to see the sparring contests which were to decide who should box in the Exhibition. A twenty-four-foot inclosure was roped off in the middle of the gymnasium, and the on-lookers crowded around this, and occupied the running track above. The contestants were quite evenly matched, and, as the bouts were lively, they were applauded quite vigorously at times. Dyer, of the Medical School, was chosen referee, and Ross and Dana, judges.

The first contest was between the heavy-weights, Stubbs and Bates. Bates was somewhat the heavier, but the quickness of Stubbs offset this, and after three very pretty rounds, Stubbs was declared the winner.

The next bout was between Hicks and Bryant, in the middle-weight class. Hicks had the longer reach and had the advantage from the first.

The light-weights, Kyes and Webber, were the next to show their skill. Webber was much the quicker of the two and was an easy winner.

Then came Denison and Eastman, heavy-weights. This contest excited much applause. Denison, although much heavier and stronger, was no match for the science of his opponent, and Eastman was announced as the winner by the judges.

Libby and Spear, middle-weights, next had their turn with the gloves. Spear's blows were quicker than a flash, and in the first round he got rather the best of it, but got winded in the last, and Libby was declared the winner.

The final light-weight contest was between Webber and Dana. Both men did well, and the match was pronounced a draw by the judges. Webber won the toss.

The heavy-weight contest between

Stubbs and Kimball was a very interesting one for the spectators. There was much discussion among the on-lookers as to who got the best of it, but the judges very quickly settled it by declaring Stubbs the winner.

In the middle-weight contest, between Hicks and Robinson, the skill of the latter more than offset the superior height and reach of the former, and Robinson was an easy winner.

The middle-weight bout between Oakes and Libby was quite interesting. Oakes seemed to have the best of it in the first round, but weakened, and Libby was announced the winner by the judges.

The final match in the heavy-weights, between Stubbs and Eastman, was declared in favor of the former.

The last contest was between the middle-weights, Libby and Robinson. It was the most interesting of all, and was declared a draw by the judges.

The length of the rounds was three minutes. Some of the bouts were very exciting and well contested.

Here's Another.

WHAT one of us, as he reads his ORIENT, does not often involuntarily drop the copy, after a while, and inwardly grumble as he reflects that another issue will not be forthcoming for two long weeks. He turns the pages lazily over, cons here and there an article, and finally his attention is wrapt up in the Collegii Tabula column: some of the news is fresh, some stale; he brushes up on forgotten points, but still the whole issue is finally dropped with a half sigh, expressive both of pleasure and disappointment.

I wonder if any one else has ever dared to think of this in the same strain as I have, has ever pondered over the whys and wherefores of this, and has ever thought of a remedy? Now, I do not express these

opinions, imagining that every one will agree with me, as undoubtedly, if I stood up with others of similar views on the subject as against those of contrary mind, would find myself in a ridiculously small minority, but still the spirit moveth me to say my little say and be done.

We all readily grant that the ORIENT has a reputation and standing of the very best, and any one cognizant with this fact would be apt to class me among those styled "chronic kickers," yet I have a plea to offer of importance enough to deserve a hearing. The great fault from my standpoint is, that for a live college paper, two weeks is a rather long time to wait between issues. The news loses its freshness, the columns, to a great extent, are full of college matters which we have already read in the daily papers, and which have lost interest, by being forced upon us long after the events chronicled have taken place. Then again, columns are overcrowded—so I have heard—so that much otherwise interesting matter is, of necessity, consigned to the editor's waste-basket, and we who should be the gainers are in reality the losers thereby; consequently our college life is not reflected sufficiently upon old alumni and others not graduates, and that necessary stimulus to a great many writers is lacking. I now come to the pith of my plea.

I would enlarge the scope of the ORIENT, in short, have two papers, one a weekly, the other a monthly. No one could question the wisdom, theoretically, of having two active publications; but just as many cries on the other hand might be aroused as to the practicability of having two, and of changing the long-established methods existing. True, it is easier said than done, a great many almost insurmountable difficulties would have to be conquered, and the path once tried would prove at first to be an exceedingly stony one, but, nevertheless, these do not deter

me from giving you my reasons of the utility of two publications.

With a weekly, we could keep our attention focused clearly on current events, and the great objection of the staleness of the news could not be raised. The character of this weekly would of course be somewhat different from that of our fortnightly sheet. It would embrace more news, including the old departments, athletics, etc., and less extraneous matter, in short, would be our weekly campus reflector.

The monthly, on the other hand, would be the real literary publication of the college. Live topics by our Faculty and graduates would enhance its value. Besides many departments now in the ORIENT, others could be added. Fault might be found with the articles and stories published in the ORIENT from the fact, that generally, but very little care and thought have been spent in their preparation, and though it is a very readable publication, interesting to us, as being our only paper, yet a monthly would draw out articles on which time and a great deal of research have been employed. It is needless to use as illustrations that other colleges, and even fitting schools, have more than one paper, and the venture has resulted in benefit to the institutions concerned.

Our increased facilities, increased attendance, and rapidly increasing number of alumni demand that something should be done, and I, for one, believe that the conditions are ripe for a change. Let others take up the cue and respond if they deem this question one worthy of discussion.

A Sketch.

THE short winter day was drawing to a close. The low-lying sun was fast falling toward the horizon, and would soon be lost in the sea. Just now its rays, entering the little windows of the school-room, gave

a gentle glow to the walls and desks and imparted to the whole place a glory which, ordinarily, only a person of peculiarly poetic temperament could have imputed to it. For out of the range of the soft radiance of the sun, the seats and desks showed many scars from mischievous pocket-knives, and, in many places, their coats of lead-colored paint had been tempted and lead astray by years of contact with the clothing of restless worshippers at this shrine of education.

I say shrine advisedly for, at the front of the room a big, awkward pulpit of yellow-painted pine, with top upholstered in gay canton flannel, showed that, in former days, the room had, in fact, been a place of worship as well as of study.

Now, however, there was little to suggest reverence. There was much, even, to lead the teacher to sympathize with the unsentimental small boys who were beginning to encroach on the furniture of the building when the need of kindling wood became especially urgent.

But just now the teacher was not thinking of small boys. Perhaps the feeling uppermost in his mind was a quiet sense of satisfaction in the thought that his day's work was done. For, after all the other trials and vexations of the day, the spelling classes had been called. The big girl, with the appealing brown eyes, had spelled "affectionate," and made a try at "pedagogism." The numerous youngsters of the next class, with great clattering of feet, had taken their places in line, and boldly tried their skill in matters orthographic. Even the blue-eyed cherub, who sat on the front seat, had removed his thumb from his mouth and proclaimed, in angelic accents, that c-a-t spelled "tat" and r-a-t "wat."

Then, with increased clatter of boots and din of voices, school had been dismissed. Brown-eyed angels, plebeian boots and mischievous cherubs had all departed, and the

dark-faced arbiter of their fates, the only demon of malicious intent that ever appeared in the place, was left alone. Not that the dark-faced demon objected to being left alone. I have hinted that he might even find some pleasure in it.

The transforming sunlight within the room was certainly pleasant. There was also much that was pleasant without the room. As the master stood by the western windows the sun was fast nearing its setting. Up above it, the bright bride of Vulcan shone resplendent in the deep blue and increased in glory as old Sol declined. Even within the room he could hear the sound of the ocean beating on the shore of the island. From the window he could see the long waves as they tossed their silver crests defiantly in the distance, and rolled again from sight behind the cliffs and ledges upon which the waters kept dashing only to unfurl to the air their white banners of spray, and then beat a sullen retreat. The boulders and coarse shingle, rolling in the receding waves, gave a sound of mimic thunder which resounded continuously as the oncoming flood reached and fell back from point after point of the shore.

At last, the sun reached the horizon, and gracefully withdrew from sight behind a distant island, leaving the sky glorious with every shade of red and orange that mortal can imagine. The ocean, in the meantime, had taken on, in the shadow of the island, a deep blue color, which grew fainter and fainter as the shadow lengthened till, near at hand, the rolling waves glistened like polished metal, reflecting the last glances of the dying day.

All these things were excellent of course. They would have been inspiring if anything so commonplace could be. For rolling waves and gorgeous sunsets may become commonplace, may become a part of the life that we value only when it is gone.

So, may the teaching of cherubs and youths, of angelic potentialities, become monotonous. The charms of nature are often veiled from sight, and cherubic wings, at times, become invisible. And the teacher, like ordinary mortals, vaguely wishes that something might happen.

As the twilight deepened, the pedagogue broke from his reverie and, after one last look from the window, donned hat and coat and went out into the keen wintry air. As he entered his boarding place he felt a vague uncertain something that might be a portent of strange things. The low-posted kitchen was vacant when he came in, yet everything seemed neat and orderly, even above its accustomed condition. A few deft touches which a woman could explain, but a man can only feel, had been used to give the room almost a holiday aspect. To the teacher this feeling of change was soothing and restful, and it was with a sigh of happy content that he sank into a rocking-chair and glanced at the dining-table already arranged for the evening meal.

Soon, his landlady came in and, handing him a newspaper of a later date than often reached that lonely place, asked if he had seen two strangers who had that day come to the island.

"Yes," was the answer, "I have, or, rather, I met one and heard that another had come. I wondered how they got here, and what could have attracted them here."

"Oh, they rowed over from the mainland in a dory. One is that Ted Mason whom you have met. The other is a Mr. McLeod. He is a fine young man." This last sentence was spoken in a quiet, reminiscent tone.

"But it is six miles to the mainland, is it not?"

The woman nodded in reply and the teacher went on. "And they came across in a row-boat with the mercury down to zero,

and the waves running like the Mt. Desert hills?"

Then he added, innocently, "They must have sweethearts here or else a fortune at stake."

The landlady's daughter, entering just then from another room, looked up with an expression of mild surprise.

The schoolmaster, guileless and unob-serving though he was generally, now noticed that her hair was carefully crimped, her ordinary house wrapper had given place to a more becoming gown, and to her whole attire had been given some of that same care which had made the room so restful and attractive.

Here was another token of change, and, during the evening meal, the teacher, wishing to get at some explanation, began by complimenting the young lady's fine appearance. He was, however, met only by a deprecating smile. Then he bluntly asked how it had happened and why. But to all his questions as to whether she expected visitors, or was going out, or there was to be a party somewhere, there was vouchsafed only a little smile, or a quiet spoken "I don't know that there is to be anything of the kind."

So he pondered over the stupendous fact that two strangers had, that day, come over the waves, and the equally mysterious thought that the daughter of the house was arrayed in her best gown without any reason to give. A less innocent man would, perhaps, have suspected a connection, but the slow, unromantic pedagogue could only await the *denouement*.

After supper he was playing checkers with a chance visitor, the young lady was sitting in state, and the older lady was hurrying the room into order again.

All at once there came a knock at the door. It must be a stranger, for the island people never knocked. Still the older lady

did not move, but gave the daughter a look that said, "You go." A moment more, and there came the glad cry, "Oh, it is Mr. McLeod," and from the landlady's eyes there went another glance which said, as plainly as could a whole volume of Shakespeare, "That's why she is dressed up."

That night the teacher gave up his room to the visitor. He, himself, lay for a long time upon a lounge, which was the only resting-place left him, and listened to the low, indistinct murmur of voices from the next room. It was by that music of happy hearts that he was finally lulled to sleep. And what if he was awakened in the wee small hours by the tread of the stranger on the stairs which led to his place of repose? He knew now that the knock at the door was cause and end of the changes he had felt in the home.

That little touch of romance in the air had brightened his horizon, and lifted the clouds that hung over him as nothing else could have done.

On such slight things do our moods depend.

"Deacon" Titcomb.

(Concluded.)

TINKLING madly, the joy of Christmas eve in their mad little tongues, the bells came nearer. The old man started; the sound had reached into dreamland. "Sleighs so soon," he muttered, and rubbed his eyes. But what cared the bells for the Deacon's implied doubt? There they were, and there they would ring. They were nearly up to the old man's house. He leaned over, and methodically took up the book and opened it where was written, in his bold, large writing, "Mary, from her loving father." The little bells had stopped, it seemed from sheer exhaustion; but another bell was ringing, the Deacon's bell. The old man heard it, and frowned ominously. Perhaps it was some romantic couple who wished the Christmas

to dawn upon them in a new, and holier, and more loving state. Small mercy they would get from this old man with the firm, unwavering chin. The idea of turning night into day! But the sleigh-bells started again with their merry song. Well, he might go to the door, and see what was there. Woe to the man that had played any prank upon him. He walked slowly to the door, turning his coat collar up as he went along. Could that have been a pang of rheumatism that he felt in his knee? He was growing old. Slowly, and absently, he opened the door, and looked out. The chill air made him shiver. Yes, some one had been there. The tracks in the snow told him that, but he could see nothing else. He stepped forward. His feet struck against something—a basket on the stone at his feet—a large basket. He felt an inclination to throw it into the snow. But, no! he would take it in. What made him lift it so carefully he never knew, for the basket was heavy. He closed the door, and carried it into his study. Just as he closed the door he saw the old nurse on the stairs, gazing anxiously at him. "Come in, Lizzie, and see the elegant presents I receive." The old lady tottered in, amazed at the hard, dry tones of the Deacon's cheery voice. The Deacon laid the basket on the table, and untied the cords about it. Lizzie came near to look in, but before the Deacon had lifted the cover, her eyes had detected a card on the outside. "There, Deacon, is something written." The old man drew the light nearer, and there, on an insignificant bit of paper, staring at him, it seemed, was written, "From Mary to her father." There was a profound silence in the room for a moment. The old nurse held her peace, but her heart beat gladly as she thought of her darling's thoughtfulness. The Deacon looked gruff and stern, but the housekeeper, out of the corners of her eyes (watchful eyes, too, for ones so old), saw a tear well over the lids

and roll down his cheek. He said something unintelligibly to himself; the nurse caught the last words only. They seemed like, "as a woman." What was the matter with the Deacon's chin? it wavered and fell. His hands shook as he lifted the cover, but he looked in firm and composed. Something was there that startled him, something that caused the ruddy glow to forsake his cheek, and his hand to tremble and shake. "Lizzie, look in there," he stammered, and sank into his chair.

The old lady did as her master bade her, and a glad cry burst from her lips, for there, in the basket, unconscious of firm chins, or wrecked hopes, lay a baby, sleeping sweetly. The old arms, thin and worn, reached forward, and the child was in the same loving grasp and on the same bosom that her mother had been years before. The nurse was excited. Perhaps the Deacon might send the pretty child away. Her courage rose, and she prepared to do valiant battle for the little one, that now awoke, cooed, and babbled on her bosom. Some subtle spirit was in the air, some swift-winged messenger of all goodness and tenderness, may be the fay of Christmas eve. A voice whispered in her ear, gently, but meaningly, and her voice re-echoed the magical thought, "You never thought of her as a woman, Deacon." The old man, bewildered and broken down by this little stranger's advent, started. Those words again. No! it was true, he never had; but he would (the chin sank firmly in its place), and he did. The sleigh-bells had stopped. Even their most distant tinkle could not be heard. It might be that the messenger from Mary had waited to see if welcome or refusal were given the Christmas visitor. Straightway arose the Deacon, and walked through the hall and opened the door. He peered into the night. Then, leaning forward, he shouted, "All's well!" and far away his ears caught the words, coming clearly over the

snow, carried swiftly by the waves of sound, "Thank God."

The sleigh-bells started their merry peal again and rang out, "All's well, all's well," in joyous melody, till their tinkle grew softer and lower in the distance. Then the Deacon went in. Somehow, in some inexplicable, unseen way, he felt more peaceful and at ease. He slept, that night, with the coos, and shrieks, and wild laughs of Mary's child in his ears, and dreamt again. His castles arose more beautiful than ever, but the face of the invader of his turreted domain was radiant and had no trace of sorrow.

The neighbors wondered, the gossips croaked like their sable friends in the tree-tops and corn-fields, and "Mine Host" was overflowing with good feeling when the Deacon drove back with two persons in the sleigh besides himself. The Deacon had been up early, and the horse that drew Mary home was the one that the Deacon had sold to such advantage. Travellers, now, when the good landlord tells the tale, with its fortunate ending, look with concern at their fat and jolly host, lest he may injure himself in his joy and merriment; but their concern is groundless, as his good wife would tell them, for she has doubly sewed the buttons that join his vest.

Inter Nos.

Applied Mathematics.

WRAPPED in thought and a faded dressing-gown, Henry DeWitt was wrestling with a serious problem. He was not an orphan, but he was poor; he was a college man and he was a hard student; he was not only a foot-ball player, but he was a mathematician. We may sum it all up and say "he was singular." As a mathematician, he was used to wrestling with problems; as a

logician, he delighted in formulating logical deductions, and as a devotee of psychology, to trace out his thoughts to their sources, was his frequent practice. But he felt no pleasure in this present subject of thought. Who could have? Four weeks more of cold weather, no money, and only coal enough left in his bin for a single week, for had he not reckoned it all out a dozen times?

His book fell from his knees and, arrested by his favored corn, gave his mind a vigorous start, and, involuntarily, it reasoned—

The falling book = force of gravitation.

The parted knees = the outlet through which gravitation could assert itself.

The foot = a receiving body.

The pain = heat suggestive of fire.

Force of gravitation + opportunity for its exertion + a receiving body = the resulting heat.

His course was clear. Mathematical training is never useless. Casting aside book, thought, and dressing-gown, he borrowed a chisel and hammer and, fifteen minutes later, as he watched the steady stream of coal drop from his overhead neighbor's coal bin into his, soliloquized, "A college education *may* pay for itself."

Rhyme and Reason.

Sanguinum, sed Gloriosum.

Like Homer's warriors fought they! Never seen
Nor told more valiant battle, nor, I ween,
Did ever one more deeply dyed
In fascinating crimson tide
Glut gazing eyes of any Pagan queen,
Lusting for gore from flower-entwined place.
Ehew!
Hurrah!
Wherewith they bled,
That would—may't not be said?—
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

The Garden of Memory.

So far away it lieth, where
No human footsteps fall,
And ivy dark with myrtle creeps
Over its mouldering wall.

Within, a fountain softly weeps
For faded summer skies,
And on the mossy marble steps
A broken pitcher lies.

Amidst the fragrant leaf-clad trees
The flickering sunbeams glow,
And bear, deep-hidden in their warmth,
The smiles of long ago.

Daisies and buttercups, that once
Filled childish arms at play,
Are blooming there, and near them reigns
The rose of yesterday.

And youth's long-faded daffodils
Yet nod in favored spots,
While 'neath the lilac's shade there grow
The blue forget-me-nots.

There gently falls at eventide
The dew of long-shed tears,
And in the shadowy, grass-grown paths,
There walk the vanished years.

The Stream.

There's a stream flows from a fountain,
Which is on the sunny side
Of a tall and lonely mountain,
Clothed with forests dark and wide.

Where it starts from out the mountain
'Tis so small it's scarcely seen,
But on following from the fountain
Down into the valley's sheen,

You will see it ever growing,
Widening out its grassy brink,
Where the reapers stop their mowing
And stoop down for cooling drink.

Then the brook grows to a river
With its rushing, roaring free,
Changing ever, winding ever,
Till it's lost within the sea.

The Pessimist.

NOW that spring is here again, and the banks and terraces about the campus are beginning to appear from ont the melting snow-banks, it will be well to exercise a little care as we tramp around the corners, and keep our feet on the paths and off the growing grass. A very slight amount of carelessness about this matter will spoil the looks of many a well-turned and sodded corner, and, in the interests of the college, we can afford to give the grass a chance, and walk where many a worse man has trodden before.

* * * * *

Respect for church days as well as for the sundry national anniversaries seems to be a prominent characteristic of the present administration of this college, and a good custom it is, too. But such a custom will stand no half-way observance, and our governors should be careful not to omit any such holidays from their list, lest damage be done. For instance, they should be on the watch in 1895 to observe, with proper ceremonies, the first anniversary of the formation of the Maine "Collegiate" Base-ball League of 1894 at the city of Waterville, Kennebec County, Maine.

* * * * *

The Junior assemblies of the present term have been an unqualified success, and all the dancing men in college, as well as a few in town, have enjoyed the pleasant little dances immensely. Social functions like this are needed in such a community as ours, where the slightest tendency to indolence and dullness grows on one almost irresistibly. The Pessimist is glad to learn that the prospect of a "May German" is bright.

* * * * *

And while we are speaking of dancing, it is worth while to comment on the manner

in which Bowdoin students patronize entertainments that cannot be placed in the wholly "frivolous" category. The splendid course of lectures on American authors, by the Rev. E. C. Guild in Memorial Hall, was well attended by representatives from all classes and societies *intra collegium*, who thus testified eloquently to the way the current of popular taste is running here. The lectures were not designed essentially as a study course, but were of most charming construction, wise arrangement, and elegant diction, and their author should be gratified at the warmth with which they were received.

* * * * *

Good form is always desirable. Whether exhibited by a young lady on a shopping trip, or a *premiere danseuse* before the footlights, it is always noticed and commented upon. To be sure, the term is used in a double sense, and possibly the examples we have just quoted may not be above suspicion (especially the footlight favorite), but the fact remains that good form, socially or physically, is always hailed with delight. This leads to the remark the Pessimist wishes to make. It is not good form to spend the last five minutes of a recitation hour in a wrestle with refractory rubbers and a general appearance of readiness to depart. It is not courteous to the professor in charge, it is of no advantage to any one and—it is not good form.

The Faculty of Hillsdale College, Mich., have made a unique rule. It is to the effect that no student shall marry while an under-graduate, under penalty of expulsion.

The *Crimson-White* of the University of Alabama is proud of its subscription list, and justly so, too. Only five men of the whole student body refused to subscribe to their weekly.

A student loan fund has been established at Amherst to assist needy students who are unwilling to accept gifts.



The base-ball boys are working all the more enthusiastically, now that there is a prospect of getting on the delta before long. Madden, the famous "kid" pitcher of the Portland and Boston league teams, has been engaged as a coach, and came last week. He was much pleased with the material for a nine. Probably six or seven of last year's nine will play, and from the new candidates who are working hard and showing up well, enough can be picked to complete a team that will be equal or superior to any that old Bowdoin ever sent out. Bowdoin wishes all success to the three-cornered league, composed of Colby, Bates, and Maine State, and she will be right on hand to play the winner, if they care to dispute her claim to first place in base-ball among the Maine colleges. Ridiculous indeed were some of the objections made to the admission of the Medical students to the athletic privileges of Bowdoin, a point on which this college has most firmly and most justly insisted. The Bates manager even predicted in the *Lewiston Journal* that next year the Bowdoin team will be largely composed of Medical students! Though the action of Bowdoin has prevented the usual league from being formed this year, the college has no apology to make. Her stand was a just one; she only demanded what belonged to her, and if the other colleges do not see it in the same light, then it is their fault and their loss. Bowdoin has much less to lose by their action than they have. Perhaps some day they will see that they were wrong and repent; but in the meantime, whether that day comes or not, Bowdoin does not worry but that she will have a ball-team each spring which will be an honor to the college, which will play games with better teams than other Maine colleges produce, and win for its college the high place of superiority in this sport which it already holds over these sister institutions in all other sports. There is no need to repeat what has often been said before, namely, that the interests of foot-ball and field sports were more considered than base-ball in placing the Medical students on a level in athletic

matters with the other Bowdoin students. The other colleges, however, insisted on believing it was some base-ball trick, and imagined the whole Bowdoin nine was to be made up of phenomenal, though unknown, players from the Medical department. One college correspondent wrote to his paper that it was unlikely the Bowdoin team would do much this year, since it was not in the league. Perhaps it will interest him to know that Bowdoin has already arranged eight games with Massachusetts teams, besides games with the Portland and Lewiston league teams, and that there are the best prospects for arranging several more games, including one with Harvard. Games will also doubtless be played with all the other Maine colleges, especially the winner of the three-cornered league. Following are the dates of some of the games: Exeter, at Brunswick May 5th, at Exeter May 30th; Andover, at Andover, June 6th; Boston University, at Brunswick, April 28th; Tufts, at Brunswick, May 28th; Dartmouth, at Hanover, May 15th and 16th.

Clark, '84, was here last week.

Burbank, '96, went home sick last week.

Jones, '93, is seen on the campus occasionally.

Williamson, '88, visited friends in college Saturday.

Goodell, '93, visited friends in college over Sunday.

Small, '96, has been kept out some time by sickness.

Lee, '92, called on friends on the campus last week.

Gen. Hyde, of Bath, '61, was on the campus last Saturday.

Flood, '94, was sick at his home in Ellsworth, last week.

Badger, '95, is back from teaching the Anson High School.

Allen, '94, was back last week, after several weeks' absence.

Stone, '96, is back after a week at home with German measles.

Several Colby students visited friends on the campus last week.

Leighton, '96, was called home last week by the death of a relative.

Blodgett, '96, intends to enter Chicago University after this year.

Compulsory gymnasium work closed last Friday.

The Sophomore French class is reading Berthet's "Le Pacte de Famine."

Cobb and Goodspeed, both of Wesleyan, '96, have entered the Medical School.

There are quite a number of outside visitors at the Walker Art Building, each day.

Hull, '92, now Principal of Fryeburg Academy, was here over Saturday and Sunday.

Prof. Woodruff was called away several days recently by the death of his brother.

The Freshmen are through with Solid Geometry and are on Plane Trigonometry now.

Whitcomb, '94, officiated at the end of the chapel bell-race during the absence of Flood.

Ordway, '96, and Holmes, '97, went to Lewiston Thursday evening to the midsummer ball.

Before the next number appears the new members of the ORIENT staff will be elected.

These are the times that try the souls—and soles—of those who walk the campus paths.

No more themes this term. Those who are behindhand must get down to literary work at once.

Fessenden, '96, who returned to college last Saturday, was given a warm welcome by his classmates.

Room directories recently placed near the entrance of several of the ends are a most convenient innovation.

Municipal elections have aroused much interest recently, and a large number of students went home to vote.

President Hyde will deliver an address before the graduating class of the Caribou High School later in the spring.

"Try to grow up as fast as you can, boys," was the suggestive advice recently given by a professor to his kittenish-acting class.

With the completion, last week, of the dainty little tower on the center of the roof, the work on the exterior of the Science Building was ended.

It happened some time ago, but the Freshmen still enjoy telling how one of their number informed a professor that the Three Fates were Faith, Hope, and Charity.

An interesting relic recently placed in the library is an old silver badge of the Peucinian Society. It was presented by A. G. Tenney, '35, who wore it during his college course.

The second Junior assembly was held March 14th, instead of the 7th as was intended. A large number was present and it was a most enjoyable success. It is doubtful if another is held.

Borden, of the Medical School, has been doing some fine work in the gymnasium, especially in the high jump, in which he has beaten the college record. His style of jumping is about perfection.

During a recent Massachusetts trip President Hyde addressed the student body of both Phillips Exeter and Phillips Andover. On Good Friday he will speak in one of the Congregational churches in Portsmouth, N. H.

A club of Harvard students will present the Latin play, "Formio," by Terence, April 19th, 20th and 21st. Several Latin enthusiasts from Bowdoin will probably witness it. The Sophomores have just read this play.

Dewey, '95, has been elected to represent the college on the executive committee of the Maine Inter-scholastic Athletic Association. He was instructed to vote for the admission of Portland High School and Thornton Academy.

The College Y. M. C. A. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. R. Woodbury, '95; Vice-President, J. G. Haines, '97; Corresponding Secretary, A. P. Cook, '97; Recording Secretary, H. O. Clough, '96; Treasurer, J. P. Russell, '97.

The Bowdoin Tennis Association has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. B. Roberts, '95; Vice-President, Philip Dana, '96; Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. Foster, '96; Directors, J. B. Roberts, '95, Philip Dana, '96, and Chase Eastman, '96.

Prof. Woodruff and Prof. Houghton will go to Boston to represent the college on the Commission of New England Colleges which is to meet to consider the subject of admission requirements. While there they will attend the Latin play to be presented by the Harvard students.

Evidences of ungentlemanly behavior have again been seen in the reading-room after quite a period of relief from this sort of thing. It is hoped the students have not yet forgotten their promises and resolutions of becoming conduct made when the reading-room was recently newly fitted up.

One of the recent additions to the library is the History of Suffolk County, Massachusetts, in three volumes, presented by the Misses Walker. This book is of especial interest to Bowdoin, since it con-

tains a good biography of the late Theophilus Wheeler Walker, in whose memory the Walker Art Building is erected.

The fifteen Bowdoin athletes who went to Lewiston to take part in the Y. M. C. A. fair scored a most decided success. They fairly carried the large audience by storm and won continual applause, every part of their work passing off smoothly. Their success there speaks well for their part in the coming exhibition here.

Plans are not yet fully developed in regard to the minstrel show, but it is pretty well settled that something in this line will be given in the Spring term for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The committee have been in correspondence with several who have had experience in managing amateur attempts of this kind.

The Augusta papers and people spoke in the highest terms of President Hyde's address on "The Social Mission of the Public School," delivered Friday evening before the Kennebec County Teachers' Association. The largest church in the city was filled to overflowing, and after his address he held an informal reception.

Rev. Mr. Guild's course of seven lectures on American Literature is now completed. Upper Memorial has been crowded each Tuesday evening, and all who have attended feel that they have received much benefit. The college and Mr. Guild are to be thanked for affording the student body such needed advantages in this line.

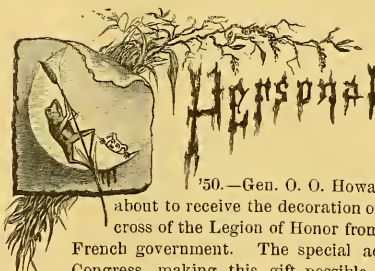
At a recent meeting of the Foot-Ball Association the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, G. B. Mayo, '95; Vice-President, F. H. Mead, '95; Secretary and Treasurer, vacant; First Director and Manager, A. H. Stetson, '95; Second Director, G. T. Ordway, '96; Third Director, J. C. Minot, '96; Fourth Director, H. W. Coburn, '96.

When the date of the Athletic Exhibition was arranged for March 23d, the fact that this will be Good Friday escaped the notice of those in charge. Later it was decided to change the date, and the exhibition will be given in Town Hall, Wednesday evening, March 28th. It will be presented in Bath, Friday evening, March 30th. Everything seems to indicate that the eighth annual exhibition will be the best yet.

The various class squad leaders have now picked out their men, and each squad is drilling regularly and hard in the hope that the silver cup may bear its colors this year. There is much interest in the

prize drill, and of course each class is sure its own representatives will win. Other preparations for the exhibition are progressing smoothly in all lines. The grand closing salute to Bowdoin will be a new and taking feature. About twenty-five men take part in the final pyramid.

He was a Bowdoin Freshman—and a fresh one, too—and he called on a Brunswick young lady. The neighborhood was a strange one to him, and when he took his departure, at rather a late hour, he asked her the direction back to the campus. She told him to go down the railroad track and indicated the direction. In the innocence of his guileless heart he never suspected anything until he found himself several miles down the track in the direction of Freeport, and it was after much walking and much difficulty that he at last found his room.



'50.—Gen. O. O. Howard is about to receive the decoration of the cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government. The special act of Congress, making this gift possible, was passed on March 7, 1894. Gen. Howard recently contributed an article on "Young Men in the Public Service" to the *Portland Evening Advertiser*, in which he discouraged young men of ambition from making such work a life career.

Ex-Med., '56.—Dr. William Berry Lapham died at the National Soldiers' Home in Togus, on Thursday morning, February 22d, of Bright's disease. He was born August 21, 1828, in Greenwood, Me., and, after fitting at Gould Academy, Bethel, entered Waterville College in 1851, leaving, however, without completing his college course. After studying medicine at Bowdoin and Dartmouth, he finished his course in New York in 1856. When the war broke out he was practicing at Bethel, but recruited a company and entered the service, attaining the rank of captain. In 1867 he was elected to the legislature, and appointed a trustee of the Insane Asylum in 1868. In 1871 he moved to Augusta, where he resided until shortly before his death.

He was active in a literary way, writing extensively on historical and genealogical subjects. He was a member of the Maine Historical Society and of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society.

'59.—At the complimentary dinner given to the proprietor of the Tontine Hotel in Brunswick, on March 9, 1894, Alfred Mitchell, M.D., responded to the following toast: "Our Doctors:—We love them even when we squirm at their medicines; they have won our gratitude because they have always been not more zealous to prolong our lives than to make our town worth living in."

'60.—Hon. Lemuel G. Downes is a trustee of the public library in Calais.

'60.—Rev. Dr. Penney of Auburn has just recovered from an illness which confined him to the house over a week.

'60.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed is to be present at the national convention of the Republican College League at Syracuse, New York, April 6th.

'62.—The address of W. A. Hobbie, which has been unknown for some time, has just been reported to the editor of the General Catalogue. He is living at Damascus, Oregon.

'65.—The death of David Augustus Easton, at Cambridge, Mass., is announced. He was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, August 10, 1843, studied at Andover Theological Seminary after graduation, taking his degree in 1869, and was ordained in the Congregational ministry in Connecticut. In 1879 he was compelled by ill health to retire from the active ministry, and engaged in banking in the firm of Boody, McLellan & Co., of New York. Later he removed to Cambridge, Mass., where he was a practitioner of Christian science. He married M. E., daughter of the late S. T. Corser, Esq., of Portland. His widow and a daughter survive him.

'66.—Prof. Henry Leland Chapman very gracefully filled the position of toast-master at the dinner given to L. P. Huntoon, at the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, March 9th.

'68.—Hon. Orville D. Baker spoke at the recent Republican celebration in Waterville in honor of the result of the elections.

'68.—Hon. Charles S. Chapman, of Portland, has been elected President of the Diamond Island Association, composed of the owners of that island.

'71.—Rev. Dr. E. S. Stackpole has just completed a series of revivals at Bridgton Center, Me., which continued through two weeks, two meetings being held daily. Dr. Stackpole met with great success.

Hon., '72.—Hon. Artemas Libbey, a justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, who received the degree

A.M. from the college, died at his home in Augusta, Me., at one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, March 15th. He was born January 8, 1823, at Freedom, Waldo County. He was educated in the Albion common schools and studied law with S. S. Warren at Albion, being admitted to the Kennebec bar at the age of 21. In 1846 he was a member of Gov. Wells' executive council. He was appointed by Gov. Dingley in 1874 on a commission to revise the State's constitution. He was appointed to the Supreme Bench April 24, 1875, and was re-appointed. With two re-appointments he served, with the exception of from April 24, 1882, to January 11, 1883, till his death. He is survived by a widow, one son and two grandchildren.

'76.—The address of C. S. Taylor has just been reported at college. He is residing at 931 Perry Street, Chicago, Ill.

'78.—At the recent dinner given to L. P. Huntoon, proprietor of the Tontine Hotel in Brunswick, Barrett Potter, Esq., replied to the following sentiment:

Our Lawyers.—"They maintain the historic repute of the town as the home of legal acumen;—

'So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still without a fee."

We cannot do without them, and we aim to have as little as possible to do with them; they suit us so well that we are never without a *suit at law*, though it is one that does not impoverish us nor enrich them."

'85.—Mr. Eben Winthrop Freeman of Portland is seriously ill at his home in that city.

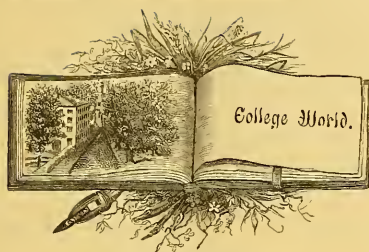
'87.—In the Piscataquis S. J. Court, March 7, 1894, F. D. Dearth, of Sangerville, was admitted to the bar. He has spent nearly three years as a student at law in the office of Crosby & Crosby, at Dexter.

'87.—A. S. Shorey, of the Brunswick *Telegraph*, replied to the following toast at the dinner to L. P. Huntoon, given in Brunswick, March 9th:

The Brunswick *Telegraph*:—"A welcome weekly visitor to our homes; through all its history a faithful chronicler of events, and a fearless and persistent advocate of the varied interests of the town, we subscribe to it the more cheerfully for the future because we recognize its honorable and efficient service in the past."

The University of New York is to erect a ten-story building, to cost \$750,000, on its present site.

A new dormitory, costing \$30,000, and to be used exclusively by Freshmen, is being planned at Princeton.



OH, FOR A MAN.

"Oh, for a man!"

The alto cried;

"Oh, for a man!"

The soprano sighed;

"A man!" they sang,

With tearful eyes,

"Oh, for a man—

Sion in the skies!"

—*Wesleyan Argus.*

The Yale Freshman base-ball season opens on April 7th.

Yale's new base-ball cage is in part the gift of an under-graduate who withholds his name for the present.

The base-ball team of Williams College is to take a spring trip during Easter vacation, playing games at New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, and Washington.

There are ninety-two candidates for Michigan's ball team.

ACROSS WINTER MARSHES.

A tinge of gold in an opal sky,
The deep'ning dusk of hills below,
A stretch of sea, where the shadows lie,
To frame the rich reflected glow.

A long, low bridge, where sky and sea
Down-drooping and upreaching blend
In one far line; it seems to be
The edge of heav'n—earth's very end.

—*University Beacon.*

The U. of P. has named its new athletic ground "Franklin Field." The grand stand has a seating capacity of 6,000.

The *Daily Princetonian* will soon publish a weekly edition, called the *Alumni Princetonian*.

Upon the invitation of Mr. Vanderbilt it is probable that the Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs will make a tour of the country this summer in his yacht. Elaborate programs will be rendered at each of the large cities on the coast.

The Seniors of Rutgers have decided to present the college with a memorial window.

Several Sophomores at Tufts have been recently expelled for tacking the Freshmen's rooms.

Of the forty-five editors, from the Senior and Junior classes, who are on Yale's four college papers, all but ten hold appointments.

Handsome Dan, Yale's mascot, won the hundred-dollar cup, at the New York dog show, offered for the best bull-dog in America.

After conference, Secretaries Lamont and Herbert have decided to prohibit foot-ball matches between Annapolis and West Point.

A legacy of \$300,000 left by Senator Stanford to his brother Thomas Stanford of Australia, will be donated by the legatee, together with at least another \$300,000, for the endowment of a library at Leland Stanford University. The library is to be named for him, and in addition he has given his whole art collection, which though small is very choice, to the art department. The gift is principally of paintings and statuary, valued at \$60,000.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXIII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, APRIL 4, 1894.

No. 17.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The newly-elected Editorial Board of the ORIENT have organized as follows for the coming year:

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THE ORIENT Board of 1893-4 makes its farewell bow, and relinquishes the insignia of office to its newly-elected successors. We have entire confidence in the intention and ability of the new Managing Editor to maintain the previous standing of the ORIENT, and, with his able corps of assistants, we prophesy a successful year.

The present Editor wishes to thank the members of the retiring board for their hearty co-operation during the year that is now past. If any degree of success has been achieved, it is due to the united labor of all. The work of the Managing Editor has been abundant but pleasant, and it is with a feeling of regret as well as pleasure that he now makes his last official utterance. One word

of special acknowledgment is due. To Mr. J. C. Minot, '96, for his valuable assistance in almost every department of the paper the Editor extends his sincerest thanks.

IF ANY errors or omissions are noticed in the index we trust they will be pardoned, as the necessity of anticipating the usual date of publication compelled us to hasten over the work with less attention to detail than we should otherwise have given.

THE practice of offering cash prizes for the largest number of poems and stories contributed to the ORIENT during the year has not been an unqualified success. The number of articles submitted has not been large, though the quality has probably reached the standard of former years. The announcement of the awards of the four prizes offered this year will appear in the next issue.

BOWDOIN'S victorious boat crews have, in the past, brought her great fame. The memorable races in the 'eighties, when Bowdoin was abreast of the foremost aquatic colleges of the land, are among the most cherished remembrances of her alumni.

To many of our graduates, indeed, the decline in boating and the abolishment of the eight-oared crew has been a constant disappointment. The annual race between the Sophomore and Freshman fours is now the only reminder of the glory of '85, and even this is now threatened by the action of the Freshmen in not providing a shell and training men to represent them. If the good old custom falls through the fault of '97, it will be a serious blow to the athletic interests of the college and bring the class into merited disfavor. The expense is not excessive, and the class is well able to meet it. The question simply resolves itself into

this: which looks larger to '97, three dollars a man saved, a time-honored custom broken down, and the good repute of the class seriously impaired, or three dollars a man spent, the custom honored and the class a joyful winner or a loser hopeful of victory in coming years? '97 can and must choose.

MUCH dissatisfaction has been expressed in regard to the present cover of the ORIENT. Several have suggested that some change be made, the chief objection to the old cover being that it is too elaborate in design. Perhaps something neater and prettier could be gotten up for the forthcoming volume. The editors naturally hesitate in making such a change, from a fear that some of our subscribers might disapprove of the plan. But the matter is now under the consideration of the new board and any suggestions or designs would be gratefully received by them.

IF THERE is one reason above another why we are proud of our *Alma Mater*, it is because she is progressive. The bestowal of the most extreme liberty of action upon the students, the establishment of the college jury with considerable governing powers, the continual improvement of the methods of instruction, the erection of new buildings year by year, are all plain indications of the spirit of the institution. And in no step of recent years has this been more agreeably shown than in the late vote of the Faculty to broaden our curriculum. The alterations were needed and they will be welcomed.

The first important change is the bringing of Political Economy into Junior year and giving a course of two full years. After a general survey of the whole subject in the first term, Money and Banking will be taken up, and in the spring term there will be lectures on Financial and Tariff History and the problems of Railroads and

Monopolies. Public Finance, Sociology, and Social Therapeutics will complete the course. Emery, '92, who will receive a Ph.D. at Columbia this year, will take charge of the entire course, thus permitting History, with which Political Economy has hitherto been grouped, to be brought into Sophomore year. It will be a two-years' course, English History occupying the whole of the first year and American History, the second.

Another needed improvement is in the course in English Literature. Hitherto it has filled one term of Sophomore year and the whole of Senior year, with no connection between the two portions thus detached. It is now made consecutive through Junior and Senior years. The Physics course has been extended to occupy the whole of Sophomore and Junior years.

Thus it will be seen that the new plan is to secure consecutive study. Instead of the unit being one term, it is to be one year, with opportunity to pursue special work in a particular course a second year. French will be open for two years, as at present, German for three and Greek, Latin, and Mathematics throughout the whole course.

But, more important than these changes, though indirectly flowing from them, is the extension of the liberty of elective work. Only those studies are to be required which can properly be called the "tools" of knowledge; the rest will be for the individual to choose from as his special tastes prompt him. On this principle, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, French and German will be required for one year each, Rhetoric for one term, and Themes as at present; the remainder of the work will be purely elective. Thus, two electives are offered the first term of Sophomore year, three through the other two terms, and in Junior and Senior years no studies will be designated as required.

One more change has been voted, which the recent petition of the Senior class called

forth. That is in the Commencement programme. Only those above a certain rank will have their names printed at that time. The Latin salutatory will be done away with, the first in the class merely having his name first on the list. After this year, those receiving the rank above mentioned will all write parts and from these the best six will be selected to be delivered.

Athletic Exhibition.

THE eighth Annual Exhibition and Ball of the Athletic Association, held in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, March 28th, was a decided success, and was called one of the best that has been seen here for many years. The hall was crowded, and the audience frequently applauded the feats of strength and agility. The Roman ladders and triple tumbling, being entirely new features here, took well. The floor was crowded after the exhibition, and the dancers declared the ball a great success. Gilbert's Orchestra furnished the music and were frequently encored. The Seniors' fencing drill was very pretty and presented a decided contrast to the farce of last year. The pole-vaulting always pleases the audience, especially when the rope is cleared as easily as it apparently was by the three Sophomores who took part this year. On the parallel bars, Foster excelled in feats of strength, and Gahan and Hubbard in skill and agility. The drills by the class squads were unusually good. After the Indian-club drill, Prof. Moody, Prof. Files, and Mr. Machan, the judges, decided that the cup belonged to the Sophomore squad.

The horizontal bar work was fully up to the expectations of the audience. Messrs. Hubbard, Foster, and Smith did the giant swing easily and well. The sparring was confined to two short bouts and was well received. The special tumbling, by A. J.

Lord, Gahan, and H. A. Lord, was very pretty and well done. Horne and McMillan also did very well and their tricks showed considerable practice. The flying rings always please an audience, and Messrs. Foster, Gahan, Haskell, and Leighton, who took part in this exercise, all showed skill and practice. The wrestling was about the same as usual. The pyramids were better than ever before and, as usual, delighted the audience. The final salute to Bowdoin presented a very pretty sight, and the exhibition closed with the Bowdoin yell. Following is the programme:

Music.—Gilbert's Orchestra.

Fencing Drill.

Class of '94; W. P. Thompson, Leader.
Messrs. Glover, H. E. Bryant, Littlefield, Simpson, Chapman, Leighton, Knight, Thomas, Flood.

Pole-Vaulting.

Messrs. Bates, F. Smith, J. Haskell.

Parallel Bars.

A. J. Lord, Gahan, Foster, Hubbard.

Broadsword Drill.

Class of '95; W. S. Kimball, Leader.
Messrs. Lord, Stubbs, Shaw, Hicks, Haskell, Simpson, Blair, Dewey, French, G. Kimball, Mayo.

Music.—Gilbert's Orchestra.

Horizontal Bar.

Messrs. Foster, Gahan, Smith, McMillan, Hubbard, Davis.

Sparring. Middle Weights, Libby and Robinson.
Light Weights, Webber and Dana.

Special Tumbling.

A. J. Lord, Gahan, H. A. Lord, Horne, and McMillan.

Dumb-Bell Drill.

Class of '96; J. H. Bates, Leader.
Messrs. Ackley, Andrews, Bass, Clough, Frost, Robinson, Thompson, Keyes, Mitchell, Lyford, Oakes.

Music.—Gilbert's Orchestra.

Specials:

Fencing—Messrs. Thomas and Farrington.

Single Sticks—Messrs. H. E. Bryant and Littlefield.

Broadsword—Messrs. Shaw and Dewey.

Flying Rings.

Messrs. Foster, Gahan, Haskell, Leighton.

Indian-Club Drill.

Class of '97; J. H. Horne, Leader.
Messrs. McMillan, Andros, Davis, Condon, Hatch, Stearns, Tapley, Dole, Remick, Brett, Hagar, Lord.

Roman Ladders.

Gahan, Foster, Kimball, Lord, Stubbs.
Music.—Gilbert's Orchestra.

Wrestling:

Rough and Tumble, Mitchell and Stubbs.
Collar and Elbow, Kimball and Thompson.

Pyramids.

Messrs. Dewey, Mitchell, Horne, Smith, Ross, A. J. Lord, H. A. Lord, Stubbs, Dane, Haskell, Davis, McMillan, Libby, Gahan, Bates, Shaw, Coburn, Kimball, Leighton, Thompson.

SALUTE TO BOWDOIN.

The Idol's Secret.

WE WERE sitting on the piazza of our cottage in the dusk of the evening. The sea, calmly rolling before us, reflected the lights on the outer islands and the opposite shore of the bay in long, quivering lines. The rapidly-falling darkness rendered objects even at a near distance invisible to us, snugly ensconced in easy chairs or swinging hammocks. The ripple and swash of the waves on the pebbly beach and the low moan of the wind were the only sounds that broke the stillness, and served but to lull our minds from thoughts of the busy day.

An indefinable yet strong feeling of the connection between this restive nature and the inward world of our thoughts stimulated our imaginations to gain sway, and the vagaries of our thoughts to follow every change of her moods, while every fantasy conceived in our minds assumed definite form and shape.

Our prolonged silence was at length broken by one of our number announcing that he would tell a story. Receiving our continued silence as encouragement, he began, while our thoughts kept pace with the wildest vagaries of his story.

Toward the close of a summer's day a

ship injured by a storm came to anchor in a harbor of an island in mid-Pacific, and the crew, disembarking, spread their tents along the shore and made preparations for a short stay. While the men, under the direction of the mates, were engaged in bringing provisions ashore and arranging the camp in order, the captain, taking his glass under his arm, climbed a bluff back of the camp, to see if there were any ships in sight and if he could discover any signs of the island being inhabited. Great was his surprise on coming over the crest of the hill to see a huge wooden image upright and with one long arm raised and pointing out to sea. He approached it and examined it closely. He noted how the sands were driven up around it, but in the growing dusk could only see the outlines of its form, and he concluded that it must have been a relic of a by-gone age. Seeing no signs of habitation as he swept the island with his glass, he nevertheless determined to station a man on this hill, which overlooked the whole island, to watch through the night.

At supper he told his brother officers what he had seen and they agreed with him on the advisability of placing a sentinel on the hill. So, in accordance with their orders, a sailor with loaded musket was sent up the hill and commanded to keep careful watch and fire in case of any danger appearing.

Soon the whole camp was at rest and, save a few smouldering fires, nothing indicative of life could be seen by the lonely watcher on the hill.

Towards morning the men were aroused by a musket shot from the top of the bluff, and hastening to it they found the sentinel dead, at the feet of the statue. The only appearance of injury about his body was a contusion on his head, which seemed to be such a wound as would be inflicted by a blunt instrument. To add to their mystification no tracks or signs were seen which

would give an explanation of the manner in which he met his death. A guard was kept on the hill all day but nothing was seen to cause alarm, and when night came the camp sank to its accustomed rest, while a second sailor was posted by the statue with cautions to remain on the alert all the time.

In the morning, when the guard went up to relieve the sentinel, he was found stretched dead beside the statue, apparently having met a fate similar to that of his comrade.

On the third night of their stay at the island the captain, believing the previous guards had neglected their duty and fallen asleep, determined himself to watch. So when night came he mounted the hill and began his lonely vigil. After a while he became tired of walking and standing, and looking round for some suitable place to sit down, his eye fell on the bent knee of the statue, which seemed to form a natural seat. As he settled himself comfortably, leaning his back against the body of the supposed idol, he placed his revolver in his lap and determined to keep on the alert for any unusual appearances.

The grand stillness of the place seemed conducive to quiet, pleasant thoughts and gradually won his mind from thinking of danger and bloodshed to his own distant home and loved ones. Soon, against all his attempts to keep awake, he began to feel drowsy and caught himself nodding. Then he sat in a more upright position and, leaning his head back, looked upward at the stars moving noiselessly in their swift courses. But between him and them he saw the dark outlines of the outstretched arm of the idol with its fingers closed as in wrath. As he sat dreamily wondering what kind of men had erected this thing and dimly speculating what had become of them, his eyes, still fixed on the arm, half-closed in drowsiness. But suddenly he hears a faint rumble in the image behind him and he

seems to see the arm tremble. Great Heavens! It is falling! With a cry he springs to one side as the arm, with its clenched fist, dashes impotently against the wooden side of the image and then resumes its former position.

The captain, thankful for his escape from imminent death and terrified by the strange happenings, fires his revolver, and his men, hearing the summons, rush, half-clad, up the hill. At his orders they cut open the sides of the image and, to their great amazement, a little, weazened old man steps into the lurid glare of the lanterns and blinks curiously at them.

On further acquaintance he informs them by signs that he is the last survivor of his race, the others of his tribe having sailed away years before, and that many a victim had been sacrificed to the idol by placing them on its knee and working the arm from the inside.

The "Devil's Invention."

ON THE outskirts of a town, upon whose beaches rolls the ever-heaving, never-silent ocean, is a dark and gloomy spot, known in the old wives' lore as the "Devil's Invention." A path, trodden by many a curious roamer, leads from the smiling sands of the ocean-side, through shady walks that, as they lengthen, choke themselves with briars and sweet fern, to a steep, smooth-faced cliff, the front and foot and sides of which are covered with damp and dripping moss, cool, green as the fibrous slime in some forgotten spring.

Here a villainy blacker than murder was planned and all but perpetrated. Once a prison had been built before this cliff, rising high above the forest monarchs, and in it two children, innocent darlings, were imprisoned to starve and die. The fiend who lured them to such a fate was but avenging himself on their father for some fancied

injury. Two hundred years and more ago the dreadful deed was done, and though the prison-house has rotted away, yet the mothers still use the name of the dastard to scare their little ones, as the Arabian mother once used the name of Richard the Lion-hearted.

As the story runs, Hartakendon Adams and Henry Simpson were influential citizens of the town of Y—, in the colony of Maine, but there was bad blood between them. Simpson had brought Adams before the court on the charge of being "a forger of lies." To add to Adams's discomfiture, the case went against him. In the language of the ancient court: "Hartakendon Adams, we have considered your barbarous and indecent disturbance of this community, and sentence you to receive on your bare back thirty stripes, and to pay to the treasurer of the town five pounds."

Adams smarted under such treatment, and turned all his thoughts on revenge. He had always been cold and sullen, black-browed toward his neighbors. His was the nature that broods over a fancied injustice, and cannot be satisfied except with full, exact reparation. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, was his motto. He was cruel, pitiless to animals and to Indians, by whom he was hated and feared. In fact they tell that, when on a hurried journey to some settlement farther east, his horse had stumbled somewhat, for the road had been hard and long, thereby greatly incensing Adams. In his wrath he dismounted, and after kicking and pummeling the poor beast, gouged out one of its eyes, at the same time muttering, "Damn you, stumble again and I'll tear out your other blasted eye."

On the other hand, Simpson was a man of great strength, undoubted courage, and very popular. Upon him he could wreak no harm but by killing him from ambush, and in that there was not torture enough

to satisfy Adams. But Simpson had two children, brown-eyed boys of six and eight, who were the apple of his eye. Through these little ones the fiend planned, in his hellish soul, to have vengeance upon the man who had incurred his hatred.

Away in the forest, far from the settlement, he chose a hidden place, in front of a cliff, where he busied himself for many days in erecting a structure of heavy logs. The sides sloped inward as they rose, and by no possible means could any one within, not even a muscular man, climb out. With cold-blooded cruelty he made every part secure, cautiously obliterating all traces of anything unusual. And now we see new evidence of the cunning of the man. In patience he waited for a good opportunity to kidnap the children when no one could see him. The chance soon came. He met the boys playing in a distant field, and told them of the birds'-nests and May-flowers in the woods, of the checkerberries and ground-nuts. Enchanted with the idea of such treasures and such goodies, the children joyously followed where he led, into the deep and shadowy woods and up to the place of his hellish invention.

Deaf to their piteous wails and childish pleadings, he cast them into the den of logs. To make their sufferings greater, he told them there were snakes inside, that the bears would climb in, that if these did not kill them they would die of hunger, or else the Indians would capture them. Thus already half dead with fright, he left them to the darkness and its terrors. Heedless of the cries that rang in his ears, he went back to the village, happier far at heart than he had been for many a day. That evening he greeted, with kindly words, the man on whom he had taken vengeance, a thing he had not done before for months.

In the morning, when the children's absence had been noised among the neighboring houses, and the father and mother

were imagining dangers they dare not express, Adams called at the cabin of the bereaved parents. He said that he wished to be friends with them, and offered to search through the woods with Simpson.

They set out together, the one gazing under every clump of bushes and straining eye and ear for any sign of his children whereabouts; the other, seemingly as watchful, but really gloating over the father's anxiety, tantalizing him with feigned calls and deceptive glimpses of their trail. The fiend in human form spoke of the Indians, how he had seen several prowling in these very woods when he was hunting for a stray cow the day before; of the wild beasts, of the catamount who had chased him on the same day.

Every word he uttered, every look, every action, was meant to intensify the father's sorrow, to add some unthought-of cause for apprehension to the already numerous dangers to which the children were exposed. He took especial pains to point out every stump, every bush that held any resemblance to a human form, and then excite a vain hope in Simpson's mind.

When they returned late in the afternoon, the father wild with grief, Adams outwardly sympathetic, the whole community began to search. For two days a hundred men scoured the outlying woods by day and by night. Guns were fired, horns were blown, fires were built. But in vain. The prison pen had been cunningly secreted. No cry of the children ever reached a human ear.

As the third night of the children's absence drew near every one except Simpson and Adams returned to his work. These two toiled on, and in the early evening, after a short rest, started for the woods again.

Though human strength could not avail, yet the fiend was not to complete his cruel revenge. A little dog, the children's pet, had followed their trail all by himself, and

finding their hiding place, had proceeded to dig a way in. The children, given some hope by this aid, at once commenced to dig from their side. After many hours of cruel, painful digging they crawled out from under the logs and commenced to seek for the way home. Late at night they tottered up to the cabin door. Too much exhausted to knock, too breathless to cry, they sank down in the path. Their dog whined and scratched at the door, but there was no one within, for their mother had fled to the nearest neighbor for comfort.

There the father found them, as wearied and discouraged he returned from his third night's quest. The moonlight fell upon the bruised faces and tiny hands that were torn and bleeding from their cruel digging. Stretched out beside them lay the dog, still watching, still guarding his charges. Overjoyed, the father almost fainted, then with tender hands carried them into the house, and wrapping blankets around their chilled bodies, laid the bundles in the warmth of the fire. When their mother had returned and the children had come to themselves somewhat, they told who had kept them away. As the truth became clear to Simpson his brain was filled with anger. He took down his rifle and left the house with swift, determined footsteps. But the fiend had fled. He dared not abide the father's vengeance. Like the tiger who, when once he has tasted the blood of his victim, cannot be stopped in his pursuit except by death, Simpson kept on without once turning back.

For weeks he was not heard from. They had even begun to fear for his safety. But late one afternoon, when the sun was light upon the tops of the surrounding pines, Henry Simpson came back to the village, ragged, dirty, weak, but revenged. Away in the wilderness, just where they had met, lay Adams in the sleep that knows no waking.

The wolves and the crows held feast on his carcass. Unburied, dishonored, Hartakendon Adams went to his fate.

Rhyme and Reason.

Et Nunc et Semper, Vol. I, 16 p.

While glows the noonday blaze, 'neath cedars' cooling shade,

When night bestrewn with countless suns the heavenly plains,

I bear with me the weight of unforgotten pains,
Like those of Phedre or the songful Lesbian maid;

But azure bright the far, deep woods, the evening fair,

Have never moved my heart with subtle, placid charms.

'Neath sun or beaming star, 'neath palm trees' sheltering wall,

I wander hopeless with my pain and care.

Tho' forests murmur like a joyful harpist's train,
Tho' night be redolent with opening flowers, the sound,

The fragrance of departed suffering stealing round,
Sweeps o'er my heart in sad, discordant strain.

Sad flower-hearts, pure winds that in the woodlands blow,

Are ye not then my foes, since I must feel alway

In your perfume the kisses of one far away,

And in your echoes hear her accents soft and low?

Idyl.

I saw Love lying 'mid the grasses,
Low-cradled 'neath the murmuring trees,
Where ever blow the moving breezes
O'er beds of pink anemones.

Upon his hair the sunbeams playing,—
Soft was his breath in dreaming deep,
And fair as clondless skies of summer,
Sweet Love was smiling in his sleep.

I crept with faltering step beside him,
Bent low above his flowery rest,
And trembling, stole from out his quiver
A fated shaft to pierce thy breast.

The Ilse.

(From the German of Heine.)

I am the Princess Ilse;
I dwell on the Ilsestein;
O come with me to my castle,
All joys shall there be thine.

Thy warm brow will I moisten,
Where my clear torrents start;
And thy grief shall be forgotten,
O friend, so sad at heart.

In my white arms enfolded,
Close to my heart of snow,
There thou shalt lie in the dreamland
Of joys that legends know.

The Triumph of Spring.

Behold, the race
Is taking place
Between the stern, gray Winter king
And old Time's fairest daughter, Spring.

Behind his pairs
Of snow-white bears,
On sledge of ice, he dashes fast,
And hurls his challenge on the blast.

Close at his side,
With noiseless stride,
There flits a form in flowers all clad;—
No grander race the world e'er had!

Hers Beauty's face,
Hers Love's own grace,
And, hear! she cries in tones that thrill:
"Drive hard, White King, yet win I will!"

And now, behold,
With step more bold
She darts ahead; the course is done;—
The robin's glad song tells who won.

Spring pauses now;
Her flower-crowned brow
Is radiant as she sweetly cries,
"I rule the world; the White King dies!"

A press club is to be organized at Stanford to include all those interested in the publication of the college papers. The membership will probably be limited to twenty.

The Pessimist.

OUT of respect for sacred custom the Faculty very properly recommended a change in the date of the Athletic Exhibition, which had been previously set at March 23d, Good Friday. True, as some students have said, Bowdoin is a liberal college, and not at all bound to observe church days, like some other institutions; yet it is not a question of how much we are "bound" to anything. It is a good thing to thus show respect for Good Friday or any other holy day, and the events they commemorate, but the Faculty should be consistent and suspend all college exercises except chapel service at such a time.

* * * *

It will be a surprise to readers of the ORIENT to learn that the familiar initials "L. W. S.," that appear occasionally in the *Portland Argus*, do not belong to a man, as has been generally supposed, but to an inmate of the Asylum for Imbecile Females at Chinook P. O., Rutabaga County, Vermont. Every few weeks the dear old soul sends to the *Argus* a long and woeful complaint of nothing in particular, and dated at various places in the country, where she imagines herself to be. Out of regard to her family as well as to herself, whom everybody regards as an object worthy of extreme pity, the letters are always published, but with an editorial apology like the one which appeared on the tenth page of a recent issue of the paper. The *Argus* is to be commended for its kindness to one so unfortunate. The Pessimist is glad to be able to publish the truth of the matter, although he grieves to render obsolete the name of Long-Winded Shadrach, so long borne by the misunderstood "L. W. S."

* * * *

The welcome awakening among college men that is just showing itself in the shape of a Political Collegiate Union should be shared by every Bowdoin student. We don't know enough about practical every-day politics. We get plenty of instruction in the theory of economics, and in political history, but that isn't all we need. Class-room politics are all right so far as they go, but we ought to get away from J. S. Mill and professional interpretations of his theories, and interest ourselves in the daily working of the great party machines and the current political discussions and dissensions. There is the place and the only place where we can apply what theoretical knowledge we may have absorbed under instruction. Minstrel shows and athletic tournaments are all right, no doubt, but of more importance to Bowdoin, and a source of greater good, would be a healthy and permanent political organization, whose prime purpose should be the study and close observation of American day-to-day political movements.

* * * * *

Again, the Pessimist has done. The few remaining words in this paragraph are all that is left him. He has passed a year with you and has endeavored meanwhile to regulate the college, the world, and the solar system with the gifts the managing editor gave him. He may leave hard thoughts behind; he takes none away. He has said many things about you all, some true, some wise, some otherwise; but forget them all; forget him, if by doing so you may remember this: Live for Bowdoin College; uphold her honor, her prestige, her fair, unsullied name. Let the light she trims for you so shine among men that they shall see your good works, and glorify the *Alma Mater* of your youthful days.

The New York State intercollegiate field sports will be held at Syracuse on Decoration Day.



The advent of spring was most enthusiastically celebrated by the Sophomores on the night of March 20th. After listening earlier in the evening to Rev. Mr. Guild's inspiring lecture on "Thoreau," the sound of horns and the battle cry "All out, '96!" called them forth from their studies. For two hours there was very little doubt to those in college or town that spring was receiving a royal reception. There was noise without limit, just for the sake of noise, and the chapel bell joined the chorus for an hour. There was an immense fire in front of the chapel, and here "Phi Chi" and various other songs and yells were offered up in sacrifice. The Freshmen studied unmolested, though the crowd marched around the campus and into the halls. The closing part of the programme was given on the portico of the Walker Art Building, from whence the singing and cheering sounded finely on other parts of the campus.

Pendleton, '90, was here last week.

Rev. C. H. Pray, '76, visited the college last week.

Christie, '95, has returned from teaching in St. Albans.

Prof. Woodruff preached in Newcastle Easter Sunday.

Quite a number are planning to remain over the spring recess.

Ward, '96, is back again with his class after an absence of several months.

The usual large number of out-of-town visitors were on the campus on the day of the exhibition.

Tennis courts are receiving attention, and a few enthusiasts have ventured forth with racquets and balls.

Smith, '91, was here last week on his way home from Rockland, where he is principal of the Grammar School.

Doherty, '89, was here last week and stopped a day or two on his way to Boston. He is practicing law now in Old Town.

Ross and Sykes have started quite extensively into the mercantile business, and invite all to examine their athletic goods.

Sturges, Bates '93, who represented his college in the Intercollegiate Tennis Tourney of 1892, visited friends on the campus last week.

It is said that the Science Building will contain 1,400 incandescent electric lights. The beautiful effect of a wholesale illumination may be imagined.

A thirty-foot pole is to be at once erected on the delta, from whose top will wave this spring the pennant of the Maine league, won by Bowdoin last year.

Chapel rushes have become quite popular of late. Since the compulsory "gym" work closed the students seem to lack a good way to use up their surplus energy.

The work of clearing up has begun around the Science Building which, as regards outward appearance, is now completed. The tower is finished and the windows all in.

Pickard, '94, gave a whist party to about twenty last Monday evening. Refreshments were served and an enjoyable evening passed. W. H. Crockett of Brunswick was caterer.

After due hesitation and deliberation Photographer Reed consented to snap his camera on the ORIENT board last week. The results were very pleasing, all things considered.

The chapel attendance of Easter Sunday was the largest of any Sunday this term. President Hyde's talk was appropriate and inspiring, and the solo, "Calvary," by Willard, '96, was finely rendered.

The Collegii Tabula editor, to whom Latin is but a memory, has been informed by those who know about such things, that it is "Phormio"—not "Formio"—which the Harvard boys are to present.

The Seniors in Ethics will omit the History of Ethics, which has been taken up incidentally in connection with the History of Philosophy, and will devote the latter half of the term to the study of Social Philosophy.

The Freshmen will support a nine this spring and intend to play several games. On May 2d they play the Gardiner High School. A game will probably be arranged with the Colby Freshmen, and thus the custom begun last year will be continued.

The Sophomores will challenge the Freshmen to a boat-race, since the latter do not seem inclined to take the aggressive. It will be a disgrace to

the college and class if '97 has not the spirit to keep up the good old Bowdoin custom of class boat-races.

The college quartette, accompanied by Coggan, '97, as reader, went to Wiscasset last Thursday evening, where they scored a decided success. They remained over night and came to Bath Friday, where they stayed to the athletic exhibition in the evening.

Rev. E. C. Guild will conduct the course in Practical Rhetoric next term. The course will be based on the literature of the eighteenth century. Mr. Guild will meet the class twice a week, lecturing and laying out reading. The work of the class will consist of fortnightly essays on the authors studied.

The minstrel show is coming in the spring. It will be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association, and plans are already under way for its presentation. Ingraham, '95, has been elected manager; Roberts, '95, assistant manager; Andrews, '94, musical director, and Crawford, '95, stage director. Mr. Keyes of Lewiston will be engaged to conduct the rehearsals.

President and Mrs. Hyde's reception to the Senior class last Tuesday evening proved a most delightful occasion, and '94 will always remember it as one of the most pleasant events of its college course. The members of the Faculty and ladies were all present, and a number of Brunswick young ladies. Miss Ethel Hyde of Bath was present, and her perfect singing did much to make the evening the decided success that it was. Refreshments of ice-cream, cake, and chocolate were served.

Never in the history of Bowdoin athletics have the boys left the gymnasium and begun out-of-door work so early as this year. It was March 20th, instead of the first part of the spring term as usual, that the first out-of-door work, with the exception of a little running, was done. The delta was in very good condition, and so were the paths where the hurdlers and sprinters began their work. The slight snow at the end of the week caused a little check to out-of-door work, but it was soon resumed. This early beginning of the real spring practice is in accord with the other good prospects of the college in all lines of athletics.

Base-ball is booming right along towards what promises to be Bowdoin's best season yet in this sport. By getting at work on the delta several weeks earlier than usual a much better beginning

can be made. Enthusiasm is high and there was never more good material here. The team will return during the spring recess and get in some good practice. Probably the first game will be Fast-Day. Manager Thomas has arranged the following games, with the probability of quite a number of others:

April 28—Boston University at Brunswick.

April 30—Harvard at Cambridge.

May 5—Exeter at Brunswick.

May 9—Bates at Lewiston.

May 10—Boston University Law at Brunswick.

May 15 and 16—Dartmouth at Hanover.

May 19—Bates at Brunswick.

May 28—Tufts at Brunswick.

May 30—Exeter at Exeter.

June 2—Massachusetts Institute Technology at Brunswick.

June 6—Andover at Andover.

June 7—Massachusetts Institute Technology at Boston.

June 13—Bates at Portland.

A good second nine will be maintained all the season for practice against the first nine, and games will be arranged for it with fitting school and city teams. Certain alumni, first among whom were Rev. C. A. Bartol, '32, F. C. Payson, '76, and L. A. Burleigh, '91, have subscribed enough for gold and silver medals to reward those of the first and second nines who do the best batting for the season. The exact make-up of the team cannot be told yet. It is not the policy of Captain Sykes to decide upon his new men until every candidate is given a fair chance and the best interests of the team are considered. It is very likely that six or seven of last year's champions will play, and to fill the great gap left by Savage and Hutchinson there are many good candidates to choose from. A recent writer in the *Boston Globe* thus spoke of the men who will make up this year's team:

Most of the work in the box will be done by R. P. Plaisted, '94, of Augusta, who has been the leading pitcher of the college since he entered four years ago. He has good speed and curves, almost perfect control, and is always cool and steady. His left-hand delivery has made him a terror for three seasons to the other college teams of the state. W. W. Williams, '96, whose speed and broad curves did good work in several games last year, will probably pitch in part of the games. The rest of the time he will be in right field. He is a safe man in any position, and is one of the best batters now in Bowdoin. For the important position of catcher there are also several men in view. Allen, '94, the old catcher, will play again this year. J. G. Haines, '97, of New Jersey, is the most promising among the new candidates for this position. He will doubtless be given a chance. Soule, '96, has had some experience with the mask and may wear it

this spring. It is hard to say who will cover first base. Perhaps Fairbanks, '95, of Bangor, the foot-ball captain and all-round athlete, will play there. He has been on third for the past two seasons, but may be used to fill the gap at first. If Fairbanks remains in his old place it is probable that Chapman, '94, the old center fielder, will come in to first. Among other candidates for first base is B. G. Willard, '96. As to second base there is little doubt that Captain E. H. Sykes, '94, will remain there, where he played so brilliant a game last season. If Fairbanks goes to first, the third baseman and shortstop will be picked from these new men: Coburn, '96, Dana, '96, Hull, '97, Soule, '96, and Bodge, '97. All these can come up to all ordinary fielding requirements, and it is likely that the two who can handle the bat best will be the ones selected. R. H. Hinkley, '94, a good fielder, runner, and batsman, will cover his old territory in left field. If Chapman comes in to first, it is probable that Warren, '96, will cover center field. He is a new player and is showing up finely. Williams will cover right field when not in the box. Leighton, '95, is a candidate who may get a chance in the field. Cobb, who played first on the Wesleyan nine last year, and Macomber, both in the Medical School now, are good players, but neither has been working, and their chances are not so good.



'44.—Hon. J. L. Pickard, ex-president of Iowa State University, expects to be present at the Centennial next June, it being both the one-hundredth anniversary of the college and the fiftieth of his graduation.

'59.—Mr. George Wilson Howe, master of the Varnum School in Lowell, Mass., died in that city on the morning of March 21, 1894. He was born in Lowell, Mass., January 5, 1833, and prepared for college in that city. After graduation he entered Andover Theological Seminary, from which institution he graduated in 1862. His first charge was in Buxton, where he remained three years. He became pastor over the Free Baptist church in Harrison for five years. He acted as agent for one year of the missionary society of that denomination. After ministering to the church in Limington two years he engaged in teaching as head master of the Solburn School in Lowell, Mass. Later he was transferred from this school to the Varnum School in the same city, which position he continued to

hold up to the time of his death. He was twice married; first in 1862 to Annie E. Bean of Sandwich, N. H., second in 1866 to Emily R. Hobson of Buxton. He was a son of the well-known Deacon Leonard G. Howe of Lowell, Mass., and a brother of his class-mate, Prof. James Albert Howe. He served for some years as a trustee of Bates College. At Bowdoin he was a member of the Psi Upsilon, the Phi Beta Kappa, and the Pencinian societies.

'64.—Hon. Charles F. Libby, of Portland, in connection with several other gentlemen, has recently been inspecting the plant of the United Indurated Fibre Company at Lockwood, New York. It is the intention of a syndicate of capitalists to organize a company and erect a huge plant for the manufacture of an improved burial casket to be made from wood fibre under license granted by the local fibre company. Henry Carmichael, the eminent chemist, professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Natural Philosophy for the college from 1873 to 1885, accompanied him.

'65.—News has been received of the recent death of Charles Weeks of Wiscasset. Mr. Weeks was born at Damariscotta, January 1, 1845. He entered Bowdoin College at 16 and graduated in due time, taught in the old Wiscasset Academy, studied law with Mr. Ingalls, and was admitted to the bar in 1877. From 1870 to 1874, he was register of probate, and clerk of courts for the decade following 1878. He was chairman of the selectmen in 1885, '86, and '90. In 1889 he became United States commissioner of court of claims (French spoliation), which position he held at the time of his death. He was also a director of the First National Bank and a trustee of the Savings Bank. He had been supervisor of schools, a director of the Wiscasset & Quebec Railroad, and was a member of the Historic Fire Society. Charles Weeks married Miss Emily Dodge. He was thoroughly devoted to his family, which consisted of his wife and three small daughters. Mr. Weeks was a temperate man, a good citizen of high character, and a first-class presiding officer. His death was, doubtless, largely the result of internal hemorrhage, followed by a cold which induced pneumonia in the left lung. A few days before, he had a violent struggle with a wild and powerful horse, and was injured in the back, head, and over one lung. He got the horse down and held him some time. When he arose it required much effort to prevent fainting. Later, he had another fit of faintness down street. Mr. Weeks

was a powerful man and had never known a sick day. The remains were carried to Newcastle. There is a widespread expression of sorrow at his death. The trustees of the Savings Bank have passed resolutions of regret, and Hon. R. K. Sewall is preparing for a memorial service before the supreme court.

'69.—Hon. and Mrs. Clarence Hale have left Portland for California, via New Orleans. They will return home in about one month.

'78.—Mr. Hartley Baxter's new steam yacht, "Neckan," has just been launched from the yard of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company at Bristol, Rhode Island, and will arrive in Portland by the time the cruising season begins. The "Neckan" will be by far the finest yacht owned in this region. Her greatest maximum speed is sixteen miles an hour, which is three miles faster than that of the famous "Papoose," and the cruising speed will be fourteen and a half miles an hour. The dimensions of the "Neckan" show her to be larger than any craft in the Portland Yacht Club: Length, over all, 109 feet; on water line, 18 feet 9 inches; beam, 13 feet 8 inches; depth of hold, 6 feet 9 inches; draft, 5 feet. She will be flush decked, and rigged as a two-masted schooner. Her engine will be triple expansion, cylinders having 7, 11.4 and 18 inches diameter by 10 inches stroke, capable of developing 150 indicated horse-power. Her boiler will be water tube. The owner's quarters are forward of the engine room, where there are four state-rooms and bath-room. These rooms are finished in butternut wood. Aft of the engine and boiler room is a dining-room finished in mahogany. Next comes the gallery and aft of that the crew's quarters. The pilot house is about 3x12 feet.

Ex-'80.—William Wheelwright Northend died at Salem, Mass., March 21st, at the age of thirty-six years. He was born at Salem, May 30, 1857, the son of William Dummer and Susan (Steadman) Northend. After leaving college he began to study law in the office of his father, but not finding it to his taste, determined to study architecture. He was two years with the firm of Cobb & Frost, Chicago, one year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, and two years in Paris. On his return to this country, he became a member of the firm of Wheeler & Northend, architects of Lynn, Mass., having his residence in Swampscott. Among the buildings of his designing is the mammoth annex to the Superior Court House in Salem, Mass. He was a member of the Psi Upsilon Fra-

ternity. He married in November, 1887, Ellen, daughter of Stephen Holt of Winchester, Mass., and had a son, Harold Holt Northend.

'85.—Mr. W. C. Kendall has been connected with the U. S. Fish Commission for the past four years. He has recently been investigating the fishes of the south-western United States, in connection with Professor B. W. Everman. The results of their study have just been published by the Commission under the title of "The Fishes of Texas and the Rio Grande Basin," a large pamphlet of 72 pages, illustrated with 40 plates, a work which contains a large amount of new information concerning the fishes of that region.

'89.—William M. Emery, city editor of the New Bedford (Mass.) *Evening Journal*, was married on Saturday, March 24th, to Miss Daisy, daughter of Thomas Donaghy, a leading business man of New Bedford, by Rev. E. S. Rousmanier, rector of Grace Church in that city.

'91.—Gould A. Porter is now a member of the firm of Emery, Collins & Co., manufacturers of lumber, North Anson, Maine.

HALL OF KAPPA CHAPTER, }
PSI Upsilon. }

Whereas, It has seemed good to an overruling Providence to remove from our midst our beloved and esteemed brother, William Wheelwright Northend, of the class of '80; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Psi Upsilon Fraternity expresses its estimate of his high character and integrity and will greatly feel the loss of a brother who was so devoted to its interests;

Resolved, That we deeply deplore his death, and extend our warmest and profoundest sympathy to the members of his afflicted family;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and published in the ORIENT.

WM. M. INGRAHAM,
ALLEN L. CHURCHILL,
HENRY HILL PIERCE,

Committee for Kappa Chapter.

HALL OF THE KAPPA CHAPTER, }
PSI Upsilon. }

Whereas, It hath pleased our Almighty Father to remove from us our beloved brother, George Wilson Howe, of the class of '59, a faithful and devoted member of our chapter.

Resolved, That in the death of our brother the Kappa Chapter has met with a sudden and irreparable loss, and the Fraternity has lost one of its most loyal members, and

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

WM. M. INGRAHAM,
ALLEN L. CHURCHILL,
HENRY H. PIERCE,

Committee for the Chapter.

Book Reviews.

We have just received from the publishers, D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, a copy of "Practical Methods in Microscopy," one of their series of Science Text-books. The author is Mr. Charles H. Clark, a graduate of Bowdoin, of the class of 1876.

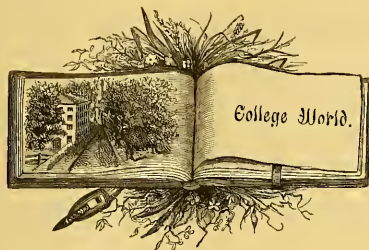
There are many treatises on the microscope and it would seem to be a daring undertaking to add to them. This work, however, is to be pronounced a success. It is in no sense a compilation, but is rather based upon the author's own experience in working with the instrument. Within the space of a little more than 200 pages are given clear and concise directions for investigating the minute structure of animals, plants, and minerals, while in the appendix are many useful formulas for stains, reagents, and other things necessary for the advanced microscopist. We can recommend the work as one useful both to the beginner and investigator. It is well printed and illustrated with many photo-micrographs and other engravings.

Yale has had three boat-houses. The first was built in 1859, the second in 1863, and the third, now in use, in 1875.

It is said that Seniors at Yale and Princeton will wear the cap and gown on Sundays, after Easter, and at all public exercises.

Hereafter, Harvard men will not be allowed to represent the B. A. A. in any games in which the college has made entries.

The managers of the U. of M. foot-ball team report a surplus of \$100. This is the first time the team has come out without a deficit.



In ancient days
The youthful sirs
Oft spent their time
On *Latin hers*.

The modern youths
With different whims
Oft spent their time
On *Latin hymns*.

—The Lafayette.

The Faculty of the University of Rochester is considering the advisability of establishing a summer school.

The Senior class of Trinity College has selected Bishop Williams to preach the baccalaureate sermon.

The balance in the treasury of the Yale Football Association is about twenty-eight thousand dollars.

Brown has already forty-two games of base-ball scheduled for this season.

Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girlorum.
Girlibus likibus,
Wanti somorum.

—Ex.

The *New York World* is publishing a series of articles on the leading colleges in this country.

Bowers, the former Yale pitcher, has been engaged to coach the Oberlin team.

The crew of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, will row with the University of Pennsylvania early in June.

The custom of giving military balls has just been begun at the University of Wisconsin.

Ohio possesses more colleges than any other state.

The contributions to the new American University at Washington already amounts to \$400,000, not including the site provided by the people of Washington, valued at \$500,000.

The average running expenses of Yale College is \$231 dollars per year, for each student, above the cost of tuition.

One-third of Amherst's graduates have been ordained ministers.

Yale professors have published eight books in the past six months, and they have six more now in the press.

A LA MOTHER GOOSE.

Phillis and I fell out,
And natural it came about;
For once we took a toboggan slide
And somehow the thing I couldn't guide,
So—
Phillis and I fell out.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Mr. John C. Ropes, of Boston, the well-known historian, has offered a prize of \$250 for the best essay upon "The Russian War of 1812," prepared by a candidate for a degree in either Harvard University or the University of Pennsylvania.

Lafayette will soon have one of the best athletic grounds in the country. The field, which covers an area of five acres, is of such a shape as to give room for a base-ball field, foot-ball field, running track and numerous tennis courts. Around the whole is a quarter of a mile cinder track. The grand stand will accommodate 1,000 people.

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